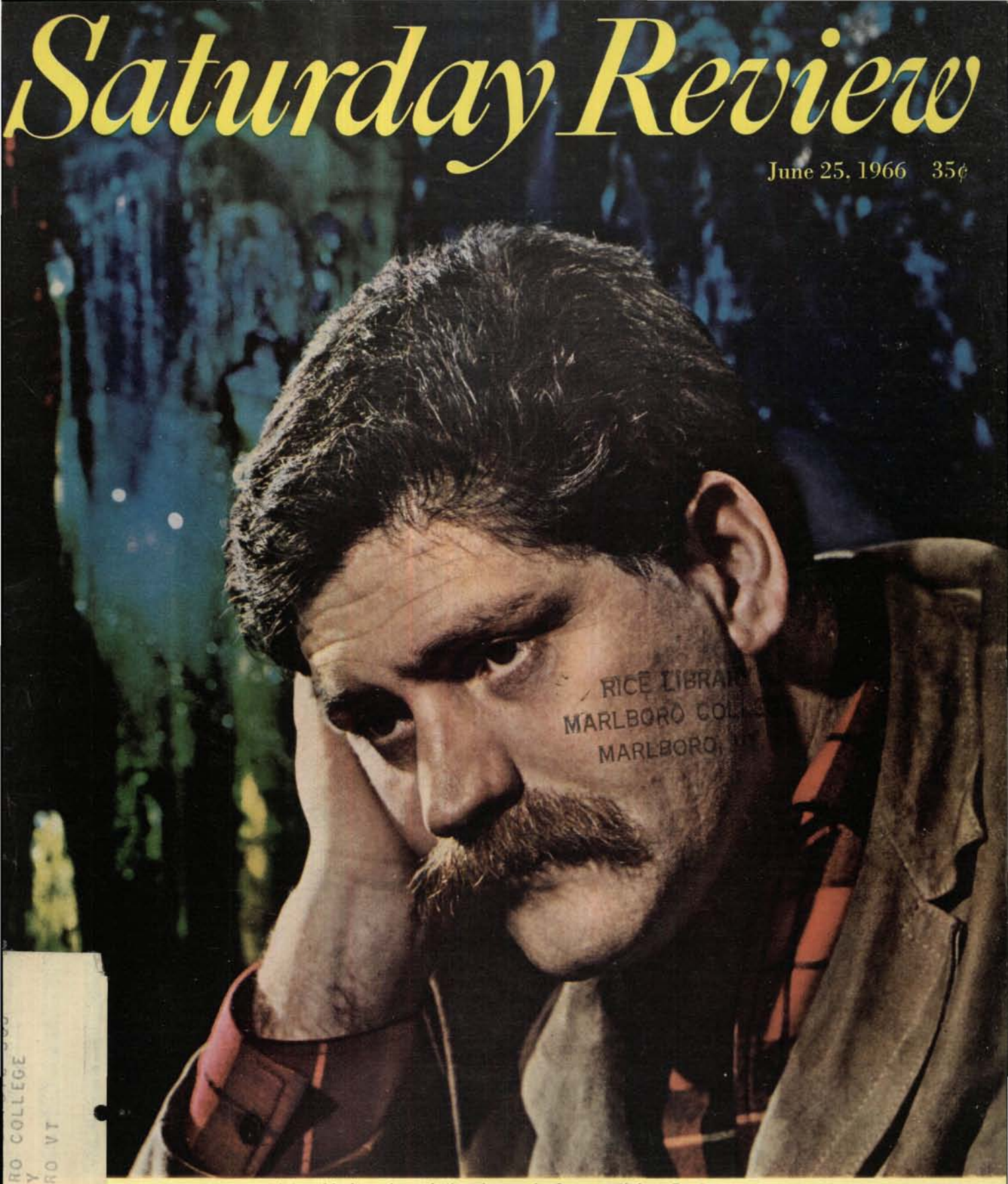
Saturday Review

June 25, 1966 35¢



Jakov Lind, author of "Landscape in Concrete" (see Books)

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By Renee B. Fisher

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Saturday Review

June 25, 1966

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SR: Ideas

12 The Challenge of Creative Federalism, by Senator Edmund S. Muskie
15 Covici: Steinbeck's Editor, Collaborator, and Conscience, by Charles A. Madison
17 Classics Revisited: Macbeth, by Kenneth Rexroth
18 Our Embattled Landmarks: An Editorial

SR: Recordings

45 The Case for a New National Anthem, by Renee B. Fisher
49 The Contemporary Scene, by Aaron Copland

SR: Books

21 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
21 Index of books reviewed
60 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh

SR: Departments

4 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
8 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon
9 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
10 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr.
11 Manner of Speaking: A Poem by John Ciardi
19 Letters to the Editor
20 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
32 Booked for Travel: Raja Rao in Ireland
37 Literary I.Q.
38 Literary Crypt
39 The Fine Arts: Katharine Kuh
40 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
41 The Theater: Henry Hewes
42 As Others See Us: Barbara Baird
68 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1681

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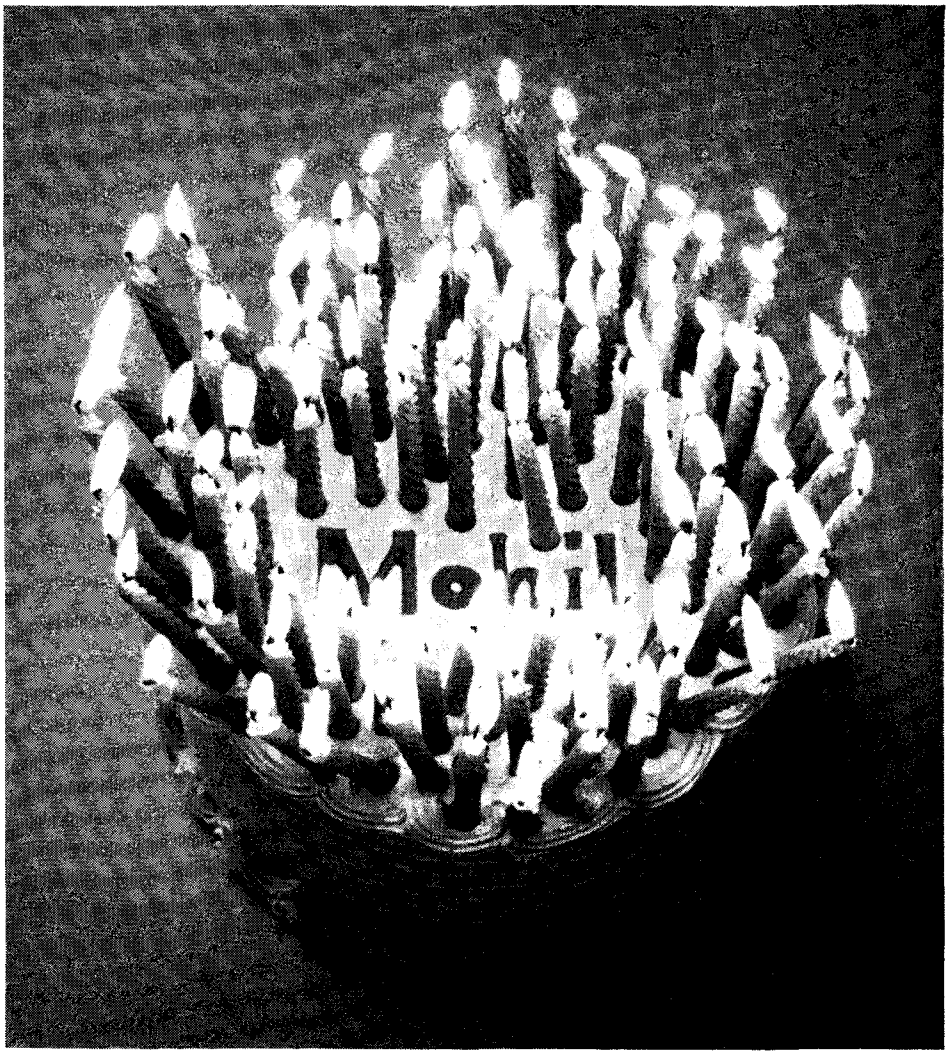
Why did we shorten our name on our 100th anniversary?



For one thing, there wasn't enough room on the cake.

For another thing, people haven't called us "Socony Mobil" for years. "Mobil" alone did the job just fine.

So it seemed logical enough to make the change on our 100th anniversary.

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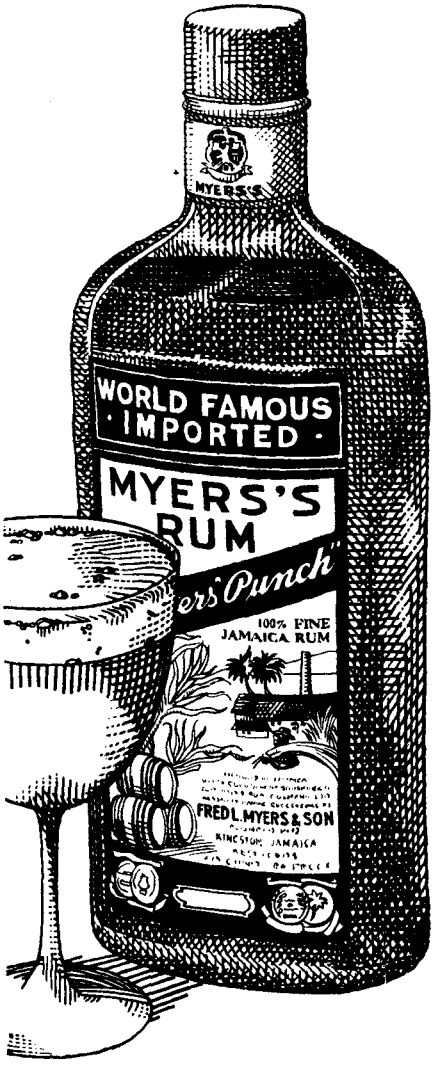

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Male Room

Edited by Martin Levin

I Can Remember When a Licked Stamp Stuck

Please fetch the Elmer's glue
Or mix a paste of flour.
These letters have to go
Within the shrinking hour.

By tongue and thumb I've tried
To stamp each envelope.
Small use to try again.
George Washington lacks dope.

If ever one succeeds
In binding tight the tie,
I swear he must possess
A stickier tongue than I.

Economy, they call it.
The service is in debt.
It can't afford adhesive
That need be only wet.

See how this stamp curls up
No matter how I stick it?
I'll take it to O'Brien
And tell him, please, to lick it.

—A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

R.S.V.P.

Sgt. Jack Kilger
United States Marine Corps
Recruiting Sub-Station
Waukegan, Illinois

Dear Sgt. Kilger:

Alison is away at college, and since your communiqué was labeled "Official Business," I felt I should open it. You wrote:

"Quite a few fellows around here have been thinking of joining the service but haven't gotten the word on just how the Buddy Program works. Under the program you and your friends stick together just as you probably have in high school and after finishing school. You are enlisted as a group right here and are sent to Chicago for your physical and mental testing. You fly to San Diego, California, together and are placed in the same recruiting platoon. After graduation from boot camp you all go to Individual Combat Training at Camp Pendleton, California, together. After completion of this training you receive your first leave (20 days) and come home—still together."

Well, Sgt. Kilger, I don't want to tell you how to run your Marine Corps but there are certain things I think you ought to know about Alison and these buddies.

Take Michael Froom. Five feet tall, lobelia blue eyes, frosted black hair, takes a size five, actually. Sydney King wears mink eyelashes and coral claws on dates; Darryl Stonehouse has a honey beige wig named George. Ronnie Lee Houba sleeps with a little grey schnauzer every night, both of them done up in matching spriggy pajamas. Courtney Flax hides in the closet during electrical storms and Marvyn Hemingway has a different fraternity pin for every day of the week.

Unless your government issues include chubby rollers, portable hair dryers, skinny shifts, colored thongs, Princess phones, diet guides, earrings for pierced ears, none of the aforementioned could be enticed to join.

All are the daughters of misguided mothers who nineteen years ago latched on to names which used to go to the Rocks and Rips and Tabs. However, if you have any leftover recruits with buddies who are six feet tall or over, with an interest in guitar-playing, skin-diving, the frug, or getting their way paid through medical or law school by a working bride, I can just about guarantee an assignment right here.

—Evelyn Lauter.

Letter from Italia

THE Italian mind, incomparably brilliant in so many fields, can scarcely comprehend the idea of scrambled eggs. Italians understand the omelette (*la frittata*) and even employ the word in the phrase *far la frittata* as a metaphor for a bad mistake.

Far la frittata is to break eggs in one's pocket. Italians have always regarded breaking eggs in one's pocket as a mistake, and in recent years the words have taken on greater force as Italian men's jackets became snugger and shorter and the trousers tighter, though one wonders why a man in a tight suit would put eggs in his pocket, assuming that it *is* a man and not a woman who puts the eggs in the pocket.

An American who broke eggs in his pocket would be more likely to regard them as scrambled eggs than as an omelette, but the Italians, ever in search of perfection—exquisitely wrapped small chocolates, for example, or handsewn billfolds, shoes, and gloves, and delicate terra cotta representations of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus—see the

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eggs in edible form, and this form is always an omelette.

Is there something untidy in the notion of scrambled eggs? Why do Italian waiters from Rome to Venice, from Verona to Orvieto, Spezia to Assisi, wince when one asks for scrambled eggs? I don't believe these waiters—or the chefs, the bus boys, the *facchini* or anybody else who happens to be around the *cucina*—are playing a part. I cannot believe there exists in Italy a conspiracy to pretend not to understand what scrambled eggs are, or, once an explanation is offered, that scrambled eggs are a violation of some divine law.

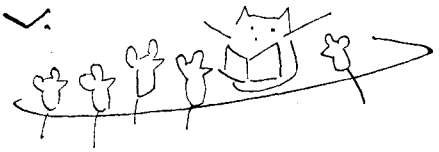
And yet the idea of breaking eggs in a vessel, mixing them together and pouring them into a frying pan and stirring them vigorously seems to bewilder the Italians and to agitate them unnaturally. Most of them manage to hide their feelings behind polite smiles, and as Italians are invariably kind and eager to be helpful because it is their nature to be kind and helpful, a situation that might easily get out of hand elsewhere is smoothly resolved.

Of course there are anxious moments: a waiter may appear for an instant to challenge the order as impractical; the tone of the waiter's voice may be incredulous or tinged with hostility or suggest courteously that the whole thing is *uno scherzo*, a joke. And even when he appears to yield, he may only be marking time until he can get to the kitchen and turn over the problem to the chef, who thereupon challenges the order, says he cannot accept it, attacks the waiter's honor, questions his sanity, and then quite abruptly says he will prepare the eggs.

Nothing is more delightful than to watch the waiter's face on his return with the reassurance that all is well. The look of puzzlement, or injury, is gone. The head nods, the hand, or both hands gracefully acknowledge the order. All doubt has fled from the voice. "*Ah, si. Strapazzato. Si, si, si. Strapazzato, si.*"

So it is. Everything is clear. The eggs are to be *strapazzato*. Mishandled. Given rough usage. Reprimanded, as it were. And here, I think, is the true cause of the Italian disinclination to scramble eggs. Italians love and respect the egg. They boil the egg, fry it, turn it into an omelette, and for all of these they have words. But the word that means to scramble is strapazzare and strapazzare hints at cruelty, and who can be cruel to an egg? Surely then to scramble eggs is to make a bad mistake, *far la frittata.*

—JOHN FERRIS.



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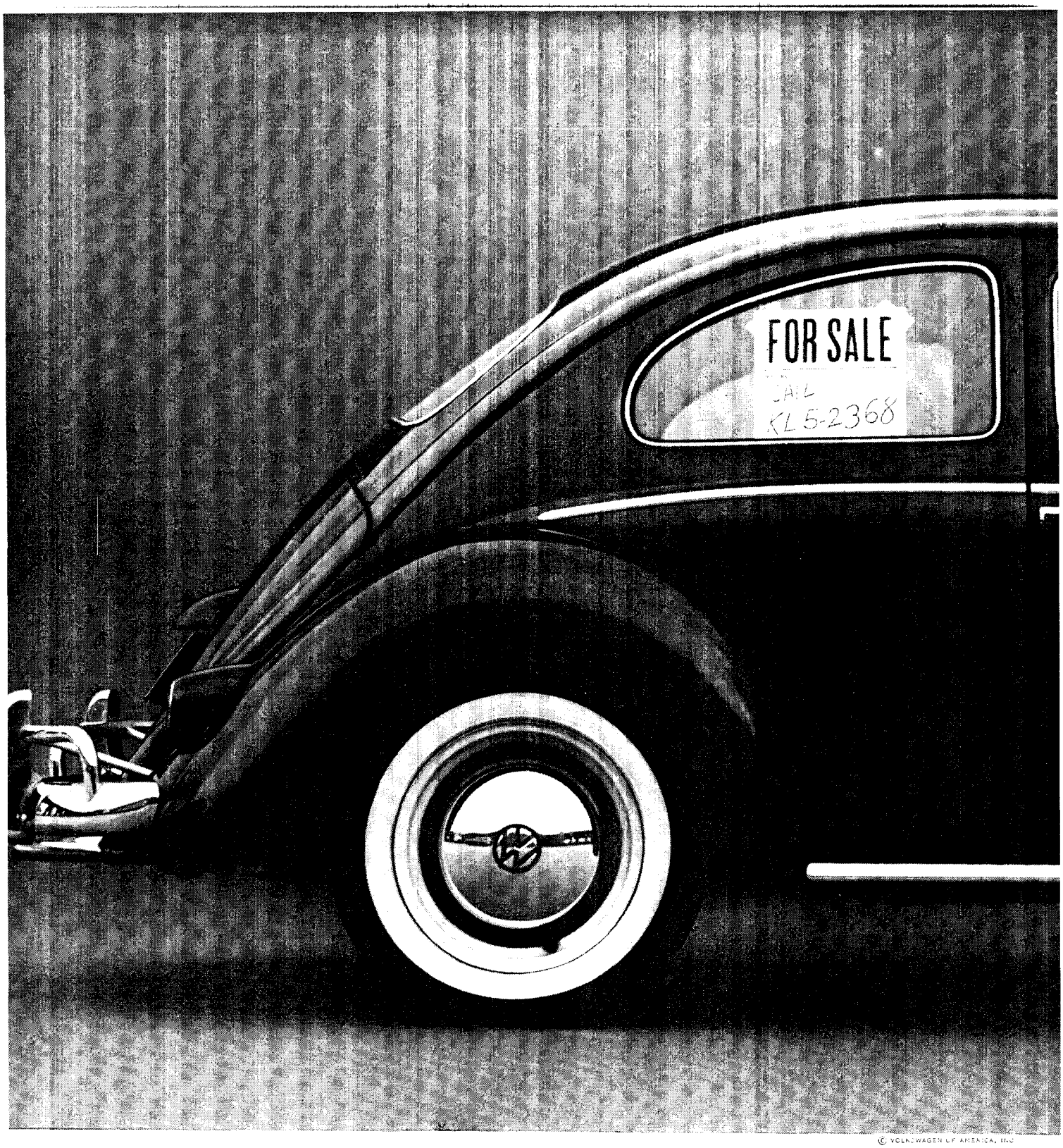

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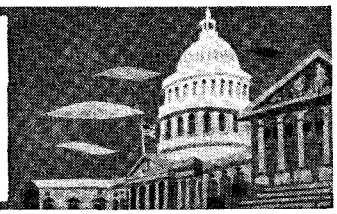
State of Affairs



Robert Kennedy Moves Up

WASHINGTON.

SENATOR Robert Kennedy's political safari to South Africa has once again aroused a mixture of admiration, jealousy, and political nervousness along Pennsylvania Avenue (not to mention outrage in Pretoria)—and what better testimony could there be for an ambitious politician than to know that every one of his steps is followed with the utmost attention? For attention, after all, is what every successful politician feeds on.

The admiration the Senator earns is engendered by his unerring instinct for getting onto the front pages, and by the quality of his speeches, which enable him to leap the old New Frontier, onto fresh ground that keeps him a jump ahead of his rivals. The jealousy is aroused by his success, especially in a Washington more conscious than ever of polls, and by the financial means at his disposal, which relieve him from worry over the dreary and tiresome business of fund-raising.

That all this should add up to uneasiness at some of the nerve centers of the Democratic Party is not surprising. But is it sensible? The party should be pleased: The more talent, the more choice there is, the more vigorous the party will be. Republicans are uncomfortable for exactly the opposite reason; they are very much aware of the scarcity within their party of talent with national appeal.

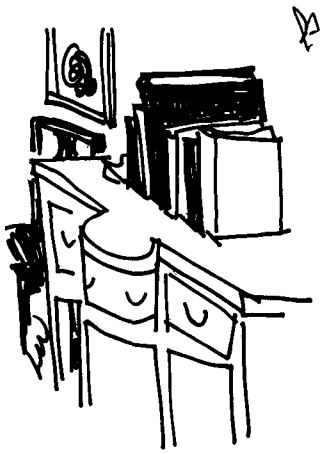
Robert Kennedy's standing in the country is a bit of a political phenomenon. There is, of course, the name; the still vivid mystique of his late brother; a certain charm; and his good looks. But all that is not enough. The fact is that Bobby has now created a political base for himself. He seems to have decided that his future depends on the young, on the next generation. He sees the world, and therefore the United States, too, as moving inexorably to the Left, and he is paving for himself a path, however narrow, along that broad middle road President Johnson occupies.

He is making great strides in preempting as his own the nation's aspirations for the future. Yet Kennedy has found enough room for his own brand of liberalism. Some of the old ADA hands are still a little puzzled by the late recruit, but they accept the Senator's own explanation, which he gave at one of their rallies in New York when he said he had debated ADA liberalism with Professor Arthur Schlesinger for years, and concluded: "He won and I am here."

James Rauh, one of the ADA old hands, remarked the other day: "What encourages me about Bobby is that he should think liberalism is the wave of the future." It is always easier, of course, to espouse ideas than to show results, but it is exactly by sketching a political platform through speeches, political forays, and carefully targeted criticisms of official policy that a politician with high ambitions paves his future.

Kennedy has been critical of the bombing of North and South Vietnam; he has called for a new approach to China; he wants the government to press harder for a non-proliferation treaty; he has been trying to inject new meaning into the Alliance for Progress, and he tries to trump the President's Great Society program. He has made as his own the causes close to the heart of the new generation. And so Robert Kennedy seems to gain increasing acceptance as something of a symbol of the concerns of this new group of young people.

When he flies in the face of South African political prejudice and accepts an invitation from a multi-racial student organization; when the South African government first hesitates, then agrees to give him a visa, but still seeks to impede press coverage of his trip; when he braves flying eggs in Latin America, or returns to the University of Mississippi he once assaulted with his federal marshals (when he was Attorney General, to pry open the door for the first Negro student)—all these things look to many political old-timers like publicity stunts. But to the new generation it is a display of courage and enterprise and makes him part of what Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara the other day called the "age of protest."



Neither the President nor the Vice President is an old man. But both have been part of the American political scene for so long that they seem to belong to a much older generation than they in fact do—at least in the eyes of students today. They are also involved in an unpopular war that chiefly affects the lives of this new generation, which has heard so many pledges and assurances that war would not recur that many of its members are more than ever disenchanted.

They hear oft-quoted precedents, as Munich or the Greek Communist guerrilla war, but the historic parallels so frequently mentioned by those defending the Vietnamese war have for them little meaning. It is a vastly different generation from the graduates of even ten years ago—a far more serious, much less selfish group who are not as single-minded about their careers or finding a secure haven in some executive swivel chair. Their sense of personal security has been affected by two explosions: the nuclear bomb and the rebellion of the Negro inside the United States. To this younger generation, therefore, the swivel chair looks less secure, and its members feel strongly about most of the themes raised by Robert Kennedy in his speeches. And so the differences in age, understanding, outlook, priorities, and the usual impatience of youth all combine to emphasize the "generation gap" between the President and Robert Kennedy, and at that level it seems to be to the Senator's advantage.

Donald Graham, editor of the Harvard *Crimson*, said the other day, "Harvard is wildly enthusiastic about Kennedy"; and such Congressmen as Don Edwards and Jeffrey Cohelan, whose districts are close to the University of California, have both preferred to invite Theodore Sorensen and Robert Kennedy, rather than Vice President Humphrey, to help them raise funds.

Kennedy is driving himself hard. Clearly he does not think he can afford to waste time. He, more than anybody else, knows that history is unpredictable. His next obvious chance is not until 1972, but he may also want to make certain that if Mr. Humphrey does find himself in the White House sooner, by some fluke of history, and it falls to him to select a new Vice President, Kennedy could not easily be passed over once again.

Whatever the outcome of this competition within the Democratic Party, Robert Kennedy has already created a separate if limited source of power—quite a feat considering the powerful personality of the President.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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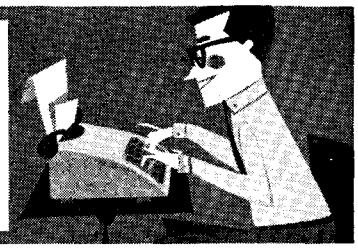
Top of My Head



The Book

"HELLO, Mr. Ace? This is Samuel Vaughan over at Doubleday. Thought you'd like to know the publishing date for the book you wrote for us is July 15."

"Oh good. I'll make a note to buy one."

"Thanks. We will need all the help we can get. The price is $3.95."

"Three ninety-five? Hey, wait a minute. A friend of mine, Jacqueline Susann, just wrote a book, *Valley of the Dolls*, and it's selling for $5.95. Don't you think $3.95 is rather—"

"Oh, come now, pal, your book is no *Valley of the Dolls*. It's not going to be Number One on the lists, and nobody's going to make a movie out of it."

"But $3.95—that sounds as if I'm in a bargain basement. Don't you think $4 would be a little more dignified? I mean I just saw a book advertised for $10 written by another friend of mine—Konrad Adenauer—his memoirs . . ."

"Look, pal, the book biz is like show biz. We charge all the traffic allows."

"Yes, but Irving—I mean Sam, I think you made the price too low. If I'd have known you were—hello—hello."

We were cut off. I hope. Walk up to me on the street any day and ask, "How's your writing career coming along?" And I'd have to answer, "I'm selling at $3.95."

A group of publishers, bent over their presses, inhaling the noxious fumes of printers' ink until it stultifies their minds and blurs their vision, and they are unable to discern where the action is or what's happening now. And there you have it—the men who decide how much a book should sell for.

It seems to me the least they could have done was to start me off at $5.95 and let me sag gradually until I reached a price at which I am most marketable. But no. They denigrated my book aborning.

This is my second book. My first book, which was published some ten years ago, sold for $2.95. I suppose this is progress. Or I should have said "didn't" sell for $2.95. Because most of the books that did sell were sold to my wife. She bought and gave them to friends. Also strangers. Also made strangers out of a lot of friends.

She's the only one who is completely sanguine about the shamefully low price of my second book. Actually she was planning on spending only $2.95 per copy. But she bows to inflation.

Three ninety-five. It doesn't even look better spelled out. And it's a rather nice little book. The title is *The Fine Art of Hypochondria*. That's *their* title. I wanted to call it *How Are You?* But *they* thought that was too flip. "It should be more dignified," they said.

More dignified. And then they put the undignified price of $3.95 on it. And with my picture on the back cover. Well it's not exactly my picture. It's an X-ray. Mr. Vaughan had asked for a recent photograph. But I told him I didn't have any recent photographs. Cameras aren't what they used to be. Somehow or other they don't give off that old *joie de vivre*. I've often written to the Kodak people about it. They don't even answer.

So since the book has to do with the imaginary ailments that beset us all, along with some pieces culled from *SR*, Mr. Vaughan seemed happy to receive the X-ray. Unduly happy, I thought.

It was no easy task getting one. When I phoned my doctor, who doesn't abide any foolishness, and told him I needed an X-ray, he said immediately: "Come in tomorrow morning. Don't eat any breakfast." That was for openers. It took no little doing to explain he had my X-rays on file and why I wanted one. To say nothing of the effort it took to con him to autograph it, along with the autographs of several other doctors, who seemed to fear that by autographing an X-ray they were somehow in violation of the Hippocratic oath. Or that I wanted their signatures to get myself a heaping helping of LSD.

A lot of work for a book that will never, according to Mr. Vaughan, be made into a movie. Or be Number One on a list of best sellers . . . Or Number Two . . . Or Number Three . . . Too bad this space is so short. I could go on like that for columns.

July 15. That's another thing. When we gleefully planned this book many months ago the Doubleday people thought it might be a good seller during the Christmas season, with the publishing date around December 1. Now the date is July 15. Oh, well. Now if there's any religious sect that celebrates the birth of its Lord on July 15, I'm in clover.

—GOODMAN ACE.

In swinging Puerto Rico, where the rum comes from, the IN prestige brand is Don Q.
You're not still making daiquiris with the other one, are you?
WHITE LABEL
DON Q
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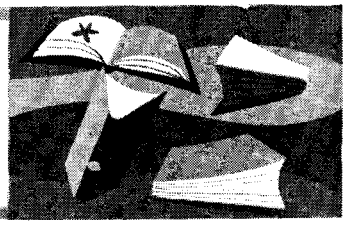
Trade Winds



WASHINGTON.

The annual convention and trade book exhibit of the American Booksellers Association this month brought together at the Shoreham Hotel 2,500 booksellers, publishers, and authors. It was inclined to be a sophisticated group, fascinated but not awed by the presence of such eminent personalities as Pierre Salinger, Arthur Goldberg, Ralph Nader, Louis Auchincloss, Robert Manry, William Buckley, and Jeane Dixon.

But the man who brought the intellectuals to their feet was an unknown, a

thirty-six-year-old member of the faculty of the University of Michigan named Daniel N. Fader, Ph.D. He is an assistant professor, and the book he has written, *Hooked on Books,* is a 50-cent paperback, but I'll bet it will be talked about.

Fader's job is teaching English. He says that 70 per cent of students fail in English at one time or another, and that many of them are passed from grade to grade in school just because there is no other way. The endless cycle means that students fail because they can't read, and since they can't read, they fail. And they associate their failures with the hardcover textbooks that are given them in schools. Libraries, to most students, are only places with tables where you can sit and work, Fader says.

"How can a kid relate to a book with a Dewey Decimal System number printed on the spine? I've seen beautiful school libraries where there is absolutely no movement of books."

Fader had a theory which he thought would make children read: If you can't bring the students to the books, bring the books to the students. Two years ago he was given the chance to test the theory, and the laboratory offered him was the Maxey Boys Training School in Whitmore Lake, Michigan. The student body there consisted of boys who hated books, boys who had gotten into trouble. "They were not only illiterate," Fader says, "they were a-literate."

The plan Fader put into effect included one major innovation, which he calls Saturation. It surrounds the students with newspapers, magazines, and paperbound books. Books are available in those spinning racks that you see in drugstores, and papers and magazines are laid out in profusion on tables. These materials are not in a library, but in a separate room (at Whitmore Lake, one for each of the cottages the boys lived in).

The boys were told that they could take out any of the things and read them. Included were works by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Steinbeck, and Baldwin —many that you would hardly call textbooks. That was the secret, perhaps, of this plan which eventually had these "a-literate" boys reading an average of a book every two days. They were reading!

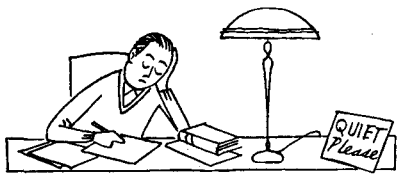
In *Hooked on Books,* Fader writes, "An acceptable text can be negatively defined as one which is not an anthology and does not have hard covers, for the hardbound text and the anthology have a number of serious defects in common. To the unsuccessful student both are symbols of a world of scholastic failure,

and both are to some degree causes of that failure. No hardbound text was ever thrust into a child's pocket, and no anthology was ever 'read' in any meaningful sense of that word by anybody. . . . Such books were obviously not made to give companionship to immature students; recognizing this, students usually give them the minimal attention they appear to deserve."

There are other features of Fader's plan, such as the journal in which every student is encouraged to write—write anything, even to copy if need be—knowing that he won't be marked on it or criticized for it. Newspapers play an important part, too, because classes at Boys Training School were often based on the reading of the paper. How these ideas and others worked at the school is described in *Hooked on Books.*

The subtitle of his little work is "Reaching the Unreached – English in Every Classroom." The success of the experiment can be measured by the fact that Fader was asked to put his ideas into effect in the Garnet-Patterson Junior High School in Washington, D. C. It is what Fader described as "a highly problem-fraught school." After one year of the Fader plan, the District Board of Education appropriated $100,000 to continue it, and is desperate to introduce it in as many other schools as possible.

Another outgrowth of what happened at the Boys Training School is a remarkable experiment in Detroit. For



the past year, in about forty public schools in the most troublesome areas of that sprawling city, there have been instituted the so-called Ludington Reading Rooms. These are named after Ivan Ludington, the generous and far-seeing distributor who donated thousands of dollars worth of paperback books, newspapers, and magazines to keep Fader's experiment going.

In each of the schools a room is set aside where the drugstore spinners are filled with paperbacks and where the tables are covered with newspapers and magazines. These rooms are open all day, even in the afternoon after school closes, until 7 p.m., and they will be kept open this summer while the schools are shut. Students and even parents come to these reading rooms and make use of the materials there. Fader says there is more circulation in one day in one of these rooms than in a week or sometimes a month in the school library: "The kids just flood in and out."

One fifteen-year-old said to the attendant in one of these reading rooms, "Man, I want to work in the libary." The attendant pointed out to the boy that since he couldn't read, he might find it difficult. "I can tell the books by the pictures on the cover," the boy replied, and today that boy is helping out there, filing books by the cover illustrations.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1680)

J(OHN) MASON BROWN: *MIRROR TO HIS TIMES (THE WORLDS OF ROBERT E. SHERWOOD)*

The intense and intricate sophistication of the life he came to lead was never to deprive him of what John Crosby described as "the courage of his own naïveté, a sort of innocent but stouthearted conviction in the essential goodness of humanity."

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The Purportedly Sad Aardvark and the Queen Ant

I

I have this from the Aardvark who
first gave it tongue:
"Once, in Peru,
when anthood in its gleaming hordes
had colonized for yards and yards
the virgin land, there lived a Queen
named Antennia, the High Serene
Mother of Mothers, Potentess
of 70 billion (more or less)
red warriors and as many drones.
Powers, Principalities, and Thrones
knelt to her throne. At her command
great towering twigs, huge grains of sand,
were felled and shaped to build her towers
inch above soaring inch. Such were her powers.

So high she built her royal hill
that some of it is standing still,
and still from that wind-ruined mound
one sees, for feet and yards around,
her endless pastures, view on view—
the purple vistas of Peru.

Such were her powers. And chief the power
of sovereign intellect. In her great hour
her courtiers and her scholars were the flower
of universal learning: arts,
science, wit. The noblest hearts
from her own lands and foreign parts
far as Antillia and Aphidia,
thronged her court at Formicidia.
While from the reaches of the world,
from far as the Great Brooklet curled
between the earth and the unknown,
baled caravans trudged to her throne
with gram on gram and mil on mil
of treasure in an endless spill.

Such was the court on which I came"
—the ancient Aardvark said—"her fame,
her grace, her power, her glittering hill
might have endured a year, might still
have gemmed the earth: in fact, had I
but had my lunch," I heard him sigh,
"before I chanced to pass that way,
she might have spread her royal sway
a whole ell further by today.

Yet though all things must pass away,
let this praise of her live in rhyme:
I have not eaten better in my time.
I doubt that I shall ever eat as well."

—Such was the tale the Aardvark stopped to tell.

II

I say I heard the Aardvark tell
this mournful tale. He told it well,
it seemed to me. He had a touch
if not quite epic, nearly such.
And swung a picturesque detail
as freely as he swished his tail.

And yet he swung a crooked tongue
above, around, between, among
a file of ants that happened by,
and slurped them in with the same sigh
I heard him sigh for that great snack
he said he'd lunched on somewhere back
in Formicidia, in Peru.

Which made me wonder: was it true?

How can a man be wholly sure
of a self-stated epicure
who licks up dust while he's reciting
what menus regally exciting
he feasted on a lick ago?

He's like a lot of poets I know:
well spoken, even at times well sung,
but always poking a great tongue
through any dust, to slurp at sight
whatever crumb of passing mite
might move their gluttony.

I can't trust
a bon-vivant who licks up dust
and wags his tongue (coated with clay)
to claim he is a great gourmet.

And still I find some tales beguile
despite the teller. Art is style.
Some poets are a loathsome lot,
put face to face, or pot to pot,
or id to ego, or lust to greed.
Yet sometimes, when they die, we read—
soul to soul, and lie to lie—
truths a seraph could live by.

Idiosyncratic man,
like the doubtful Aardvark can
be a slob while singing graces.
Half at least of what the race is
half, but only half, refutes
our best go at the absolutes
we like to think we move among,
praising with a dirty tongue.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Saturday Review
June 25, 1966

The Challenge of Creative Federalism

Why the framework for new intergovernmental relationships must be established now—before recently enacted social programs are placed in jeopardy.

By EDMUND S. MUSKIE
United States Senator, Maine

FEDERALISM is everyone's concern—from the President, who is ultimately responsible for making our system work, to the individual citizen, whose way of life depends upon good government. There is nothing dull or abstract about the subject of federal-state-local relations, since they directly involve people: their health, their homes, their jobs, their rights as citizens, and their security as free men. And when our governments at each level do not apply their laws or allocate their resources effectively—when they do not cooperate to bring the full force of their programs to bear on social and economic problems—it is the people who suffer, and the nation that loses.

During the past five sessions Congress has developed the most impressive package of federal legislation since the Depression to attack poverty, ignorance, urban blight, discrimination, and other human problems. It cuts across departmental and agency lines both in the federal sector and at state and local levels; it requires special skills and technology for effective administration. Thus, this legislation is only as good as the machinery which administers it.

Today this machinery, molded and tempered by a century and three quarters of evolutionary development, is under its greatest stress. While in the past we have concentrated primarily on the policies of government, the spotlight now must be turned on the procedures of government. Here is where the Great Society will succeed or fail.

What are some of the problems?

First, there is the emergence of big government—at all levels. The scope of government today has become enormous and complex, and it involves far more than federal activities.

In 1946, state and local governments spent a total of $11 billion to meet public needs, and they had a combined debt of $16 billion. This year they will spend approximately $84 billion, and their total debt will rise to $100 billion. This represents a 528 per cent increase in state and local outlays in the past twenty years.

By contrast, the federal government in 1946 spent $894 million to help the states and localities augment their public programs. This year that expenditure will rise to more than $14 billion and will involve more than 170 separate aid programs administered by some twenty-one federal departments and agencies. Projected ahead to 1971, state and local annual expenditures are expected to escalate to $120 billion, while total federal expenditures—barring a war or depression—will reach $110 to $115 billion.

THE accelerated growth of public employment parallels this dramatic expansion of budgets and programs. Here, it is getting increasingly difficult to tell the players by the numbers, let alone keep track of the score. State and local public employment has risen from 3,300,000 in 1946 to 8,000,000 in 1965. The federal government—despite the popular myth that its rolls, too, are expanding—has reduced its employment by 100,000 during the twenty-year period, but it still accounts for 2,600,000 workers.

These statistics tell us a great deal about the pressures on our federal system. They highlight the strenuous effort that state and local governments have exerted and must continue to exert to meet the demand for more and better public services. They certainly dispel the notion that expanding federal power has undermined the capacity of these jurisdictions to govern themselves. And they show clearly how complicated the task ahead will be of coordinating our joint economic and social action programs.

A second major intergovernmental problem area is the "management muddle"—the overall quality and efficiency of administration of public programs. The Senate Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations, which I am privileged to chair, recently completed a three-year survey of federal, state, and local administrators to learn their views and attitudes about our federal system.

WE found substantial competing and overlapping of programs at all three levels—sometimes as a direct result of legislation and sometimes as a result of "empire-building." We learned that too many federal officials, particularly at the middle management level, were not interested in, and, in fact, were hostile to, coordinating programs within and between their departments, and were reluctant to encourage coordination and planning among their state and local counterparts.

At the same time, federal aid officials complained that state and local administration was understaffed, lacking in quality and experience, unimaginative, and too subject to negative political and bureaucratic pressures. They found a variety of archaic state constitutional and legal restrictions that continue to

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block effective application of federal aid programs, and hamstring state and local administrators in developing their own programs.

Perhaps the most serious indictment coming out of the survey concerns the caliber of state and local administrators responsible for building the Great Society. Confronted with urban congestion, slums, water pollution, air pollution, juvenile delinquency, social tension, and chronic unemployment, public administrators today must be professionals in every sense of that word. Yet we found that too often they are not, mainly because of the antiquated, patronage-oriented personnel systems which hinder the hiring and keeping of good people.

We found that unfavorable working conditions, low pay, and excessively bureaucratic rules and procedures discouraged both prospective employees and careerists. Personnel development programs, including opportunities for job mobility, in-service training, and educational leave, appeared to be minimal, except in some of the larger jurisdictions. We found a noticeable lack of effective merit systems, which results in the loading of some agencies with unprofessional, uninspiring, and often unfit personnel. Finally, responsible administrators complained that inflexible rules and regulations—dictating whom, when, and how they could hire, promote, or fire—frustrated their efforts to develop effective staff support.

In short, there is a serious manpower crisis in state and local governments which, if not confronted, may contribute more than anything else to a weakening of the states, their localities, and the federal system as a whole.

What can be done? Where do we begin?

First, we must start by putting the federal house in better order. We can hardly expect state and local jurisdictions to coordinate their services and plan their communities if Congress continues to pass inflexible programs and if federal administrators maintain their traditional aversion to program coordination and comprehensive planning. What we need is a new policy of coordinating federal aid programs and new machinery in Washington and in the field to see that such a policy is carried out.

This is why I have recently proposed that permanent machinery be established in the Executive Office of the President to produce specific new guidelines for coordinating and planning federal programs, and for working directly with state and local leaders to encourage them to coordinate and plan their programs. This is not being done today—not by the Bureau of the Budget, not by the Council of Economic Advisers, and not by the more than 100 inadequately staffed interagency committees, boards, and councils which have been set up in the federal establishment to solve specific problems and which, for lack of authority, have ended up doing virtually nothing.

What the President needs in his impossibly busy and exhausting job is a personal ombudsman, a watchdog for crises, a central domestic information agency, and an inspector general for program effectiveness. This can be achieved by creating a new and broadly based interdepartmental council with a "working secretariat" of top-level generalists not wedded to any department; or it can be achieved by strengthening the authority of the Bureau of the Budget in this area.

Secondly, we must find a more flexible way to grant federal assistance to the states and the communities that would encourage their joint programing and longer-range, comprehensive planning. Four recent bills are steps in this direction:

► *The Economic Development Act,* passed last session, provides in part for establishment of regional economic planning commissions—composed of federal representatives and Governors of states that have related growth problems, to recommend regional plans for coordinating programs, establishing priorities, and allocating expenditures.

► *The Intergovernmental Cooperation Act,* which unanimously passed the Senate last summer and is now pending before the House, would establish a coordinated intergovernmental urban assistance policy and significantly strengthen the basis of regional and local planning.

► *The Demonstration Cities Act,* recently advanced, would provide incentive funds to cities to come up with their own coordinated programs for renewing blighted areas on a multifunction basis—welfare, schools, antipoverty, housing—as well as supplemental assistance for federal programs included in the demonstration program.

► *The Urban Development Act* would give special supplementary funds for projects that are part of a metropolitan-wide development program being coordinated by a public, area-wide planning agency.

The emphasis in all four of these bills is on marshaling federal, state, and local resources, in coordination, to achieve a meaningful impact, rather than on the traditional program-by-program, jurisdiction-by-jurisdiction approach—which too often has led to confusion, waste, and delay in overall urban development.

Some of my colleagues would abandon—wholly or in part—the federal

"I only hope I never have to use them."

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grant-in-aid approach, and seek to stimulate overall development at state and local levels by sharing federal revenues with the states or by making block grants on an unrestricted basis. This is becoming a popular cause; its advocates include a curious coalition of conservatives, moderates and liberals.

The pitfalls of unrestricted revenue allocation are many and are sufficiently complicated to warrant extensive examination by a top-flight panel such as the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. In general, however, states vary so extensively in their attitudes and machinery for providing their own revenues, planning for their needs, administering their programs, and ensuring the civil and economic rights of their citizens, that any kind of federal revenue sharing that ignores the uneven pace of efforts to modernize state and local tax, finance, planning, and administrative policies would provide windfalls to some states and inequities to others.

Third, we must develop a new federal program for helping state and local governments improve the competency and efficiency of administrative personnel. These people carry the bulk of the responsibility for making the Great Society work, and it is Congress's responsibility to help them.

I recently introduced legislation, the Intergovernmental Personnel Act of 1966, which helps to discharge this responsibility. The measure extends the merit system requirement to more grant-in-aid programs (only nine at present are covered); it makes matching grants and technical services available to state and local governments for the improvement of their overall personnel administration; it encourages cooperative efforts in recruitment and training, on an interlevel and interstate basis; and it makes available federal training facilities and also provides grants and technical assistance for training. Modest as these changes are, they at least would be a start in the necessary direction.

ENCOURAGING the states and local governments to plan for expanding needs and make effective use of their own resources and of federal programs is admittedly a difficult task. Some observers feel that the traditional anti-federal biases and apprehensions of these jurisdictions make this task impossible. I disagree. Governors, county commissioners, mayors, and other public officials are serious about wanting to provide better services to their constituents. Politicians know the political mileage that can be gained by bringing effective, modern programs to their communities. And most citizens want to see their tax money spent wisely.

Encouraging federal administrators to visualize the long-term implications of their programs and to recognize the necessity for greater inter-level coordination and cooperation is also difficult. For some, the functional, professional, stand-pat bias of middle-management executives who administer grant programs makes this task impossible. President Johnson, however, and the top management of this Administration, do not despair of the task.

In his Budget message the President said:

> . . . Many of our critical new programs involve the federal government in joint ventures with state and local governments in thousands of communities throughout the nation. The success or failure of those programs depends largely on timely and effective communications and on readiness for action on the part of both federal agencies in the field and state and local governmental units. We must strengthen the coordination of federal programs in the field. We must open channels of responsibility. We must give more freedom of action and judgment to the people on the firing line. We must help state and local governments to deal more effectively with federal agencies.

THE President's concern with improved intergovernmental relations is critically important to the task ahead. The concern of governors, state legislators, county executives, mayors, and other public officials is no less significant. Cooperative federalism, after all, accepts the expanding role of state and local governments to take on greater political and administrative responsibilities as the nation grows, while relying on an effective federal role to provide incentives and resources to these jurisdictions to promote common goals.

The pattern of sharing that is so characteristic of contemporary intergovernmental relations is not new. It came into being during the three decades following the adoption of the Constitution—largely under the successive, masterful leadership of three Cabinet officers, Hamilton, Gallatin, and the younger Calhoun. The program of reform that I have described here merely updates this traditional approach, as must be done if we are to meet the challenges of the last half of the twentieth century.

"Nobody quotes me anymore, not even out of context."

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COVICI: Steinbeck's Editor, Collaborator, and Conscience

By CHARLES A. MADISON

IN THE 1920s Pascal Covici operated a bookshop in Chicago and published a small list of *avant-garde* books. In 1928 he went to New York to join forces with Donald Friede, a vice president of Liveright, in starting a new publishing house. Not bound by convention or orthodoxy, they did not mind taking over books their competitors shied away from. Their first successful venture was Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, originally rejected by Harper and then accepted by Knopf.

The printed sheets were ready when news came from England that the book had been banned as immoral. Knopf was in a quandary. Loath to lose his investment in the novel, he certainly did not want to jeopardize his reputation by publishing it. Covici heard of Knopf's predicament and arranged to buy the sheets and issue the book himself. This he did, with an introduction by Havelock Ellis, at the high price of $5 a copy.

In January 1929, the edition was seized and a magistrate declared the novel obscene and ordered a trial. Covici fought the case, and ultimately the book was declared publishable. Meantime the wide publicity of the trial had aroused great interest in the novel. By September 1930 nearly 100,000 copies of the $5 edition had been sold. Covici then issued a $2 edition, which also sold widely.

The ten years of its existence being a period of depression, Covici-Friede did not publish many books, but most were of high quality. Among them were George M. Priest's translation of Goethe's *Faust*, Wyndham Lewis's *The Childermass*, Richard Aldington's *Collected Poems*, Alexei Tolstoi's *Peter the Great*, Albert Einstein's *The World As I See It*, and the books by John Steinbeck.

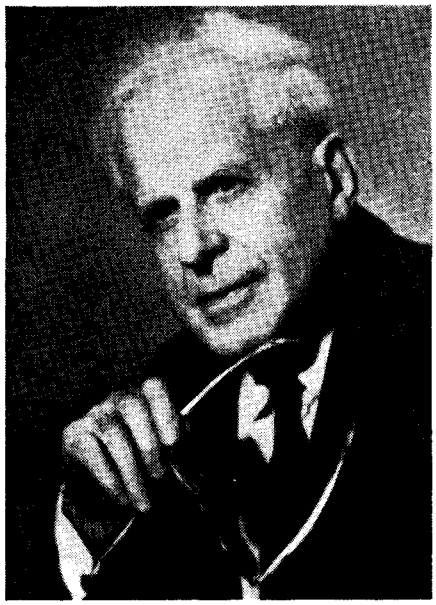
In 1934 Covici accidentally noticed a copy of Steinbeck's *The Pastures of Heaven* on a remainder counter. The novel interested him, and he communicated with Steinbeck's agent. He learned that three of Steinbeck's novels had been published, all commercial failures, and that his fourth had already been rejected by several publishers. He asked to see it and readily accepted it. When he tried to sell it—*Tortilla Flat*—he had difficulty persuading booksellers that this book would do better. His enthusiastic effort, however, resulted in a sale of more than 4,000 copies—enough to give Steinbeck some unexpected royalties and the firm a modest profit.

Covici's faith in Steinbeck's writing deepened with time. A personal meeting confirmed his belief in his ultimate success. When the manuscript of *In Dubious Battle* reached the office, Covici was on a selling trip. On his return—Friede having left the partnership to open an agency in Hollywood—he inquired about the manuscript and was told by an editor that he had rejected it. "Steinbeck doesn't know anything about Communism," he asserted in disparagement.

COVICI was chagrined. He immediately telephoned the agent, only to be told that the manuscript had already been submitted to another publisher. Covici then sent a night letter to Steinbeck to explain the situation and to urge that he wire the agent for the return of the manuscript. Steinbeck did so and Covici published the novel to their mutual profit.

Covici's enthusiasm for Steinbeck's fiction began to be generously compensated with the publication of *Of Mice and Men* in 1937, which became a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and sold about 150,000 copies. Steinbeck also profited considerably from the play based on the novel. Later in the same year Covici brought out *The Red Pony*, which was also well received. All this time Covici wrote Steinbeck warmly encouraging letters in an effort to bolster his fluctuating self-confidence and to convince him of his genuine talent. No wonder that Steinbeck told him in 1938: "Your wire only confirms the old opinion that I have the best publisher in the world." A year later, shortly before his new work was to make his world-wide reputation, he again wrote to Covici, "I am very very proud to have you for my publisher."

But in 1938, his success with Steinbeck notwithstanding, Covici found himself financially insolvent, and Thomas Guinzburg invited him to join the Viking Press as senior editor. He was glad to accept Guinzburg's offer, and brought with him his most important author, John Steinbeck. He realized that his immediate value to Viking depended on the popularity of Steinbeck's next book, yet in his letters to Steinbeck he kept urging him to follow his own intuition, to be true to his artistic impulses, and to listen to none but his own inner voice.



—*Blackstone-Shelburne.*

Pascal Covici—John Steinbeck said of him, "He caused me to be more than I should have been without him."

The Long Valley did only fairly well. Every one of the Viking editors, however, was bullish about Steinbeck's new novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and a first printing of 50,000 copies was ordered. It became "the epic of the contemporary dispossessed," and in less than a year it sold 430,000 copies. It was voted the "Booksellers' favorite novel of 1939," and won the Pulitzer Prize in 1940.

THE intimacy between Steinbeck and Covici was by now warm and deep. In July 1941 Covici wrote to him: "In my little life, which is about three-quarters done, you are my rarest experience. Take that with all its implications, cynically as well, if you want to." Two months later, seeing that success had not gone to Steinbeck's head and that he refused to be lured by money alone, he told him: "I am filled with pride that you will not write for publication anything which does not compellingly drive you to it."

Steinbeck's next book, *The Moon Is Down* (1942), had an advance sale of 65,000 copies and sold another 100,000 after publication. *Cannery Row*'s advance was 90,000 copies, and the subsequent sale was also large. Reviewers and critics were treating Steinbeck as a major novelist, and Covici boosted him at every opportunity. Late in November 1945 he told Steinbeck: "Well, you didn't get the Nobel Prize this year, but

This memoir of an outstanding book editor, written by a fellow editor, now retired, is adapted from *Book Publishing in America*, to be published by McGraw-Hill.

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I am willing to make a bet that you will in the next three years. It is inevitable." He did not guess the year, but he was certainly right about its inevitability.

Two years later *The Wayward Bus* was highly popular, being a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, having an advance of 100,000 copies, and subsequently selling widely. However, in 1949 Steinbeck said to Covici that he aimed to build up a reserve for his family before devoting himself to his next novel. Covici reminded him that he had written *The Grapes of Wrath* with much less reserve and had no financial problem. "What you need to my way of thinking is peace of mind and a great urge to do your novel. It is a terribly important piece of work, you know it and you feel it, but you are side-tracking it, pushing it away from you."

Four months later: "The one great gleam in your letter is your telling me that something is really jelling in your mind and you mean to tackle it soon. That to me is most exciting—your creative self coming back." Steinbeck fully appreciated this confidence and encouragement—all the more because he was having marital trouble and depended on Covici for comfort and guidance.

When Steinbeck began to write *East of Eden* in 1951, he told Covici that the book was a joint work and sent him each day the pages he had written—prefaced by a personal note of explanation or information. Covici responded sensitively and acutely, editing the material and returning a typed copy along with the original. When Steinbeck hesitated to ask for favors, Covici urged him to do so: "You seem to forget that what you are asking of me is nothing compared to the riches of mind you are giving me."

When the novel was done and no book club took it, Covici wrote: "Do you remember when I argued that the book clubs were bound to be limited by the prejudices of so many readers? When the reader tells you what to write and publish, you can't have very good books. Maybe that is our trouble now. Writing for readers instead of ourselves." Nevertheless Viking ordered a first printing of 110,000 copies and sold many more later. For one month it reached first place on the best-seller list.

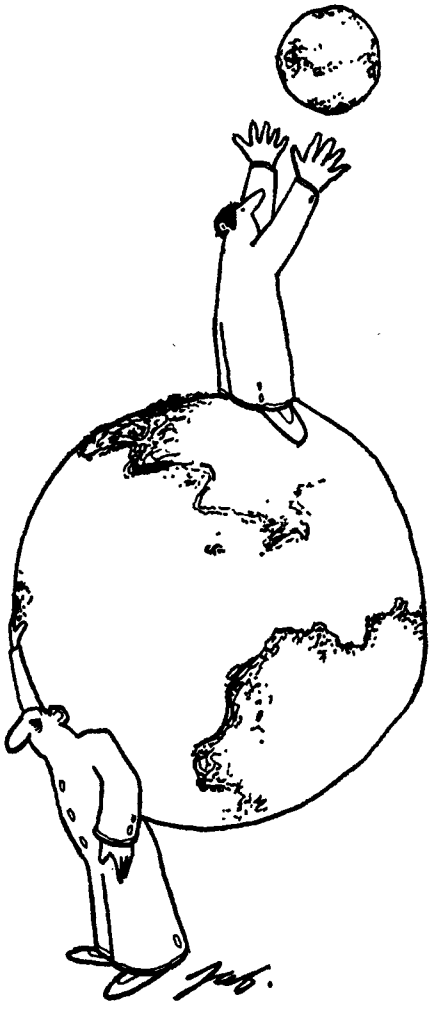
Steinbeck had come to depend upon Covici's letters as from a dearest friend. On his trips abroad he felt sad and depressed when he came to a place and found no note from Covici awaiting him. In dedicating *East of Eden* to Covici he wrote:

> The dedication is to you with all the admiration and affection that have been distilled from our singularly blessed association of many years. This book is inscribed to you because you have been part of its birth and growth.

Handy with wood and tools, Steinbeck constructed a mahogany box of sturdy solidity, lined the inside with heavy green cloth, and on the face of the thick cover he carved the words *East of Eden* and the Hebrew word meaning "you may govern"—a phrase that plays a key part in the novel. In the box he placed the original of the novel and sent it to Covici as a Christmas gift.

For all his moods and fallow periods, Steinbeck was a productive writer. In 1954 he published *Sweet Thursday*, in 1957 *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* and *Once There Was a War*, and in 1961 *The Winter of Our Discontent*. All these books were written in consultation with Covici and with his constant encouragement.

Their extraordinary intimacy is recorded in their frequent correspondence. In November 1954 Covici wrote: "I am perfectly willing to stick my neck out and say there isn't an American writer today who has the depth and breadth of humanity that you have in your books. I hope I don't have to convince you of your importance in American Letters." Steinbeck's reply was: "I do not think all the things in my books are good but all things in my books are me."



In 1958, as a birthday greeting, Covici wrote: "That you were born and in some small way I have been of use to you in bringing your books to light means a great deal to me, possibly infinitely more than you may ever realize."

Later that year, when Steinbeck was under tension and unproductive, Covici told him: "My worry was you. I felt you were under a terrific nervous strain because you were not sufficiently moved to write. . . . You are entitled to sit back and let things soak in. . . . One of these days you will feel the stir of new buds and the urge and flood to create, and the thing will come."

Steinbeck replied: "Strange isn't it how periodically my life force goes into hibernation very like death and then it stirs very drowsily to life and one day the words begin to rush out and every other consideration dissipates like mist. I am very fortunate in so many ways."

And in 1960, when Steinbeck was receiving suggestions from friends and critics, Covici sought to bolster his self-confidence: "The point I want to make is that you examine all revisions suggested, you should make none unless they convince you. You cannot afford to make somebody else's mistakes. In the last analysis you have to follow your own creative instinct."

When Steinbeck was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1962, Covici felt that his nearly thirty years of appreciation and encouragement were fully rewarded. Somewhat earlier Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley* had been a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club; now its sales spurted into top best-sellerdom. Yet his honors and popularity did not in the least lessen Steinbeck's affection for and loyalty to his friend and publisher. When he learned of Covici's death on October 14, 1964, he stated:

> Pat Covici was much more than my friend. He was my editor. Only a writer can understand how a great editor is father, mother, teacher, personal devil and personal god. For thirty years Pat was my collaborator and my conscience. He demanded of me more than I had and thereby caused me to be more than I should have been without him.

Covici developed close friendships with others of his authors, among them Saul Bellow, Arthur Miller, Lionel Trilling, George Gamow, Willy Ley, Ludwig Bemelmans, and Gene Fowler. Indeed, in *Herzog* (1964), Bellow wrote:

> To Pat Covici, a great editor and, better yet, a generous friend, this book is affectionately dedicated.

But the relationship of John Steinbeck, writer, and Pascal Covici—"editor, collaborator, and conscience"—stands apart in publishing history.

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Macbeth

By KENNETH REXROTH

OF ALL the major plays of Shakespeare, *Macbeth* is the simplest, most concentrated, and shortest. It was one of the early revivals of a form that was to remain popular for tragedy throughout the reigns of James I and Charles I—the tragedy of blood, like Thomas Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy,* which had been so popular at the beginning of Elizabethan drama. Such plays were considered by their authors to be revivals of the classic theater of ancient times. Only a few scholars knew anything about the great Greek dramatics. Classic tragedy meant to them Seneca's melodramas.

Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is the greatest of the Senecan tragedies and re-established a type which would be continued by Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* and *White Devil* and the plays of Cyril Tourneur, John Ford, and James Shirley. *Macbeth* even revives in a new and greatly more efficient form the technical devices of the early euphuistic tragic rhetoric. As *Macbeth* is structurally one of the simplest of Shakespeare's plays, so, too, is it the least complex in the interaction of persons and motives and in the moral and psychological problem embodied in its central characters.

Although the scene moves around Scotland and briefly to the English court, and the time lapse is at least several years, the illusory time and space never violate the dramatic unities attributed to Aristotle. *Macbeth* seems to take place in little more than its playing time, and always in the same desolate place and troubled night. The subsidiary characters are more functions of a dramatic construct than clearly defined personalities, quite unlike the minor roles of even Shakespeare's history plays. Macbeth and his lady are stripped to the moral and psychological essential bone. The play is about impenitence, habituation to sin, remorse, and despair.

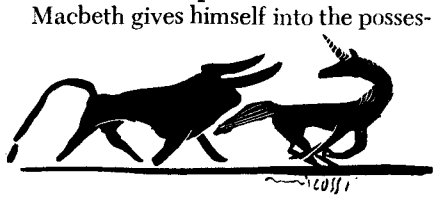
The legendary Macbeth of Shakespeare's source, Holinshead's *Chronicle,* is a good king who, with his comrade, Banquo, murders a ruler from whom the mandate of heaven had passed, and then rules justly—a kind of primitive Robert Bruce. To a man of Shakespeare's time, murder was an historically sanctioned way to a throne, if it was successful. After he did penance for it, Robert Bruce seems never to have given the murder of his predecessor another thought.

Shakespeare altered history to personalize it, and, as we would say, psychologize it. Who is tortured like Macbeth? Only the imaginative, who will to murder but never commit it and so cannot repent of it. With the murder of the king, Macbeth goes through a door, but it is the gratuitous murder of Banquo out of guilt and fear that is the more heinous sin and locks the door behind him. This door from one world to another is the pivotal device in the play.

Properly staged and directed, it makes us always conscious of doubled universes of good and evil. Macbeth steps from moral order into a world of reversed values and sets loose pandemonium. Reality tips over and Hell is on top, present and visible. Behind the stage set we sense the movement of a cast of hidden actors who are not just psychic projections but real beings of positive evil. They are, of course, made visible briefly in their emissaries, the witches. Time, person, place, and thing go continuously out of focus. There is constant reiteration of hallucinatory themes—darkness, blood, reversal of values, unreality of the present, the naked babe, ill-fitting clothes, unknown riders and horses, and toward the end, symbolic references to the Lord of Misrule, brought down at last by resurgent nature—"they have tied me to a stake, I cannot fly, but bearlike, I must stand the course." The concreteness and concentration of imagery are astonishing. Compared with the luxuriance of Hamlet, not a line is wasted.

MACBETH is the evil ruler who breaks the shell of nature and lets in anti-nature. It is most important to realize that he does this deliberately. After the witches have hailed him king, he says, "If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me without my stir." Had he not acted, the ambiguous prophecies of the witches could have fulfilled themselves in some other way. At the end he realizes he has been victimized by the terrible frivolity of Hell. "And be these juggling fiends no more believed, that palter with us in a double sense, that keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope."

Macbeth gives himself into the possession of something far more irrational and malevolent than a hidden self, an id, animus, or subconscious. What Shakespeare is saying is that in the deepest pit of being there exists a force not bestial, amoral, but consciously and deliberately immoral, rational indeed in the sense of logical, but frivolous in essence. In the world Macbeth enters, where minus has turned to plus, the equations of life become not nonsense, but anti-sense—hideous jokes. The concept of the devil as trickster is not only essential to the understanding of Shakespeare's fundamentally medieval morality but to the comedy of Machiavelli, Marlowe, Stendhal, or Samuel Beckett. The tragedy of Macbeth is in the deepest sense a triumph of the absurd.



LADY Macbeth functions in the play as a defining factor in the equation that is the moral character and catastrophe of Macbeth. She is the embodiment of greed and vulgar matter-of-factness. She always interprets the omens of the Otherworld in commonplace terms. The knocking at Hell Gate—"Tis the south entry," Macbeth's horrors, "Tis the eye of childhood fears a painted devil." Even walking in her sleep, she is remarkably literal and never indulges in remote symbolism. She is a pagan, and *laique* at that, and kills herself for the same reasons as a cornered Roman usurper. Macbeth is damned, and that is not a *laique* condition. His fear is metaphysical. There is no contrition in Lady Macbeth because she does not believe in penitence. Macbeth believes and defies the consequences. Yet to the last moment he equivocates with the consequences. Shakespeare, capitalizing on the popularity of the word, which had recently been used by a defendant in the Gunpowder Plot trial, equivocates with the very word equivocation throughout the play.

But it is not irony that unites and underscores the equivocations of Macbeth but iron, the deadly weapon itself. So great is the intensity of Shakespeare's dramatic language that the audience becomes hallucinated and if truly enrapt by the performers, sees messages and equivocations everywhere, until the play becomes an apocalypse of temptation and fall. "Pity like a naked new-born babe striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim forced upon the sightless couriers of the air." There is plenty of Aristotle's pity and terror, but not for Macbeth. If at the end of a perfect classic tragedy we must feel pity for the hero, *Macbeth* is hardly a tragedy, for the hero is damned and we cannot pity one who Shakespeare believed had exhausted infinite pity. Plenty of modern critics, for this very reason, have called the play disagreeable and disagreeable it is to those who believe in an easy metaphysical optimism.

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Our Embattled Landmarks

RAZING Independence Hall, Mount Vernon, or Williamsburg would be unthinkable to most Americans. They are revered symbols of—and contributors to—our national heritage. Yet throughout the nation, hundreds of other historic, architectural, or scenic treasures have been destroyed or threatened with destruction.

In Philadelphia, for example, a snack bar now occupies the place where Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence. Boston has yielded up America's oldest bookstore and book publishing center for an urban renewal project. New York City, Chicago, and other large cities report casualties almost too numerous to list.

Innumerable other landmarks are in imminent danger. Conservationists in St. Louis, for instance, are battling to save their architecturally unique Old Post Office Building; Chicagoans are attempting to raise money to preserve and restore Louis Sullivan's famed Auditorium Theater and Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House; and even in New Orleans, where antiquity long has been revered, plans for an elevated superhighway threaten the riverside environs of the famed *Vieux Carré*.

Indeed, over the years so many historic, cultural, and scenic American landmarks have been obliterated or despoiled that, according to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson in the foreword of a recently published report, *With Heritage So Rich*, scholars now regard as almost useless a National Park Service compilation known as the Historic American Buildings Survey because "half of the 12,000 structures listed . . . already have been destroyed."

There are several reasons for this destruction—the postwar building boom; massive urban renewal programs; tax increases that tend to make purchase or maintenance of historic sites seem frivolous; and, on occasion, damaging disagreement among historians, architects, and conservationists as to which properties deserve preservation. But perhaps the most basic reason is a fundamental distortion of values. Dr. Louis C. Jones, director of the New York State Historical Association, which operates the noted Farmer's Museum and other "living history" exhibits at Cooperstown, New York, describes this distortion this way:

"In the world of shopping centers, high-speed throughways, and decentralized industries, of what earthly use is the old brick mansion which occupies the best possible site in town for a gas station? We can't oppose progress, can we?"

But, as Jones further points out:

"Progress goes from some place to some place, and if we would know where we are and where we are going, we must also keep a few points on the chart to indicate where we have been."

Fortunately, there is a growing appreciation of this fact, and increasing numbers of Americans are spurring action to save priceless landmarks. About half of our states and some eighty municipalities have adopted legislation protecting landmarks and historic districts. The National Park Service is bringing up to date its registry of national landmarks, and marking many with plaques. And a committee of the U.S. Conference of Mayors has drafted a cooperative local-federal program, including tax concessions to encourage historic preservation, mandatory hearings before allowing demolition of designated landmarks, and federal matching grants and loans for acquiring and rehabilitating historic properties.

In addition, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, a privately supported group chartered by Congress in 1949 along the lines of Britain's National Trust, has drafted meaningful criteria for deciding which properties should be saved, and now acts as an information clearing-house for local preservation efforts. (Address: National Trust for Historic Preservation, 815 Seventeenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C.) The Trust also has amassed enough income and influence to enable purchase and maintenance of valued properties, such as the Woodrow Wilson and Decatur Houses in Washington, D.C.; Casa Amesti, Monterey, California; and Shadows-on-the-Teche, New Iberia, Louisiana.

Significantly, too, the Department of Housing and Urban Development recently began a joint program with the National Trust that could go far to eliminate encroachment of urban renewal on historic properties. Under the program a community that requests help through its local renewal agency may qualify for on-the-spot advice from a Preservation Advisory Services Panel, consisting of experts in architecture, history, city planning, and urban renewal.

NOT every venerable mansion, church, battle site, theater, or other public hall can be preserved. Nor can all landmarks that deserve preservation be devoted to their original use or kept idle, even out of deference to an earlier importance. In obedience to nature's inexorable laws, some must yield completely to the present and future, while others must be adapted to commercial or nonprofit uses that are both economically sound and compatible with basic architectural integrity. Already, the National Trust and other groups have many examples of how this may be accomplished.

But once a competent panel of experts has determined that a landmark is so uniquely representative of some element of our history and culture that it should be preserved, then a way must be found to preserve it.

A firm base exists on which to build a sound landmarks preservation program. Now it is up to individuals and groups who care about the nation's culture to see that its most representative embodiments are preserved—and that its future enrichment thus is assured.

—ALFRED BALK.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The P.E.N. Congress

ARTHUR MILLER's brief—too brief—dissertation in your special section [*SR*, June 4] devoted to the International P.E.N. Congress [congress of poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists] expressed just a little of the malaise many of us feel when face to face with the computerized madhouse we call the modern world. Of course, Emerson expressed the central idea a century ago when he said, "Science is the dry white light which scorches and sears most men's watery souls," but it would be interesting to have you commission Joseph Wood Krutch and Lewis Mumford to enlarge the idea.

But I doubt if anyone can clarify the nightmare of it all as well as George Santayana in the chapter "Americanism" in his book *The Idler and His Works.*

HUGH B. SCOTT.

Grundy Center, Iowa.

HIP HIP HOORAY for Arthur Miller! Being a Miller fan for many years, I had begun to feel that subsequent to *After the Fall* it would be some time before he would again raise his clear and preaching voice demanding acceptance of the truth inherent in the poet's (writer's) very existence. Morality was again on his mind in the article for the P.E.N. special. As the shepherd warning his flock to beware of the mechanistic wolves, he reveals some of the old fire which made earlier plays so vital.

ANDREA K. EINHORN.

Bronx, N.Y.

I WONDER WHY ARTHUR MILLER, one of the outstanding talents of this age, had to spend over half of his article denigrating the psychological profession. With a few bold strokes of his pen, he stereotypes all psychologists, Jung, and Freud, as being insensitive, incompetent, completely apart from our culture, immoral, and compares them to the butchers of Nazi Germany. He assigns only one role to psychology, to control all human behavior, and beyond this, according to him, it serves no purpose. It seems to me modern day creative psychology is attempting to free man's spirit from life's determinism.

LEONARD STRASSMAN.

Hillside, N.J.

That Moving Finger!

OH, ME! I am sure Horace Sutton knows that the "fine hand" that designed both the Orly and Paris Hiltons [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, *SR*, June 4] was not Raymond Loewy and William Smith but we got garbled in the translation.

RAYMOND LOEWY/
WILLIAM SNAITH, INC.

New York, N.Y.

Songs and the Law

HORACE SUTTON in his BOOKED FOR TRAVEL of June 4 quotes five words from the song, *April in Paris.* At the bottom of the column in which the quotation is used there appear the copyright notice and the words, "Used by permission."

Isn't this overdoing the copyright bit? One may just as well take the phrases in the dictionary out of public domain once they have been used by a songwriter. After all, it's long been a specialty of the songwriter to take a common saying of the times and appropriate it as his own once it is incorporated as part of his lyrics.

LARRY FARSACE.

Rochester, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The law requires that no integral part of a work of art may be used without permission and the copyright notice. Since it is difficult to tell what phrase in a song or poem may be regarded as integral, editors usually resolve any doubts in favor of the artist, and request permission for publication, with appropriate copyright credit.*

"Get out of here!"

We Are All Salesmen

GREAT ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR is timeless, and *Death of a Salesman* will one day be recognized as a classic and not a mere documentary of a time past, as Robert Lewis Shayon intimates in his TV AND RADIO column of May 28.

Material want and spiritual want still exist. Man is still a commodity in the labor market. To see the dissolution of a man, his dreams, and his family because he is doomed to belong to nothing in this indifferent world of big institutions and big industry . . . to understand that mass culture and meretricious commercialization, and not what he himself can transmit to them, determine the attitudes of those he loves—all this is to realize that *Death of a Salesman* is Death of Anyman.

JULIAN W. MITTELDORF, M.D.

Van Nuys, Calif.

No Travel Wall

THE EDITORIAL by W. D. Patterson, "No Dollar Wall," [*SR*, June 11] expresses a very important view regarding travel by Americans. Certainly no one can dispute the importance of the gold flow problem, but the restrictions that keep creeping up on the traveler seem to be an inadequate and misguided attempt to solve that problem.

Last year the limit on duty-free merchandise was reduced to $100 and the amount of duty-free liquor (thanks to our Bourbon lobby) was limited to one quart. This token gesture was to aid the balance of payments deficit, but I have never seen published by the government any indication of how much was to be saved nor how much actually was saved.

Now you mention new restrictions that are being considered. Just who does the government think it is fooling? The people these sorts of taxes will hurt are the ones who can least afford it; the retired couple who have saved for years for a trip to Europe; the war bride who, now that her children have grown, is able to return to her native country; the young professor who wants to gain experience that he will be able to pass on to his students.

SHEILA T. FRANCOEUR.

Fairborn, O.

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To Puebla and Return

MEXICO CITY.

TO LEAVE New York at 7 o'clock of a June Saturday night with the intention of attending a concert at the new festival in Puebla, Mexico, on Sunday evening at 6:30, argues either a blind faith in the dependability of modern transportation or else a supreme disregard for the verities of time and distance. Actually, the available time began to shrink even before take-off, as a heavy schedule of air travel (and a changeover in runways) presented the barely believable spectacle of eleven king-size jets (our Eastern DC-8 made twelve) waiting in a solemn single file for clearance from the John F. Kennedy Airport.

Thanks to the smoothly efficient flight crew of Eastern 903, much of the initial delay was made up en route. However, those who believe that the French lead the world in lack of organizational planning where airport procedures are concerned would learn that the Mexicans can give them lessons in chaos, milling crowds, and the insouciance that goes with the heavily shrugged shoulders as the answer for all insuperable problems. I had, without so much as showing a claim check, a pick of all the luggage on Eastern 903, but gladly settled for my own as the lesser of possible evils.

As we moved on to Puebla shortly after noon on Sunday, the clear air and rolling terrain made one wonder whether this festival would lead all others, at least in altitude. (Contenders might include Central City, near Denver, and Gstaad in Switzerland.) It soon became evident that, like all other "first time" festivals elsewhere, whether in Spoleto, Perpignan, Vancouver, or Lower Moosejaw, Puebla has to endure its share of growing pains. It is relatively easy, from the world talent pool available—performers are, in fact, as close as the nearest airport—to compose a list of attractions that will entice the outsider as well as entertain the insider (the local public presumably thirsting for such refreshment). But it is usually the outsider, responding to the lure, who must note the repetitious kind of oversight which will, four or five years later, result in everything being okey-dokey (a Mexicanism I picked up at the airport).

In one view, Puebla is a manifestly impossible place for a music festival, requiring a two-hour trip (assuming the driver is skilled) up, over, and down from the Sierras that lie between it and this capital. In another view, it is attractively ordinated to lure music-minded travelers from the sophisticated surroundings of Mexico City to a community of considerable historical interest, if rather modest physical attraction. It has more than its share of cathedrals and other reminders of a notable past, but nary a sign or a directional arrow to point the way to the scene of the present evening's activity. As this particular occasion had been preceded by such potent activities as Claudio Arrau, a traveling company of *West Side Story* (here titled, alternately, *Amor sin Barreras*) with Chita Rivera, the Metropolitan National Company presenting *Susannah de Floyd*, and harpist Nicanor Zabaletta, with the Orquesta Filadelfia to come, the presumption was that the insiders would know just where to go, whether it was the Cathedral, the Teatro Principal, or the Salon de los Cabildos del Palacio de Gobierno. But the insiders did not include the attendant at the hotel to which I had been assigned, and the Officia de Tourisma was, of course, closed.

As it turned out, the site was in none of the aforementioned, but another locale altogether, the Auditoria de la Reforma, which proved to have been worth the trip not only from Mexico City but also from New York. Situated on a rise looming above even Puebla's generous elevation, the park-like surroundings command a panoramic view of miles of valley stretching to a ridge in the far mountains dominated by the 17,500-foot, snow-capped Mount Iztaccíhuatl.

The building obtrudes from the ground like a huge mushroom of formed concrete discreetly colored to blend with the background of foliage and blue sky. But the "mushroom" conceals a new, and acutely calculated, solution to the problem of blending capacity with acoustical advantage. The sharply tiered amphitheater (dug, for the most part, out of the hillside) is surmounted by a conical construction, whose steel ribs converge on a central disc at the apex (they become exposed "legs" on the outside). What captivated the eye and bore promise for the ear was the intersticing material of the vast roof—web on web of finely textured wood, which makes a huge sounding board of the entire interior. It adds another, musical, reason for acclaiming the unique place Mexican architectural skills hold, world-wide.

IT was not long before the eye appeal of the Auditoria de la Reforma was subject to as exacting an ear test as could be devised by any musical Procrustes—nothing less than the *Ensemble Baroque della Paris* performing works of Corette, Telemann, Rameau, Vivaldi, and Bach. Whether or not the inclusive billing is meaningful, the individuals involved carried their own cachet of excellence—the incomparable Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; the equally distinguished Pierre Pierlot, oboe; Robert Veyron-Lacroix at the harpsichord; and Robert Gendre providing the leading voice of the violin. What they had to say collectively in the Corette *Concierto Camisco*, a Vivaldi concerto in A minor, and a Telemann quartet in A was embellished by the individual efforts of Rampal in a Bach sonata, Pierlot in one by Telemann for his instrument, and a Rameau trio for flute, violin, and piano. It was all given back, faithfully and with ennobling charm, by the excellent surroundings.

As I stepped outside during an interval, when the heat of the day had burned itself out and the western sky was alive with the purples and golds, blues and ambers of a technicolor sunset, the thought occurred that here was a place meant by nature for a music festival with a unique appeal. But it will require a good deal of effort by Mexican man (as well as woman) power to make it worthy not only of the opportunities that present themselves, but of the attention of the outsider as well as the insider. Which is to say that the Festival of Puebla is not marked for the file and forget drawer, but for the watch and remember category, pending the time when the first uncertainties have been surmounted and growth has emerged from the pains.

Aside from a pair of concerts by the Orquesta Sinfonica Nacional de Mexico (conducted by the Hollywood Bowl's Carmen Dragon), Puebla did not seem to be unduly concerned with indigenous art or artists. The obvious explanation is that this is the norm, festival-time the departure from it. But the super-obvious should be that visitors from elsewhere—

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Books

21 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks discusses borborygmi and other phenomena

22 Letters to the Book Review Editor

23 "Khrushchev: A Career," by Edward Crankshaw

24 "Hirohito: Emperor of Japan," by Leonard Mosley

25 "Landscape in Concrete," by Jakov Lind

26 "A Season in the Life of Emmanuel," by Marie-Claire Blais

27 "Communist China's Economic Growth and Foreign Trade: Implications for U. S. Policy," by Alexander Eckstein

28 "The Pulitzer Prize Novels," by W. J. Stuckey; "The American Political Novel," by Gordon Milne; "Voices of Despair: Four Motifs in American Literature," by Edward Stone, and "The Colloquial Style in America," by Richard Bridgman

30 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

31 Criminal Record

60 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh

LITERARY HORIZONS

Right Word, Wrong Spelling

MY COLUMN of May 7, "The Wrong Word for It," has so far produced 166 communications, most of them intended to set me straight on "boryborygmus." As I pointed out in the letter that appeared in *SR* May 28, I had miscopied the word, introducing an extra "y." A correspondent in France, addressing me as "Drear Sire," stated: "Your heave an probulem. Toot marny sletters. Tinny trypo addled top obscurcity. Warong world." Most of the writers assumed, correctly, that I meant "borborygmus," and gently and often amusingly contributed to my education. Several arrived at the English word by way of its French equivalent, "*borborygme.*"

What surprises me is that "borborygmus" seems not to be a particularly unusual word. A dozen persons thought of it in connection with Humphrey Bogart's "digestive tintinnabulation" in *The African Queen*. Some thought *Time* applied the word to Bogart's performance, and perhaps it did; but Jim Hines of Fullerton High School, Fullerton, California, cites an article in *Life* for March 31, 1952: "an unshaven borborygmic bum."

Next to Bogart, the person most often mentioned was Aldous Huxley, who, according to my correspondents, used the word in *Crome Yellow* or maybe *Antic Hay* or maybe *Point Counter Point* or maybe *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*. Whatever the source, the passage seems to have been "the stertorous borborygmus of the dyspeptic Carlyle," or something to that general effect.

Two readers encountered the word in Richard Haydn's *The Journal of Edwin Carp*, a book that I don't know but probably should. Two others mention a story by Graham Greene about a man whose borborygmi were likely to imitate anything from a Brahms symphony to an air raid warning. (I once knew an elderly man who, when embarrassed by borborygmus, would say, "Listen to the sleigh bells.") Others recall an editorial in the *New York World*, saying that G.K. Chesterton, who was visiting this country at the time, often "mistook his borborygmus for the rumblings of the universe." Conrad Aiken, I am reminded, entitled a poem "King Borborigmi," and someone quotes from Ogden Nash:

> Once my internal rumblings at parties
> caused me to wish I could shrink to
> nothing, or at least to a pigmy,
> But now I proudly inquire, Can every-
> body hear my borborygmi?

As is not surprising, doctors are more familiar with the word than most people and make more use of it. One doctor says that a friend of his used to write a column called "Borborygmi." Another reports that there is "an LP record on sale entitled 'Borborygmi,' being a group of original songs sung by a group of, no doubt, original M.D.'s." Still another speaks of a play with the title *Borborygmi*, staged by dental students at the University of Pittsburgh. And the Student Medical Conference of the University of California sporadically publishes a periodical named *Borborygmi*, in one issue of which, sent me as a sample, I found a calm, informative discussion of LSD.

THE word, obviously, is capable of figurative use. Two correspondents have had experience with borborygmic radiators, one in literature and one in life. And a good friend of mine, who says she had never heard of the word until she read my column, promptly encountered it in *The Diary of George Templeton Strong*: on March 17, 1874, Strong recorded that there were rumors of volcanic action in North Carolina. The next day he wrote, "Rumors continue of subterraneous singults and borborygmi in North Carolina . . ." ("Singult" is defined by Webster as "a sob.")

As for the limerick in question, I have known it for years in a form somewhat different from that immortalized by Bennett Cerf:

> I sat by the duchess at tea
> It was just as I knew it would be
> Her rumblings abdominal
> Were simply abominable
> And everyone blamed them on me.

Although this has a nice onomatopoeic ring, the bad rhyme has always bothered me; Cerf's "abdominal/ phenomenal," also to be found in a number of versions supplied by correspondents, is better,

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though perhaps tamer. One correspondent offers as third and fourth lines: "For her organs internal/ Made noises infernal," but that seems namby-pamby. Then there was a French version sent me, with the lines, *"Mais ses forts borborygmes/ Etaient des paradigmes."*

In my piece I predicted that at least half a dozen persons would point out mistakes of mine. So far, only one person has done so, H. H. Hart of Oxford Academy in New Jersey, who objects to my saying, "I wonder if any reader can . . ." After some meditation I have decided that he is right, and hereafter I shall say, "I wonder whether."

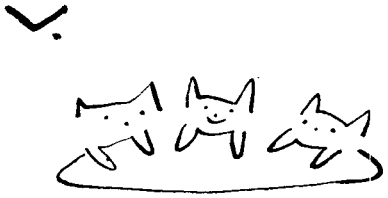
Alfred Kern, in a letter in the June 4 *SR*, complains that I misquoted a sentence from his *Made in USA* and also quoted the sentence out of context. I cannot see that I am guilty on the first count, but in a sense I am on the second, since I should have had to quote a couple of pages to give the context in full. The passage from which I took the sentence describes a conference in which a Mr. Cogdell is talking nonsense, and I suppose Kern intended a muddled sentence to suggest a muddled mind. Well, if he wants to take that sort of chance. . . .

If the piece came through fairly well, I made a real howler in my letter in the May 28 issue, referring to Caldwell Titcomb, a distinguished musicologist, as Caldwell Titmarsh. My humble apologies to Professor Titcomb!

One matter remains to be cleared up: I quoted John Updike's reference to "that mysterious sentence in the Bible about the moving finger, having writ, moving on." There is no doubt that, as I said, the passage echoes *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,* but, as several correspondents informed me, there is also an allusion, though a less precise one, to the episode of the handwriting on the wall in Daniel 5. Updike, consciously or unconsciously, it now seems to me, blended the two passages.

I have no quarrel with the use of uncommon words; I think they're fun. Perhaps a writer of fiction runs a risk if he breaks his own spell to send a reader to the dictionary, but that is his business. I am grateful to Mrs. Martin Hulquist for telling me about a charming word, "merrythought," which means "wishbone"; and I thank Professor George S. Welsh of the University of North Carolina, who suggests that readers might be interested in discovering the difference between a zax and a zarf.

—Granville Hicks.



LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Is God Dead?

In his insightful article entitled "The Urban Renewal of Religion" [*SR*, May 14] David Poling makes a statement the content of which every thoughtful person should ponder: "It is late and the urban renewal of religion must be about its work. For if an iron curtain has descended upon Eastern Europe, a callous curtain has lowered upon America."

As a transplant from the European continent where much of the "God-is-dead" theology originated, I would add that all who inherit the Judaic-Christian tradition, American or not, have an obligation to examine their contribution to the genesis of this phenomenon and to its solution. Dr. Erich Fromm puts it succintly: "Theologians and philosophers have been saying for a century that God is dead, but what we confront now is the possibility that man is dead, transformed into a thing, a producer, a consumer, an idolater of other things."

Isn't God dead simply because man is an idolater of "other things" and isn't the pivot of these "other things" man himself? Isn't man's concern with himself, with his material comfort and material success, the bedrock in which egocentricity is nurtured, and isn't egocentricity the curse of our time? Witness the long waiting list for the overworked psychiatrists and psychologists and the twentieth-century fad for lying on the couch talking about oneself and the neuroses that have resulted from a too intense preoccupation with oneself. Witness the arts where cacophony of sound and wild combinations of form and color are explained to the onlooking philistine as evidence of expression, not of communication. Religious and esthetic experience is not purely a personal matter. They both are part of a cycle that is synthesized within the individual from ideas and from experience and for completion must find expression and communication. Should communication be eliminated from the cycle, the summation of the wealth of each individual's experience is lost to mankind. The egocentric mania for expression without communication of those in religion and the arts to whom the philistines look for guidance results very naturally in a general disillusion with whatever religion or the arts presently offer.

For the true Christian, God in his purely transcendent form died 2,000 years ago when He became a living reality in the person of Christ. But even prior to that His Being was everywhere. God made man that he might discover Him, and the ways in which he may know Him are legion and are as much external to the individual as they are personal to him. God never has been purely personal, for He is transcendent, He is immanent, and He is personal. . . .

Ursula M. Anderson.

Buffalo, N.Y.

Certainly, God is dead. If the orthodox concept of God is not completely dead, it surely is dying. There is no appreciative difference between the latest assertions of the Catholic hierarchy and Thomas J. J. Altizer's new theology. On April 9, 1964, Pope Paul VI visited a city prison in Rome and told the inmates that he beheld the Christ in them—"I see the Christ incarnate in you."

Professor Altizer's explanation of his new theology reiterates this same thought: "God has died in His transcendent form and reality and is now fully incarnate in every human face and hand. It is a way of saying that Christ lives more fully and more comprehensively now than He ever has lived before."

In Thomas Merton's *Disputed Questions* we read: "I must learn that my fellow man, my brother or stranger from the other side of the world, whether he be wise or foolish, no matter what may be his limitations, is Christ. . . . any prisoner, any starving man, any sick or dying person, any sinner, any man whatever is to be regarded as Christ. . . . This is the formal command of the Saviour Himself."

Mr. J. S. Goldsmith's "Infinite Way" writings reiterate the new theology: "God expresses himself *as* you and me." And by reading the Commemorative Tenth Anniversary issue of *SR's Science and Humanity* Supplement, we witness this "Christ" in action through and as those who contributed to this scientific issue and are blessing humanity.

George J. Buckwick.

Belleville, Mich.

Your splendid article "The Urban Renewal of Religion" raises the question of the moral implications of the new God-is-dead theology. Is the dehumanization of man the necessary corollary of a society's loss of faith in any transcendent power? I for one can doubt that "a real passage through the death of God must issue in the abolition of man" and at least hope that a "new and transfigured humanity" may be forthcoming.

It seems likely that this reformed humanity can take only one of two directions. It may evolve into a preconditioned society, *à la* Huxley and Orwell, made up of automatons. (Especially does this seem imminent now that scientists are experimenting with chemicals which increase memory and transmute brain cells.) The other alternative is that man, bereft of all superstition, may be able to rise to the maturity which is now thrust upon him. Theologians have been discussing this necessity and finding hope for it in a new moral philosophy called *situation ethics.* It alone presents an alternative to out-moded legalisms and archaic religious codes which controlled through fear. It offers man the election of responsible freedom as the basis for decision-making and living. It may be that situa-

(*Continued on page* 62)

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From the Ukraine to the Kremlin

Khrushchev: A Career, *by Edward Crankshaw (Viking. 311 pp. $7.50), recounts the rise of the serf's grandson who became supreme head of the USSR, and reveals the many paradoxes in his nature. As chief of the UNRRA Mission to the Ukraine in 1947 Marshall MacDuffie had almost daily contact with Khrushchev. He is the author of "The Red Carpet."*

By MARSHALL MacDUFFIE

THE BEST Western experts on the Soviet Union are considered to be George Kennan and Charles Bohlen, former American Ambassadors to the USSR, and Edward Crankshaw, the British journalist. Crankshaw's fifth book on Russia is a classic in scholarship, in perception, in style. *Khrushchev: A Career* covers the later stages of the Revolution, the nearly half-century of Communist rule, and the constant, dangerous power struggle among the Kremlin rulers. The book will be perused by every Western student of the USSR, and it will be a thrilling adventure for any reader. Crankshaw presents a vast assemblage of details about Khrushchev, many of them hitherto unrecorded.

Nikita Sergeievich Khrushchev was born in 1894 at Kalinovka, a poor country village just outside the Ukraine. The family home was a mud hut. His grandfather had been a serf. His father was a peasant. Nikita left school at nine to go to work herding cows. At fifteen he went to Yuzovka: "I worked in a factory owned by Germans, at coal pits owned by Frenchmen, at a chemical plant owned by Belgians. . . . They [the capitalists] are all alike. . . . All they wanted from me was the most work for the least money."

Because he was an "indispensable worker" he was exempt from military service in World War I. His first wife died of starvation during the famine of 1921-22, leaving him with two small children. Two years later he married Nina Petrovna, who bore him two more children. She was "a comfortable, sensible, and dignified figure," who, no doubt, checked some of his impulsive postures; and she has stood beside him ever since.

Crankshaw emphasizes an element in Khrushchev not usually remarked upon: his caution. He did not join the Bolsheviks until 1918, when he was twenty-four and Lenin was already in power. (Stalin had been an active revolutionary in his teens.) After the Revolution Khrushchev appeared in Yuzovka as assistant manager of a mine. He resumed his education at a technical school. During the years of struggle for power among Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky, Bukharin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and others, Khrushchev quietly worked away as a factory executive in the Ukraine.

He first entered politics in 1923, when he became a *politrook* ("political guide") at Yuzovka Technical School. His climb was rapid. He owed much to two men. Moyseenko, a county leader in the Yuzovka region, made him Party Secretary for a small district and sent him to Ukrainian Party conventions. Then Khrushchev came under the wing of the powerful, able Lazar Kaganovich, who was viceroy over the 40,000,000 inhabitants of the Ukraine. Later Kaganovich moved into the supreme group in the Kremlin, with Khrushchev following right behind him. Pulled along by Kaganovich, Khrushchev became First Secretary of Moscow City and Region Rulership at the age of forty-one. At forty-four he was boss of the Ukraine, at forty-five a member of the Politburo. He eventually rewarded Kaganovich by removing him from the Politburo.

Says Crankshaw:

> When in 1929 Stalin was beginning to reveal himself for what he was, Khrushchev could have drawn back. He didn't. . . . Soon he was so deeply committed that there was no escape and he himself became an active instrument of terror. He was corrupted, one would have said irredeemably. . . . We will find ourselves wondering how any man could conduct himself in this way who was not an unmitigated villain. That he was not this we know. Years later when he had the stage to himself, it emerged that he had— though corrupted in many ways —retained a large measure of his natural humanity. How this could be is the great question. . . . The conflict between his natural humanity and the corruption which bit deeply into him during the rise to the top was to be the great drama of the last ten years of his career.

When Stalin died Khrushchev became chairman of the Funeral Arrangements Committee, but Malenkov, Molotov, and Beria were the only speakers at the ceremonies.

EVENTUALLY Khrushchev maneuvered himself into Malenkov's position as number one ruler of the USSR. Crankshaw holds that Khrushchev won support among the middle ranks of the large Party apparatus as he traveled vigorously about the countryside, while Malenkov sat fatly in Moscow intriguing among a handful of leading Communists, government administrators, and Moscow factory managers. Khrushchev was the candidate, and successfully, of the "bourgeoisie" Communists. In later years it was their support plus that of Zhukov and the Red Army that saved Khrushchev when a majority of the Politburo tried to oust him. Zhukov got his reward later. He was sacked.

How did he rise so far, this poorly educated peasant? He was definitely brilliant, as almost every Westerner who

"I don't care what the critics say, I like your trash."

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has talked with him realized and as his history reveals. He had outstanding energy and he knew his peasants better than did the others in the Kremlin. He was an energetic traveler with prodigious curiosity about everything. He was a persuasive talker, with warmth and ebullience. Underneath the sometime garrulity and boasting was a tough, smart, calculating mind. In his political maneuvering he had an extraordinary sense of timing and great courage, and a long record of cruelty. The paradoxes are many: so cruel and so humane, so cool and so impulsive.

Crankshaw explains convincingly why Khrushchev was removed from power, only omitting to suggest that he was showing signs of senility:

> They did not, most of them, oppose the main line of his policy (their subsequent actions proved this), but they were against his suddenness and his precipitance; they were against the hostages he was preparing to give to fortune; they were against the muddel he was making of the economy, the endless "hare-brained" schemes, which led nowhere, which had no systematic direction; above all they were against his final asumption of absolute authority . . .
>
> They had the police in their pockets through Shelepin, and they had the Army behind them. One after another they stood up—some of them owing all they were to him—and separately arraigned him: for economic failure, for agricultural failure, for administrative failure; for his uncoordinated plunges and sudden switches of policy; for opportunism and lack of consistency; for his endless boasting. They attacked him for the unrest in the satellites; for pushing the Chinese quarrel to such bitter extremes and so making even an appearance of amity impossible, thus dividing the Communist world. They attacked him for being ready to sacrifice too much too quickly for the sake of an understanding, necessary as it was, with America .They attacked him for his overtures to Bonn. Above all they attacked him for alienating so many good soldiers, so many able officials, and for promoting sycophants and yes-men to high office. They attacked him for encouraging a personality cult of his own. . . .
>
> He defended himself and hit back. He had brought the Soviet Union through the great change; he had acted decisively and boldly when others had been afraid to act; he had secured the peace and laid the foundations for prosperity. . . . He may well have asked who else could have done as well. But, in doing it, he had served his purpose. He had rushed the Soviet Union to the brink of a new era, which would have little to do with the assumptions of forty-seven years. The comrades knew this. They also knew that [Krushchev]. . . .could never be the proper guide as they moved into the promised land.

Confusion Brought Cataclysm

Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, *by Leonard Mosley (Prentice-Hall. 371 pp. $7.95), presents the ruler as an embodiment of the ironies and contradictions that led to the Pacific War as well as the eventual peace. Washington Post correspondent Dan Kurzman wrote "Kishi and Japan" and the recently published "Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned."*

By DAN KURZMAN

EMPEROR HIROHITO of Japan is a gentle, modest man whose principal joy in life is examining marine specimens in his Imperial laboratory. Yet, however unintentionally, he was in part responsible for one of history's greatest holocausts—the Pacific War and its atomic conclusion. Of course other men in history, Hitler, for instance, have also been responsible for massive human suffering. But Hitler thrived on such misery. The tragedy of Hirohito is that he probably had far more power than Hitler, at least residually, but was too gentle to use it—even, ironically enough, to avoid the violence that was so foreign to his nature.

Hirohito, while he made his misgivings clear, did not order the militarists to control their ambitions. For his sense of obligation toward Imperial tradition was almost as strong as that of his prewar subjects; and Imperial tradition called for him to follow the recommendations of his advisers. The militarists, therefore, enjoyed a double advantage when they agreed to go to war. Imperial sanction of the decision was virtually automatic, and it meant the unanimous support of the public.

Many historians say that Hirohito could not have stopped the militarists even if he had tried. Leonard Mosley, author of *Hirohito, Emperor of Japan,* disagrees, and with considerable logic. The prewar leaders of Japan were just as obligated to obey the Emperor as anyone else, and if the sovereign had declared himself flatly against the war, they might well have obeyed. There is evidence of this in the fact that when the Emperor finally ordered that Japan agree to Allied peace terms, the militarists complied, if with tearful reluctance.

At any rate, according to the author the Emperor is today tormented by his failure to act with resolution at key moments when he had the opportunity. The descriptions of those and other equally fateful moments make for tense, agonizing drama, compelling the reader to curse the ghastly casualness of history's follies.

If only the Emperor had stood up at the Imperial Conference of December 1, 1941, and stated unequivocally that he opposed war. If only President Roosevelt's last-hour peace plea to the Emperor had arrived in time. If only Hirohito had openly agreed with the civilian leaders who wanted peace after the American victory at Saipan. If only the U.S. had made it clear in its early peace offers that Japan could retain its Imperial system if it surrendered. If only doddering Premier Kantaro Suzuki had not appeared in a press statement to oppose the Potsdam Declaration peace terms (which he really found acceptable).

Miraculously, despite the hell and hatred of that era, Japan today has a democratic form of government, however imperfect, and the Emperor is still the symbol of state, if on an earthly, constitutional basis. The explanation lies partly in the traditional respect with which most Japanese, conditioned by

history, regard constituted authority, from whatever source it may emanate. This respect, transferred to the victorious United States, was reinforced by the Emperor's command that his people obey the victors, as well as by the sense of shock and awe born of the realization that the Sovereign would have to take orders from a power greater than himself.

With this realization, the people suddenly found themselves left with obsolete moral values and little ethical perspective. Thus they used their old values, the ones they knew, as a basis for establishing new ones. Tradition dictated that any policies and methods that served the interests of Japan were moral, while any that failed were immoral. The Japanese considered it only logical to accept defeat and adopt the standards of the nation that, by winning the war, had proved their worth. And this decision hardened as America exerted its

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authority, not to exploit or humiliate Japan, but to rebuild it, even though according to unfamiliar concepts.

Mosley concentrates mainly on Japan's rise and fall as a Pacific power. Although the Emperor is the central figure in his book, he emerges largely as an embodiment of the ironies and contradictions that led to war and eventually to peace. Hirohito the human being seldom comes to life, except perhaps in the early chapters describing his formative years. There is little exploration of his attitudes and thoughts except in very general terms.

In fact, there is little in this book that is new. Some anecdotal material about the Emperor comes from original sources, mainly members of the Imperial household. But principally the author depends on quotes or paraphrases from other books, or from the already well-publicized diaries of such figures as Marquis Koichi Kido, who was the Emperor's chief adviser.

There is certainly nothing wrong with borrowing published facts if they are used to throw new light on a particular person or situation. But in this volume Mosley appears to concentrate on such facts even though they may serve little to illuminate Hirohito's character or place in history. Whole pages roll by without a mention of his name. Moreover, the change in the Emperor's status after the war is barely skimmed over, though his role in peace should, it would seem, constitute a substantial part of his biography. Nor does the author delve very deeply into the Japanese ethos that made possible the prewar worship and the postwar humanization of the Emperor.

But if Mosley's portrait of Hirohito is thin, the trouble no doubt lies partly in the inherent difficulty of obtaining abundant firsthand information about him. There is no indication that he was able to see the Emperor personally, while members of the royal family and household were likely to have been too aware of Imperial dignity to offer a truly human portrait of the Sovereign.

Unfortunately the scarcity of new material and insight is uncompensated by the author's literary style, which is often awkward and studded with clichés. Typically, the word "alas," used in connection with almost every misfortune and irony recounted, becomes an eyesore long before the reader completes the book.

Yet, despite such shortcomings, *Hirohito, Emperor of Japan* is swift, exciting reading, if only because the story of Japan's role in the Pacific War resembles a tragic version of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. And though the book contains little fresh information, it does offer a composite picture of one of the most momentous periods in history.

A Contemporary Nightmare

***Landscape in Concrete**, by Jakov Lind, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Grove. 190 pp. $4.50), tells of a German sergeant near the end of World War II whose zeal to serve leads him through a series of mad adventures. Daniel Stern's fifth novel, "After the War," will be published later this year.*

By DANIEL STERN

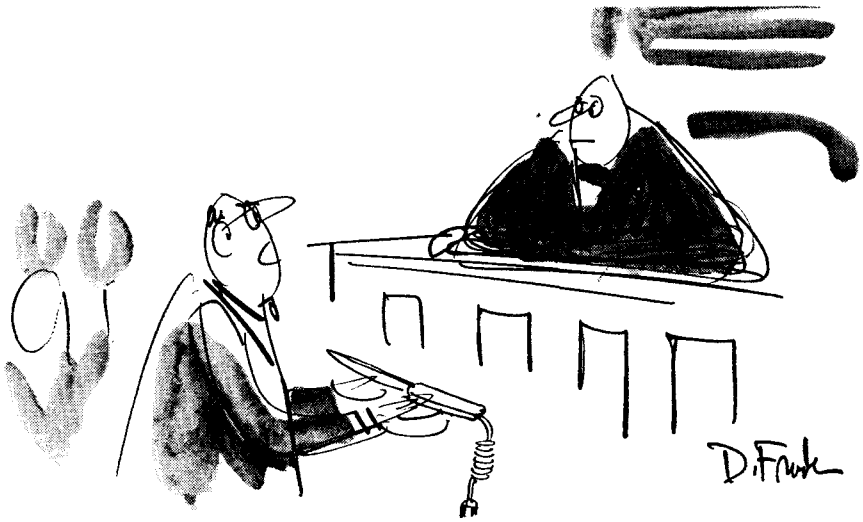
THERE is a notion abroad that history has gotten away from us; that our lives are beyond control; that there are no points of reference which mean anything any more. This nihilistic nonsense, which was not true when Swift wrote his infuriated *Modest Proposal*, was no more true when Joseph Heller wrote *Catch-22*. The idea has, however, bred a host of whining or abstractly cool writers who say, in effect, "Don't expect us to create something with meaning or value when everything is upside down and no one can be sure he believes in anything any more—or, worse, that the man next to him could believe anything *he* might possibly believe in."

In France Robbe-Grillet and Sarraute are attempting to substitute pure experience for the Balzacian novel of moral psychology. In America Hubert Selby, Jr., presents a world of empty violence with absolute detachment and a careful avoidance of point of view (which is itself, of course, a strong point of view). The only choice left us, the implication is clear, is between the boy-scout moralities of Herman Wouk and the amoral, a-literary stance of William Burroughs.

The latest voice to give the lie to this position is that of the Austrian Jakov Lind. And let us thank whatever gods preside over literature for him. Because Lind writes like a devil (and don't forget that Lucifer was an angel), and he deals with the contemporary nightmare at its most desperate. As in *Soul of Wood*, his first book of short stories, Lind's actual material in his novel *Landscape in Concrete* is the Third Reich near the end of World War II. But the overtones are far-reaching. Lind's landscape is as violent, as unstructured as any modernist would wish. Yet there stands behind the lunatic horror a viewpoint, not summed up, only hinted at in imagery and allegory. It lends to Lind's picture of the abyss the stature of prophecy.

The madness commences at once as we meet, on the first page, Sergeant Gauthier Bachmann, who was separated from his regiment after it was almost wiped out in the mud at Voroshenko. He has been told that he is to be discharged due to combat fatigue, or the German version of it. He knows better than the Board of Officers. Discharged? Ridiculous. As Bachmann says to the Lieutenant who tells him to go home and forget about fighting: "No, I'm not sick any more than millions of my comrades who are fighting for their country right now. If I'm sick, so is all Germany, all Europe, the whole world . . . I'm ready to die, to die, yes, to make the supreme sacrifice! IS THAT MADNESS?"

Thus having proved his sanity to his own satisfaction, Bachmann presses for-



"May I present this electric carving knife as exhibit number one?"

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ward in the search for his lost regiment. *Landscape in Concrete* is the picaresque tale of his adventures along the way. Funny, bloody, and more than a little crazy, they form an explosive journey that is continuously fascinating.

Bachmann's insistence on serving, on killing, is as single-minded as that of the hero of *Catch-22* on making his separate peace. It has already brought him into the orbit of Schnotz, a soldier who poisoned his company cook because of homosexual jealousy. In his zeal to serve, Bachmann is tricked into executing Schnotz a few hours before the poisoner's pardon comes through.

PUSHING on, Bachmann arrives in Norway, where he meets Hjalmar Halftan and is immediately embroiled in the latter's private vendetta with the family of a young man who, he feels, has threatened him. There ensues a blood bath, described with such detachment that every paragraph is like a slap in the face, in the course of which Bachmann shoots a couple and their cook and disembowels their son.

Just before this Bachmann has admired a beautiful silver tea set by the artisan Carl Erzman. (In civilian life Bachmann was a silversmith, one of a long line of craftsmen.) He concentrates half on the slaughter and half on the tea set; when he finally leaves the corpse-strewn scene he is tempted to steal the teapot. But no—"good upbringing is stronger than greed." There is a hint of even deeper truth in the reaction of the murdered couple's daughter to the sight of her parents' bodies: "That's what I've always longed for, said Gudrun, her smile was like a mask over her lips, I've dreamed of it often. And now it's come true." Even Halftan is shocked at this. And Bachmann thinks, "Here we sit, the two of us, Halftan and I, we've turned to stone animals . . ."

Halftan later kills the cold-blooded daughter and then himself. But even here he is in search of some mad vision that will place himself, his murders, God, everything in some kind of meaningful order.

This horrendous episode brings Bachmann to his senses, temporarily. He returns to seek his old girl friend, Helga, with marriage and civilian life on his mind. But numerous difficulties intervene, among them Police Chief Muschel. In this section the emphasis shifts abruptly from death to sex. Here the range of experience is equally varied; the sexual life, too, has been deranged by the times. The long-drawn-out scene in which Muschel interrogates Bachmann and Helga while entertaining a delicate and exquisitely imaginative sexual fantasy about Helga is brilliant comedy. A real though pallid sexual encounter between Helga and Bachmann is transformed in her mind into a burning Lesbian dream.

One of the extraordinary dimensions Lind brings to our understanding of the German nightmare is the element of fantasy. We have learned the hard lesson that very real dead bodies may be the result of unreal but driving inner fantasies. In tapping them and in relating them to human experience, although in the extreme, Lind is connecting us all to the violent horror in which our century's drama has taken place. Our idealistic ambitions and our passions have led us into hell, Lind seems to be suggesting. And by presenting ambition at its most extreme, as well as the wildest fantasies of murder and sexuality, in the cold light of realistic action, Lind is speaking directly to his reader: *hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère.*

To this end Jakov Lind's style serves him as an extraordinarily flexible instrument. The wildest flights of poetry are followed by passages of plain prose, like a dash of cold water in the face. Bachmann is no mere fanatic. He is subject to wild fits of grief at the way things are. He is full of philosophical maxims for good behavior upon which he reflects between murders. He recognizes horrible onslaughts against other human beings in all their desperation, and moments later sees them as ordinary occurrences, all in a day's living. One remembers the replies of concentration camp guards when they were being interrogated about their ghastly duties. They too rode a pendulum between blood and banality. *In our time midnight often* arrives at noon.

Landscape in Concrete is a mad, brilliant book that calls to mind Emily Dickinson's phrase "zero in the bone." In presenting one of the most piercing pictures of the nihilism of this century, Lind has gone beyond nihilism. (It is no accident, by the way, that his hero is fond of quoting Nietzsche.) God is deaf (or dead) in Lind's world, and Man is in imminent danger of turning into stone. But his man is a meaning-seeking animal. And in his own wild way he has not stopped seeking. Destined by his family tradition to create beautiful things out of precious metal, he destroys instead. Yet the other possibility is always there, and it makes this not merely a startling and shivery book but a valuable one.

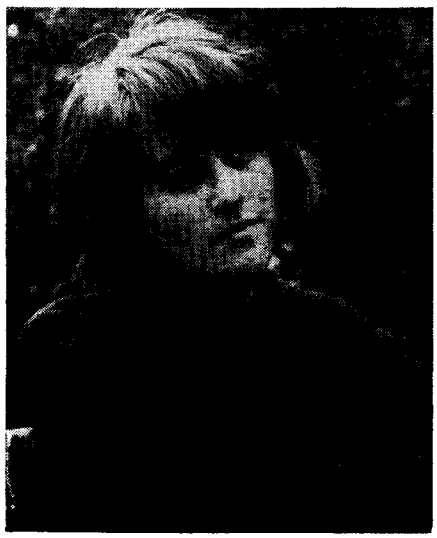
No Way Out of a Bleak House

***A Season in the Life of Emmanuel,** by Marie-Claire Blais, translated from the French by Derek Coltman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 145 pp. $4.50), portrays with both humor and protest the wretched lives of a large French Canadian farm family. Laurent LeSage is professor of French at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

"NATURALISM not dead. Letter follows." The famous telegram sent by Paul Alexis in reply to a questionnaire in 1891 could be reprinted across this novel. "Naturalism not dead"—at least not in French Canada, where an isolated rural society provides exactly the right material for those regional studies in fiction that naturalism put in vogue. Where, moreover, there are authors, sharing Zola's zeal for reform, who expose in every sordid detail the wretchedness of lives lived in poverty and superstition. Marie-Claire Blais does this and something more.

Grand'mère Antoinette, enthroned in her armchair, reigns over a brutish household. During the day she is alone with Emmanuel, her infant grandchild, latest in her daughter's brood of sixteen.



Marie-Claire Blais—an effective mosaic of reality and dream.

He wets his crib and yells all day for his mother's flaccid breast. Héloise, sent back from the convent, is upstairs on her bed, exhausting herself with fasting and self-administered caresses. She seems to have had the makings of a saint; but only in Madame Enbonpoint's whorehouse, the Public Rose Tavern, will she find her vocation. Her brothers Jean-Le Maigre and Number Seven are smoking in the cellar. Jean-Le Maigre has the

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makings of a poet or a scholar, but he coughs and spits his way into the Noviciat Infirmary and a grave beneath the snow. Number Seven and Pomme escape to the city and become sweatshop workers and thieves. For the others it is woodchopping and farm labor every day until suppertime, when they wolf down the greasy victuals Emmanuel's mother lays upon the table.

The lot of this silent, dead-eyed woman is the worst. Worn out by toiling in the fields all day and by her husband's demands at night, she finds respite only in her crazy communion with her dead babies, whose photos are lined up on the harmonium. In the bleak old house, only through fantasy can one get away from the immutable routine of work and wrangling, prayers and whippings.

Other centers of the author's focus are no less hideous: the schoolhouse, where half the class of ragamuffins are snoozing; the shoe factory, where assembly-line workers breathe black dust; the Public Rose, where girls with glittering dentures wait in the parlor.

INTENSE flashes of humor, affection, and poetry illuminate this account of general misery, which otherwise might become so dreadful as to topple into the ludicrous. The children nestle in the folds of their grandmother's woolen skirts as she pops grimy sweetmeats into their mouths. They are tough rascals, always in mischief, and bearing their bruises with a jaunty air. Although the humor is usually grotesque and sardonic, it can turn into just fun, as when it touches the old curé with his temperamental jalopy. Occasionally we see the characters in a pose of majestic dignity; the indomitable grandmother, for example, pictured at dawn against the expanses of snow and sky. We are reminded, too, that the faith which they never question makes it easier for them to suffer and less horrible to die. There is no doubt, notwithstanding, that the novel is an indictment against a way of life; as such, it takes a place in the protest movement that has been developing among young French Canadians.

Marie-Claire Blais is French Canadian and indeed young. She was eighteen when her first book (translated as *Mad Shadows*) was published in 1959. Since then she has written several others. In his introduction Edmund Wilson, who seems to have "discovered" her for the American public, declares she is a true phenomenon and perhaps a genius. Judging from the present work, one must agree that her gifts are great. Her narrative techniques create an effective mosaic of bits of reality and of dream, and the tragic awareness that inspires her story goes beyond the regional or polemical to involve the human condition.

Financial Report on Red China

Communist China's Economic Growth and Foreign Trade: Implications for U.S. Policy, *by Alexander Eckstein (McGraw-Hill. 366 pp. $8.50), a volume in the series The United States and China in World Affairs, sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations, analyzes the world significance of China's economic development. Oscar Gass, who is a consulting economist in Washington, D.C., has written an extended essay on "China and the United States."*

By OSCAR GASS

ALEXANDER ECKSTEIN is perhaps the foremost American student of the economics of Communist China. In this volume, he devotes about one-third of his text to internal mainland economic development under Communism, and gives the remainder of his attention to China's international economic relations. He is conscientious and thoughtful. I believe he must have had access to all substantial bodies of economic information relating to mainland China that are available in Western countries. He has consulted with other specialists. For these reasons, I believe that everybody seriously interested in China's place in the contemporary world will wish to examine his book.

What will be most impressive to an alert reader is how little we know—how little even Mr. Eckstein knows—of the economics of mainland China. If the reader is to profit from the experience of examining this book, he must come back over and over again to reflection on this pervasive ignorance. We do not even know the population of mainland China. If we go along with the 1957 census, and make the reasonable guess that China's population has been increasing at the rate of about 2 per cent per year, we reach a figure for mid-1966 of around 765 million. But the Chinese leaders continue to talk about "650 million Chinese." What are we to believe? And, more important, what specifically are we to believe about China's total domestic production? The Chinese have published

(*Continued on page* 62)

S. GROSS

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MEDWIN'S CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON

Edited by Ernest J. Lovell, Jr. Based upon Medwin's own copy of the third London edition of 1824, heavily annotated by the author. Here are footnotes to a significant chapter of literary history, often highlighting the moral and social assumptions of the age, giving new dimensions to the portrait of Byron. $6.50

Princeton University Press

PRINCETON, N. J.

Standards for Setting Standards

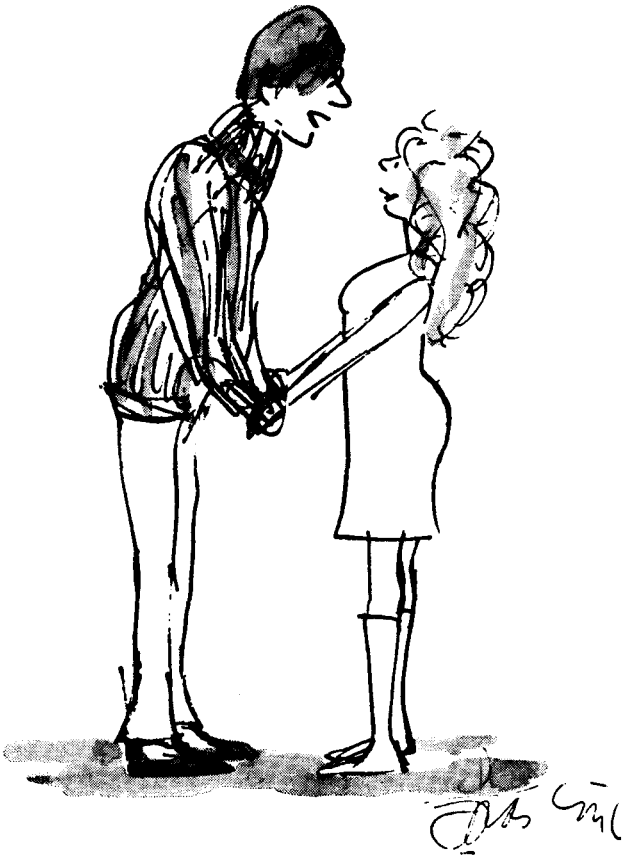
***The Pulitzer Prize Novels,** by W. J. Stuckey (Oklahoma Univ. Press. 224 pp. $4.95); **The American Political Novel,** by Gordon Milne (Oklahoma Univ. Press. 210 pp. $4.95); **Voices of Despair: Four Motifs in American Literature,** by Edward Stone (Ohio Univ. Press. 240 pp. $5), and **The Colloquial Style in America,** by Richard Bridgman (Oxford Univ. Press. 254 pp. $6.50), take four different approaches to the study of modern literature. Robert E. Spiller, Schelling Professor of English Literature at the University of Pennsylvania, wrote "The Third Dimension."*

By ROBERT E. SPILLER

THERE is a great deal of talk about the novel these days—particularly the contemporary American novel—but no one seems to know what to do about it. There are those who say that this is the great day of the novel; that, like the drama in Elizabethan times and the poetry of the Romantic crisis, it is the form in which writers who have important things to say can say them most effectively. And there are those who insist that the novel is bankrupt; that it no longer is interested in character, that it has forgotten how to tell a story, that it is the febrile muttering of decadents under the influence of LSD.

There is undoubtedly truth in both of these extreme positions; but meanwhile people are writing and reading novels, and critics since the time of Henry James have been struggling to reach a middle ground from which the novel as a literary genre can be studied and understood in terms of its own aims, materials, structures, and techniques. These four books represent four such efforts.

One would think that a prize for the best novel of the year which has been awarded annually for half a century would provide some kind of test either of literary excellence or popular taste in fiction. What it does reveal, as W. J. Stuckey discovers by examining each of the Pulitzer Prize novels carefully in



"Let's get married now while we can still blame our mistakes on our youth."

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chronological order, is merely the judgment of the Trustees of Columbia University and their anonymous Advisory Board. It is hard to see why the opinion of such a body on the American literary output has any importance, but publicity and promotion have succeeded in creating a general approval of it as a genuine test of some kind of excellence, and it has become at least a guarantee of sharply increased sales.

One need not go quite so far as Malcolm Cowley, who suggests that the judges should announce that "the two chosen books and the chosen play have nothing in them to shatter conventions or shake the state, nothing to drive the stock market down or interrupt the sleep of virgins," but the evidence over the years points to a remarkable consistency of conservative and largely nonliterary criteria. These would seem to be: (1) narrative interest; (2) timeliness; (3) concern with American history, particularly life on the frontier; (4) proof that ingenuity, determination, and hard work will solve life's problems and bring beauty and money into the worker's life, and (5) sweet but aggressive heroines married to weak, ineffectual, and usually stupid men. In making these discoveries, Mr. Stuckey can comfort himself with the thought that he has revealed one more evidence of the power of public relations to control the willingly other-directed American mind; but the problem of how to evaluate the American novel as a literary form remains about where he found it. *The Pulitzer Prize Novels* is an honest and conscientious study, but it provides little guidance for the critic.

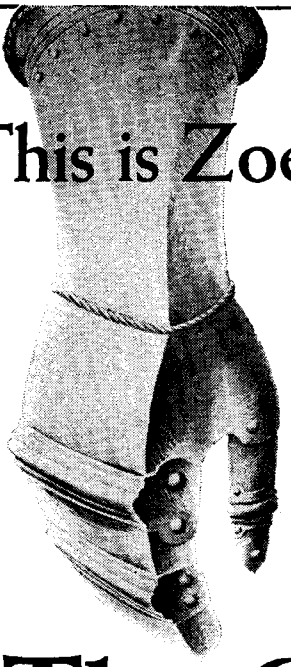
Nor does Gordon Milne do very much to solve the problem in his *The American Political Novel,* even though the grouping of novels that deal with a special area of experience can be a valid way of studying the genre, either in itself or as social documentation. There have been a number of studies—many of them unpublished dissertations—of American fiction which have as their central themes some aspect of the theory or practice of politics, but no one definitive book on the subject as a whole. Mr. Milne attempts to supply this lack, but his book falls short of its aim in that he never really confronts his problem and his comments are little more than those of a casual reader with an interest in politics. We are never quite sure whether he is examining the effects of politics as a theme on the work of art or the uses of the work of art in documenting politics. And many secondary problems are left hanging. Mr. Milne never, for example, explains Cooper's ambiguous membership in the party of Jackson, although this problem has been the subject of several books and articles; nor are we told why Sinclair's Lanny Budd is mentioned only casually when he is surely the most politically active character in modern American fiction. The line between the political and the economic or social novel is so drawn that there is little more than passing reference to such politically important works as *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* Melville's *Mardi,* Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* and Hay's *The Breadwinners.*

The treatment of the "muckrakers" is perhaps the most satisfactory section of the book, for here the definition of the genre is simple and clear; but we are offered no explanation of why and how the movement started and took shape. There is no reference to *McClure's Magazine* or the *American,* and there are only casual footnotes on the problem of the *roman à clef.* Clearly a more thorough book on this subject is still needed.

The other two books in this gathering are not specifically about the American novel, but they contribute rather more to its understanding than do the two which admittedly are. One is a collection of essays on the transition in American literary thought from the nineteenth-century optimism of Emerson to the pessimism of the twentieth; the other examines the emergence of a colloquial style during the same period.

Edward Stone was perhaps ill-advised in presenting *Voices of Despair* as a unified whole, since his four essays have no valid structural unity and his term "motif" is too vague to have a common meaning in all four cases; but there is a sufficient link in their common theme to allow them to be treated as a cluster of variations. His style too is discursive. He draws at will upon English, French, and Russian as well as American examples to illustrate his points, and he allows his footnotes to conduct a running dialogue with his text, a practice that makes for fidgety readers. But from all this sputtering and confusion there emerges a useful historical study of why and how the impact of scientific theories of life and the universe affected American writing in these hundred years and how Naturalism developed in American prose from Thoreau to Dreiser and beyond. Mr. Stone's "motifs" are man as animal, the sinister symbolic meaning of "white," the effect of disillusionment on Edward Eggleston as a test-case of the average writer, and a philosophic disquisition on nihilism. None of these is very new, but Mr. Stone's lively excitement is infectious, and occasional flashes of insight compensate for what might otherwise be confusion. It does help to recall Emerson's "Snow-Storm" while sharing Hans Castorp's spiritual revulsion at the deadliness of individual perfection of the

(*Continued on page* 63)



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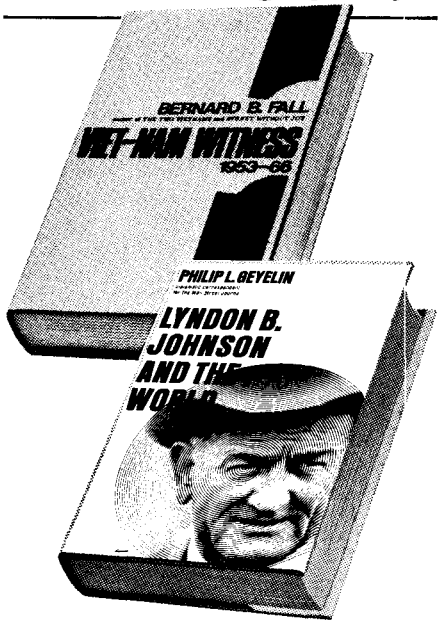

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

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THE BIG KNOCKOVER: Selected Stories and Short Novels by Dashiell Hammett. Edited by Lillian Hellman. Random House. $5.95.

OCTOPUSSY. By Ian Fleming. New American Library. $3.

Current Affairs

THE COMING WATER FAMINE. By Jim Wright. Coward-McCann. $5.

COMMUNISM IN AFRICA. By Fritz Schatten. Praeger. $7.95.

THE DEFENSES OF FREEDOM: The Public Papers of Arthur J. Goldberg. Edited by Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Harper & Row. $6.95.

PROFILES IN POWER: A Washington Insight. By Joseph Kraft. New American Library. $4.95.

THAILAND: The Modernization of a Bureaucratic Polity. By Fred W. Riggs. East-West Center Press. $10.

Fiction

A CREATURE OF THE TWILIGHT: His Memorials. By Russell Kirk. Fleet. $5.95.

IT ONLY HURTS A MINUTE. By Don Mankiewicz. Putnam. $5.95.

THE KREMLIN LETTER. By Noel Behn. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE LIE. By Alberto Moravia. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS SHADOW. By Fathy Ghanem. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

MAXIMILIAN'S GOLD. By Jane Barry. Doubleday. $4.95.

NEW AXIS. By Charles Newman. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

NOTHING EVER BREAKS EXCEPT THE HEART. By Kay Boyle. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE ONE-EYED MAN. By Larry L. King. New American Library. $5.95.

THE RESURRECTION. By John Gardner. New American Library. $4.95.

RULERS OF DARKNESS. By Frederick J. Lipp. World. $7.95.

SABRES ON THE SAND. Short stories by Geoffrey Household. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.

SOLDIERS' REVOLT. By Hans Hellmut Kirst. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE WRECK OF THE CASSANDRA. By Frederic Prokosch. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

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THE MILITARY-TECHNICAL REVOLUTION: Its Impact on Strategy and Foreign Policy. Edited by John Erickson. Praeger. $7.50.

THE POLITICS OF MASS TRANSIT IN THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN REGION. By Jameson W. Doig. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE POLITICS OF MILITARY UNIFICATION: A Study in Conflict, Policy Making, and National Security. By Demetrios Caraley. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.95.

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THE CONSTITUTION AND THE SUPREME COURT: A Documentary History. Edited by Louis H. Pollak. World. Two volumes, $15.

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EAGLE DAY: The Battle of Britain, August 6-September 15, 1940. By Richard Collier. Dutton. $5.95.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREECE. By Jean Hatzfeld and André Aymard. Norton. $7.50.

LOVE IN ANCIENT ROME. By E. Royston Pike. Humanities Press. $5.

LOVE IN GERMANY. By Geneviève Bianquis. Humanities Press. $5.

NEW JERSEY: America's Main Road. By John T. Cunningham. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE OTHER VICTORIANS: A Study of Sexuality and Pornography in Mid-Nineteenth-Century England. By Steven Marcus. Basic Books. $5.95.

Miscellany

ALL ABOUT WORDS: An Adult Approach to Vocabulary Building. By Maxwell Nurnberg and Morris Rosenblum. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE ATLANTIC SHORE: Human and Natural History from Long Island to Labrador. By John Hay and Peter Farb. Harper & Row. $6.

THE MOST OF MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

STALKING THE HEALTHFUL HERBS. By Euell Gibbons. McKay. $6.95.

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AT THE COURT OF VERSAILLES: Eye-Witness Reports from the Reign of Louis XIV. By Gilette Ziegler. Dutton. $7.95.

ISRAELI INTERLUDE. By Mora Dickson. Rand McNally. $4.95.

JOHN DEWEY. By Richard J. Bernstein. Washington Square Pocket Books. $3.95.

LONELY VICTORY. By Eric Taberly. Potter. $4.95.

MUZZY. By Charles W. Thayer. Harper & Row. $4.95.

SEX IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR: Confessions of Chicago's Escort Queen. By Kay Jarrett with Norma Lee Browning. Doubleday. $4.95.

SHANTUNG COMPOUND. By Langdon Gilkey. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN. By Douglas F. Dowd. Washington Square Press/Pocket Books. $3.95.

TINKERBELLE. By Robert Manry. Harper & Row. $5.95.

TWO UNDER THE INDIAN SUN. By Jon and Rumer Godden. Viking. $5.50.

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INVITATION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Jacob M. Myers. Doubleday. $4.95.

MYSTICISM IN WORLD RELIGION. By Sidney Spencer. Barnes. $6.

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF HOBBES: The Rationale of the Sovereign State. By M. M. Goldsmith. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

UTOPIAS AND UTOPIAN THOUGHT. Edited by Frank E. Manuel. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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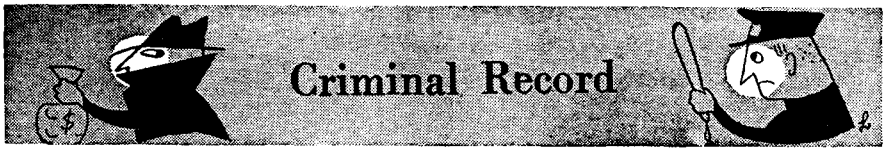


Wyatt's Hurricane. *By Desmond Bagley. Doubleday.* $4.95. Lesser Antilles are scene of battle of the elements and man-made revolution in gripping yarn wherein nice meteorolcgist is leading character.

The Ring of Truth. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $3.95. Dr. Paul Flemming, Eastern U.S. medical examiner, looks into pair of murders and gets answers, but good cops are hard to convince; chloral hydrate ingested. Usual high craftsmanship.

The Incredible Shlock Homes. *By Robert L. Fish. Introduction by Anthony Boucher. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. These twelve ingenious stories from "Bagel Street" attain the heights of comicality. There are, of course, strong resemblances to you-know-who.

Elementary, My Dear Watson. *By Irving L. Jaffee. Theodore Gaus' Sons, 30 Prince St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y. Paperback.* $1. This "series of articles on the great detective" is a labor of love and a worthy addition to the ever-growing body of Sherlockana.

The Monkey and the Tiger. *By Robert van Gulick. Scribners.* $3.50. Two longish shorts comprise this latest Judge Dee unit, which comes nicely up to specifications; author is one of those considerate writers who include a dramatis personae.

The Fox Valley Murders. *By John Holbrook Vance. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.95. Quartet of homicides following one sixteen years earlier gives folks in backcountry California something to think about; Acting Sheriff Joe Bain thinks hardest of all. Has a few rough spots, but gets high marks for attention-holding.

Johnny Under Ground. *By Patricia Moyes. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. "Was hero of Battle of Britain a suicide in 1943?" members of his old outfit wonder; Yard Ace Henry Tibbett picks up ancient trail, with wife Emmy playing a major role in the solution. Breezes right along to whirlwind finish.

Shooting Script. *By Gavin Lyall. Scribners.* $4.95. Ex-RAF pilot, turned instructor, takes pupil to Caribbean, where things begin to pop and continue popping. Author of *Midnight Plus One* scores again.

The Mission in Sparrow Bush Lane. *By Alfred Stanford. Morrow.* $3.95. Yank naval officer in mid-war London, awaiting invasion, faces security problem involving clerical lass with two children in occupied France; story ties in with real mission undertaken by author, hence has nice air of authenticity.

Faceless Enemy. *By Frances Shelley Wees. Crime Club.* $3.50. Suburban Toronto bridegroom in real bind when hard facts point to him as piano salesman's killer; capable Inspector William Blake (not old *Tiger* Blake?) takes over. Orthodox.

The Murder of Mary Steers. *By Brian Cooper. Vanguard.* $4.95. This novel is frankly based on a true case in rural England, time 1902-03; jury disagreed in first of two trials; reader here sees all of second. Convincing.

Stalemate. *By Evelyn Berckman. Crime Club.* $3.95. Two spouse-tired London tycoons pool their interests with shocking results; there are other women, and there are police. Heads-up formula job.

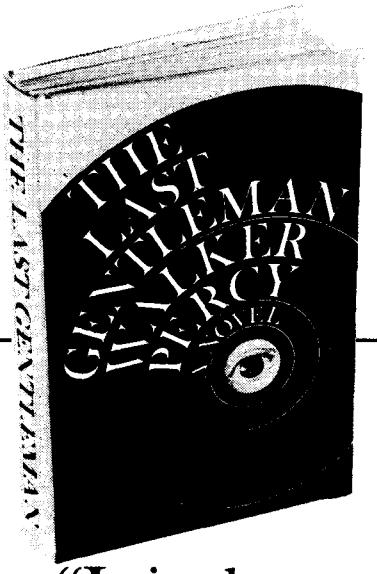
The Man in the Tricorn Hat. *By Delano Ames. Regnery.* $3.95. The teller of this tale (and he tells it wittily and well) is a member of the Spanish Guardia Civil; the characters include a Texas oil tycoon, his niece, and an English widow who paints; there is a murder.

The Moonlighters. *By Susan Morrow. Crime Club.* $3.50. Southern community (it's on a gulf) becomes area of promiscuity that leads to blackmail and possibly unrelated murder; precocious teen-agers present; *Fanny Hill* read; Sheriff Floyd Cass is A-OK. We'll!

Ashenden, or The British Agent. *By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday.* $4.95. This is a timely and welcome reissue of a series of espionage tales which became required reading for British Intelligence rookies. A classic, of course, in a highly restricted field.

The Bloody Wood. *By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Sir John Appleby, Yard chief, stirred by "subliminal uneasiness" (*i.e.*, a hunch), solves double deaths involving landed gentry at country home where he is guest. Cast agreeably manageable.

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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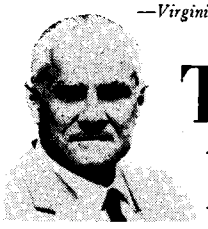

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Irish Interlude

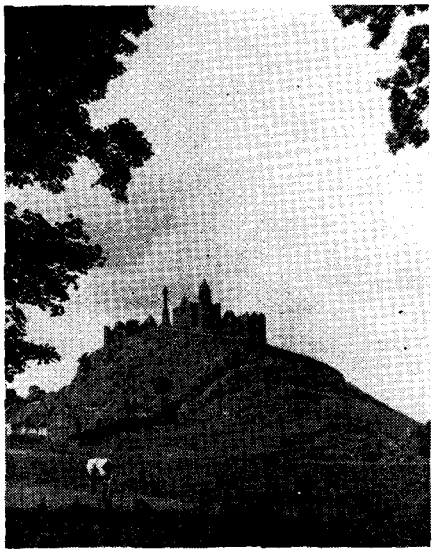
DUBLIN.

THE IRISH SENSIBILITY is an egregious one. It feeds on its obstacles with passion, with irony, with tragedy — Deirdre feeding the hungry with her soul. There's personalness in Ireland, an individual *rencontre* with destiny. There's vastness of imagination, and a tongue that seems made of bell-metal: it rings with the depths of a cathedral gong. The whole country is human, human in a way no other nation that I know is. Its peatfields, its waterfalls, its incoming bays, its turreted hills —Ireland's ruins are historic emotions surrendered to time.

Its lakes seem so much a metaphysical in-turning that you expect them to wake up and talk, rise up and take a stride with you, and even make the familiar gesture of becoming a white bird and turn a pool on Ben Bulben's top. For if you know Ben Bulben at all, it's like a hero lying down after a battle, in full knowledge of his victory, sword struck to the earth, breath piping through space over clear waters, and trying to heal his desperate wounds. The Bay of Donegal is to his right, and the great poet, the greatest of Ben Bulben's children, perhaps, lies at his feet, kicking at his heels. The poet, foolish man, had gone off to France and the Mediterranean to die, but Ben Bulben would have him lie at his mountainous feet. And there he remains, does W. B. Yeats . . .

> Under bare Ben Bulben's head
> In Drumcliffe churchyard Yeats is
> laid . . .
> Cast a cold eye
> On life, on death.
> Horseman, pass by!
> (W. B. Yeats)

Yeats lies in a churchyard that looks like a drawing room (Protestant churchyards keep the living trim), and Yeats, who always could see the past, hears the sermons of his great grandfather, the clergyman—"An ancestor was rector there, long years ago." Here, however, there is a Celtic cross that seems to whirl life into space and turn the drawing room into a house of supernal judgment.



—*Pan American World Airways.*

"Ireland's ruins are historic emotions surrendered to time."

Ireland itself looks like a Celtic cross—which explains why it is mountainous all around and an empty plain in the middle. God made rare things in His image. Ireland is His image—hence, the Celtic cross, Deirdre Mother of Sorrows, and poetry. Poetry in Ireland does not seem the privilege of the intellect, it seems the leaping tongue of the hedge, the sparrow, the stream of Connemara, the ringed silence of Kerry, the light of Clanmacnoise, the metallic ingredient of the Irishman's speech. The Irish roll their tongues as if to change words into acts, and finally they are so frightened of their own vocables that they pour molten metal on fellow Irishman. And then laugh. The Irish tongue laughs at all men, and weeps when necessary. "For, if you've sorrow," said Arland Ussher, "all Ireland's on your side."

SEAN O'FAOLAIN remarked "In Ireland it's bad taste to be serious. You have no heroes in Ireland, and were you to have one you must laugh at him too." And, indeed, one day in the halls of Trinity College, Dublin, Frank O'Connor, talking of his dead elder, Yeats, laughed so much and made everyone so full of gaiety one wondered if, as in some ancient cultures, one does not weep at death, but one is, as it were, at a festival. The Irish ever talk of death and so laugh it away. And drink does the rest.

Yeats obviously did not appreciate death in the same manner; he was too grave a gentleman, too particular about his gestures, his tongue, the cut of his hair, the color of his handkerchief, the tip of his boot-knob. He took everything seriously. He took his tower very seriously, and built it up against dampness and war, so that when the troubled years came and the British were search-

(*Continued on page 37*)

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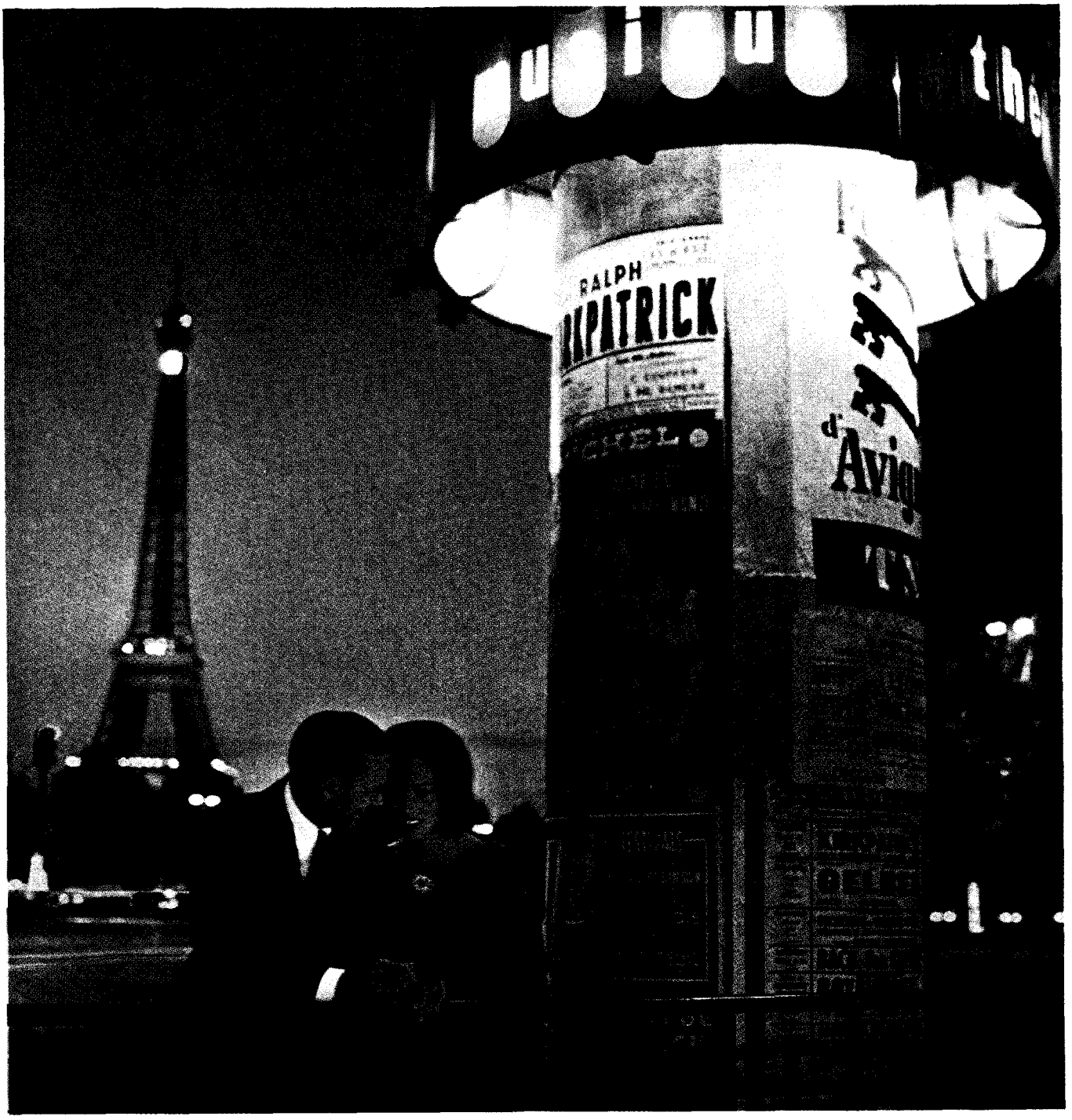

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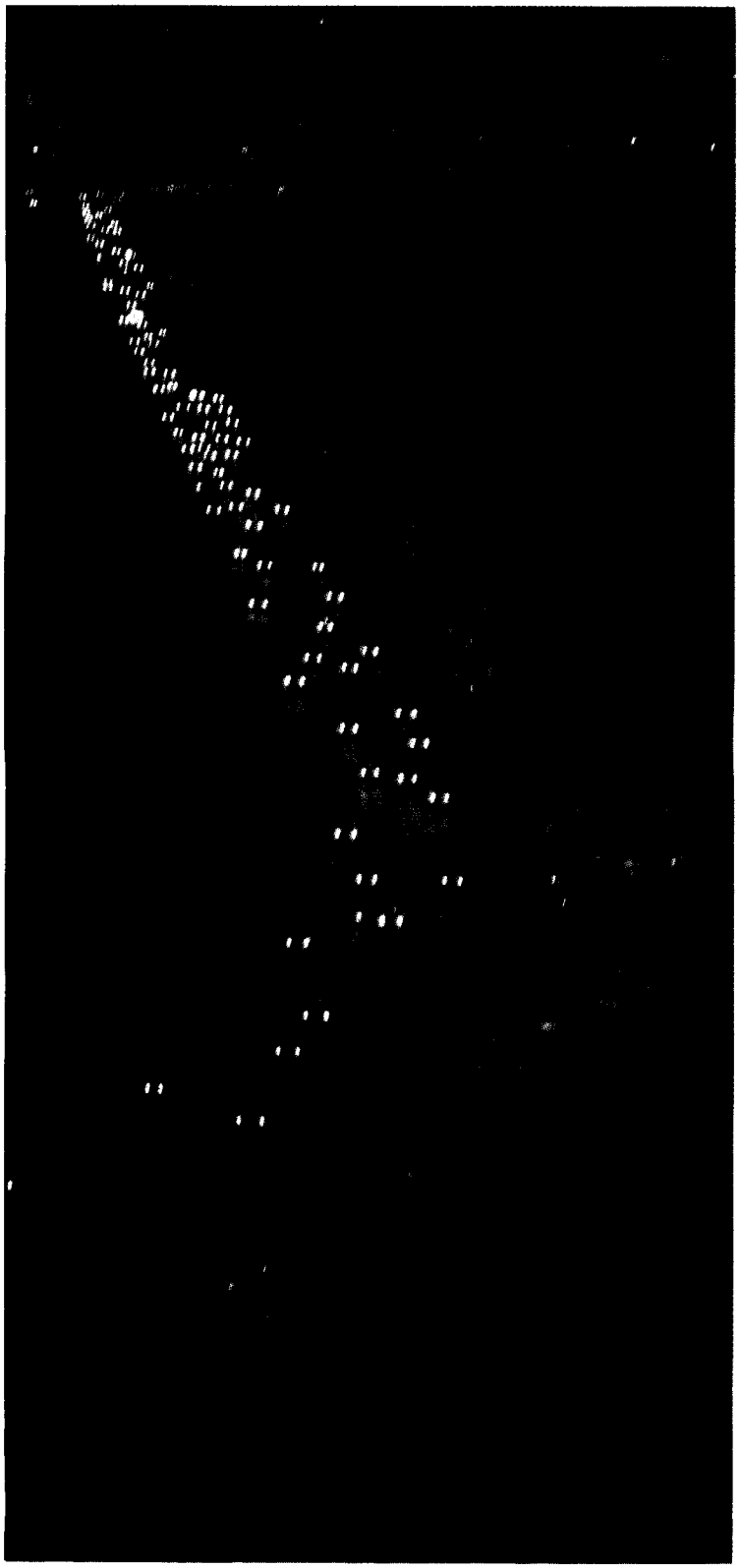
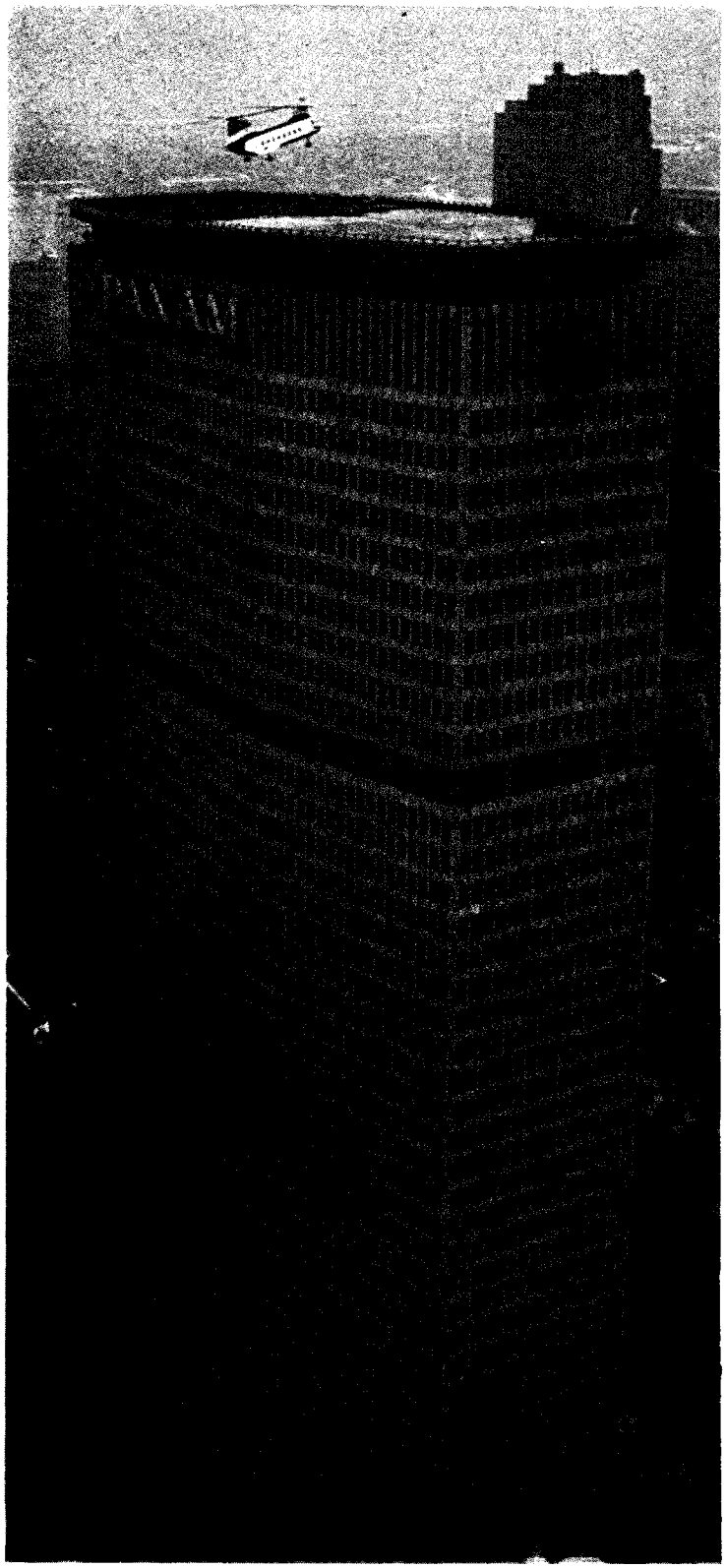
Snarled traffic, snarling drivers. Who cares?



To help untangle traffic, G-E engineers developed closed-circuit TV systems to scan highways, permit central control of signals for smoother flow. Another helpful G-E contribution: efficient police radio networks to direct traffic.

Big trip, little time. Who cares?



New helicopter service sharply cuts time wasted traveling to airports. In New York, G-E powered 'copter cuts a 45-minute trip to seven. In Los Angeles, from 50 minutes to ten. And the cost is about the same as taking a cab.

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Dreary commute, weary commuter. Who cares?

New rapid transit ideas can relieve the strain on suburbia's commuters. For San Francisco, G.E. has developed computers, radar controls and propulsion systems so trains can operate at 80 mph speeds—with a train every 90 seconds.

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(and we're working on better ways to get you where you're going)

Americans are "go" people. But the going's getting tougher all the time.

What to do about jammed roads and overburdened transit systems? At General Electric our scientists and engineers are coming up with some interesting answers.

If you live near water, you may, in the near future, travel to work on a ferryboat at speeds up to 70 miles an hour. A hydrofoil powered by G-E engines is now pioneering such a service. And don't be surprised if air commuting starts in your community. We're building engines for new vertical-takeoff and landing aircraft that may well be tomorrow's commuter vehicles.

For longer-range transportation, G-E engineers are now developing jet engines for 2000-mph airplanes that will shrink the world more than 50%.

Ideas like these (and those at left) come from trying to serve our customers better. But the people at General Electric have another motive:

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO NEW DELHI**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO MADRID**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

SR's 1965 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Arthur J. Heiser, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.

Gaylord A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK-AND-WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency *or* print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be no larger than 8 x 10 and unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.

IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

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(*Continued from page* 32)
ing for the "rebels," Yeats stood with a red light by a broken bridge, warning nationalists against suicide. The waters gurgled past his night, and Ireland was saved.

> And Parnell loved his country
> And Parnell loved his lass.
>
> (W. B. Yeats)

Ireland is like no other country in the world. It's a gem apart, something historic and holy that man has set aside for his imagination, a country where the "little people" still hold sway; and if you've any doubts you've just to sit by a stream, or lie in a meadow, or contemplate the cloud-bannered hill, and suddenly the whole countryside is peopled with little folk—not more than a foot-and-a-half high, perhaps—who still seem to enjoy the first privileges of man before his fall. They are genuine and mischievous—they can frighten you behind hedges, and make the air suddenly so crisp and transparent on an evening that you expect a chariot drawn by bees, and the grasses to individually stiffen and shine. It's all a question of your ability to see space. Some only look at distance; but you must look at space as you look

—*Irish Tourist Office.*

Thatched, whitewashed cottages—part of Ireland's enchantment.

at a jewel. Then all at once movements are seen, and color, and humanity.

Man is so supercilious to think that he alone inhabits the earth. There are some older than he, and thus they have remained small. They, the fays, do not want to scale to the moon or to read philosophy. The fays just live among flowers, and move without effort, think without a mind, and seem supremely knowledgeable in nature's laws: the waxing of the moon or the waning of the sap. They are charmed by ecstasy, which explains the puckishness of the Irish.

The Black and Tan still hide be-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

CURTAIN

Here are the closing lines of ten of Shakespeare's plays. Peggy Collison of Mansfield, Ohio, asks you to assign them to the right plays. Open the promptbook on page 40.

( ) So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

( ) Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

( ) Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen!

( ) As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

( ) . . . such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

( ) The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

( ) Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee
brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers!

( ) March sadly after: grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

( ) Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

( ) Myself will straight aboard and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

1. *Hamlet*
2. *Julius Caesar*
3. *King John*
4. *King Lear*
5. *King Richard II*
6. *King Richard III*
7. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
8. *Much Ado About Nothing*
9. *Othello*
10. *The Tempest*

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hind the hills of Connemara (the Connemara of rugged hills, shallow seas, many horses, and Richard Murphy, poet of Ireland by the Grace of God, and son of the former Governor of the Bahamas by the grace of His Britannic Majesty), and Cromwell still stalks by Stephen's Green – and Cromwell hates the very shadow of the "papist" devils. But the Irish are stronger than anyone—even Hitler. They keep Satan out of bounds with "spirits," the wide sea, and the charm of the Celtic cross.

The charm of the Celtic cross is just this – it's only the Swastika become whole. Hitler kept it open and became fiendish. The Irish, with their monkish knowledge, completed it, and so you've de Valera. De Valera, for Ireland, is what the Himalayas are to India: the source of her wisdom, her defense, and her prosperity. Sometimes of an evening you can lie by Innisfree and feel India in your bones. Often I felt Ben Bulben was a minor emergence of the Himalayas –a western rampart of the Indian presence. And the Shannon at Clanmacnoise, the Ganges.

ONE evening in Galway I went to see *Nine Hours to Rama.* The hall was full. The film was dull. It was about the assassination of Gandhi. Gandhi so admired the Irish, especially O'Connell, who wasted and killed himself, that (with Annie Besant added to the Indian scene) a part of Indian history is forever married to the Irish. And somewhere the fays must dance, too, on the Himalayan heights.

> Where demi-gods enjoy the shade of clouds
> Girding his lower crests but often seek
> When startled by the sudden rain that shrouds
> His waist some loftier ever sunlit peak.
>
> (Kalidasa. *The Birth of the War God.* Translated by Arthur Ryder.)

AT dusk one day, I saw Shiva and Parvathi (or was it Krishna and Radha?) move over county Clare in a chariot of flowers. (The actress Lelia Doolan had taken us over peat hills to see Patrick Scott the painter—and, in fact, that's where we met the fays first.) You could almost see A. E. walking up the bog hills, up and up to the top, and the little people showing him the throne of Krishna.

The evening would be Himalayan blue and the music would be *malkauns.* Night would soon fall, and, rushing down, A. E. would enter a hut, and, by peat-fire, compose his poem on Krishna.

> I passed before the cabin door and saw the King of Kings at play,
> Tumbled upon the grass I spied the little heavenly runaway.
> The mother laughed upon the child made gay by its ecstatic morn
> And yet the sages spoke of It as the Ancient and Unborn.

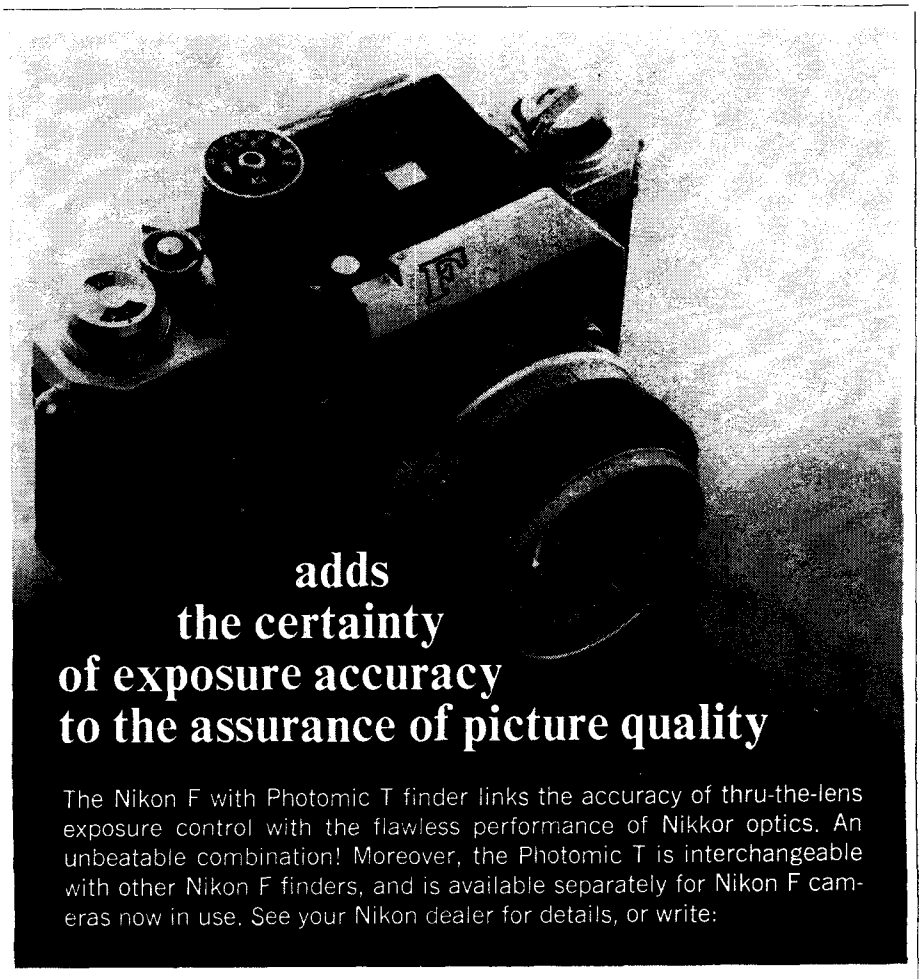
The fact is, A. E. saw the gods and Yeats only felt them. Padraic Pearse (who had read Tagore too much) was hanged for them.

What could an Indian philosopher do in Ireland? He could see nature—men as only ancient Greece had perhaps seen in Europe – the natural man. "Sex is taboo in Ireland," one of its most illustrious sons said to me. "Haven't you noticed it?" No, I had not. There's a breath about Ireland that is holy, and I was carried away by this etheric fantasy that seems such an ancient part of man.

A fact is not the truth, as the wise Dean Berkeley, true Irishman that he was, proclaimed some three centuries ago. Fantasy is the recognition of the beyond-the-fact. Where Queen Maeve is more real than Queen Elizabeth I, or Queen Victoria, you feel the beginnings of philosophic wisdom. And the recognition is joy.

—RAJA RAO.

Raja Rao is an Indian philosopher-novelist whose books include *The Cat and Shakespeare, Kanthapura,* and *The Serpent and the Rope.*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FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1194

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1194 will be found in the next issue.

HYW JEG ISDD IXS OMSEDB YA

E GEIOYG UH OIB EMRSKIOBS-

NSGIB.

—GYKNEG MYWZDEB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1193

An artist who theorizes about his work is no longer artist but critic.

—H. G. WELLS.

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Art That Makes Its Own Light

"I EAT AWAY the corners with the light," said Phillip Pavia the other day when discussing his recent marble carvings. And that is precisely what he does. His is an art that makes its own light, but a light which miraculously never destroys the form, the material, or the color of his luminous marble slabs. His work depends on sharp cutting edges that do not diffuse so much as divert light.

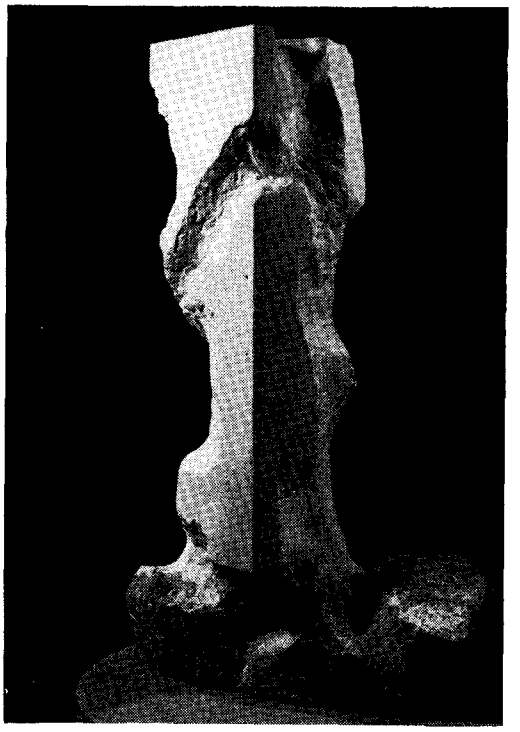
"Everywhere I see edges, corners. I'm conscious of the paradox that weds hard, fixed boundaries to a soft flow of light and air," Mr. Pavia observed. From his third-floor Bowery studio he looks out on roofs, water towers, and other angular architecture. "For a long time I liked the moving image, the bellowing in and out image. I guess I was always involved with light but finally I realized that the straight edge (a city image, you rarely see it in the country) was also a strong part of my life."

And so Pavia plays the material against the immaterial, capturing volatile light by the deliberate manipulation of heavy, often massive stone. Indeed, I can think of no other contemporary marble-carver who is working in such heroic dimensions. Any stone sculpture, let alone marble, is out of fashion these days, but, curiously, Pavia often seems more the innovator than many of his metal-minded colleagues. To be sure, new materials are important, yet new ideas are harder to find. Though earlier this artist worked chiefly in bronze and wax, he is now an authority on marble, on its every source, nuance, and idiosyncracy.

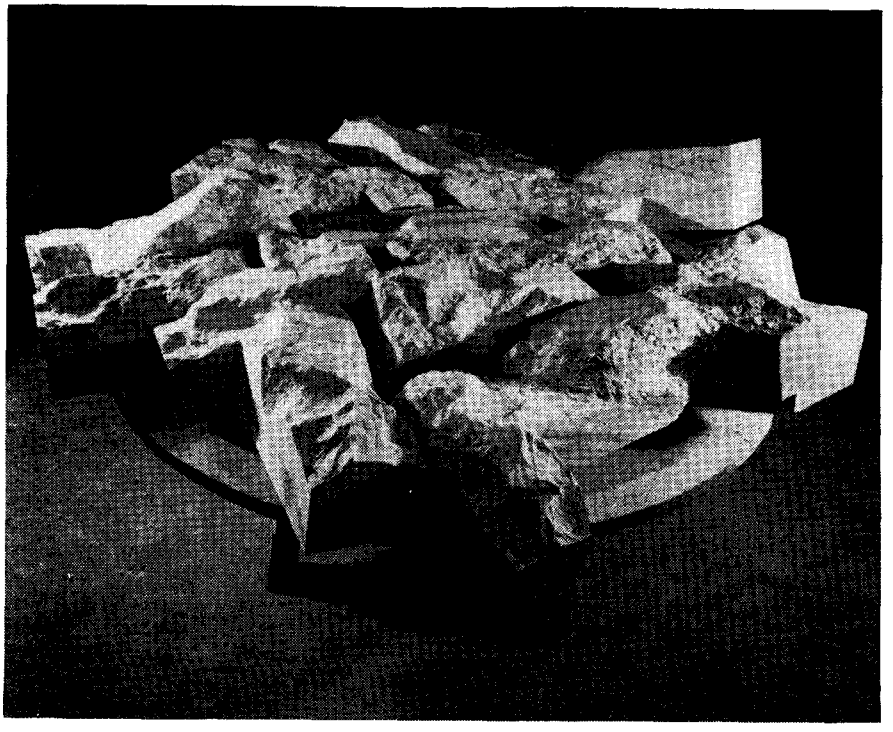
As Pavia notes, he "didn't come by this knowledge through reading books;" his father was an Italian stonecutter and Pavia himself had already joined a New York stone-carving atelier in 1930 when he was only eighteen. If his bronzes allowed him more freedom, his present marble sculpture achieves far greater intensity. A prodigious worker, he has carved eighteen tons of stone during the last four years.

For him symbolism is secondary. What he makes is first a stone construction. No anthropological relationships are intended, no memories of flesh, though at times he depends on a sensuous pink marble that in other hands might become evocative. His sculpture is what it is, an expression of the medium itself. And this is eminently in character, since Pavia was the original editor of a current art magazine called *It Is*.

Presently on view at Manhattan's Martha Jackson Gallery is a small group of his recent marble carvings. Among the most challenging is a large composition called *Lily Pond*, a sculpture which unfortunately does not photograph well. This compilation of more than twenty large slabs of African marble, carved, rubbed, and fitted together, becomes in reality an undulating interrelated mass. By means of irregular indentations and a horizontal rippling motion, the artist suggests light bouncing off water, but the patterned marble itself is never slighted.



***Yellow Sail*: Collection, Southern Illinois University.**



***Lily Pond*: Unfinished.**

We see *Lily Pond* first of all as an integrated stone carving, second as a trap for light and motion. Not surprisingly, one of Pavia's favorite artists is Monet. The varied color of the marble also adds to the illusion of fluctuating light and shadow. Certain slabs are blue-black, some are violet, some stark white, others are veined with salmon. Never highly polished, the stone is deliberately left free of reflecting surfaces. No shiny skin subverts nature's rich underpainting, for here the material is the means.

Pavia's work is closely related to the abstract expressionist movement. He once said, "The abstract painters—Pollock, de Kooning, Kline—inspired me to relight the fire and carve directly again." And so after twenty years he returned to marble. Working spontaneously by trial and error he arrives at his final compositions. Before he settles on a satisfactory solution, stone slabs sometimes weighing more than a hundred pounds must repeatedly be moved, tilted, and related in color, texture, shape, and form —a task that for Pavia is less a restraint than a physical burden. Operating very much like Mondrian whom, by the way,

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he greatly admires, Pavia substitutes heavy stone for colored tapes.

That he has chosen to use a material scarcely adapted to spontaneous expression is something of an enigma. In any case, he is convinced that only through the doing does a work of art assert itself—a philosophy very much out of favor today when artists are relying more on impersonal industrial methods than on human intervention. With Pavia one feels the artist's chisel at work; one senses the action of his own hand, for he always carves directly. Rarely related to the erosions of age, his indentations rather suggest the processes of becoming. Like a young geology, these carved stones seem still in the making.

"I want my sculpture to move in one direction," Pavia says. His aim is a single focus for each work, but always relieved by an interior motion that interpenetrates one mass with another. He produces a composite organism in which all intersections, voids, swellings, and even marble veins move toward the viewer. This is especially true of *Lily Pond*, a massive assemblage that has its own specific direction. It cannot be viewed equally from all sides.

Never intended to resemble finished monuments, though carved from monumental material, these sculptures seem to have grown rather than been made. Pavia is fond of Stonehenge, where mysteriously placed slabs have become an integral part of the landscape. Here he feels "the caressing attraction of stone for stone," and tries in his own work to achieve the same casual inevitability.

Also on view are a number of vertical pieces (*Lily Pond* is Pavia's first ambitious horizontal sculpture), all of them, however, motivated by the same principles. *Yellow Sail*, carved three years ago, exploits a clean sharp edge to bend light at will. A combination of yellow and pure white Italian marble, this small sculpture has an immediacy rare in stone. Several abstract watercolors underline Pavia's persistent interest in fragile color relationships, straight edges, block-like forms, and, above all, in light.

—KATHARINE KUH.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Instant Tennessee Williams

MOVIES HAVE BEEN adapted so frequently from the works of Tennessee Williams that Hollywood is now able to whip up the familiar Southern mixture with very little help from the master himself. *This Property is Condemned* was "suggested," so the credits inform us, by the short Williams play of the same title. In that play a boy and a girl were on stage, and through their dialogue a story emerged of a fated young woman, Alva Starr by name, who drifted into a life of shame. The movie keeps the same basic framework, but the body of events has been largely filled in by three screenwriters—Francis Coppola, Fred Coe, and Edith Sommer—who have figured out how Williams might have written the whole story if he had wanted to go to greater lengths.

The scene is a little Mississippi railroad town called Dodson, the time is the Depression, and Alva Starr has been brought in from the wings, so to speak, to fill center stage. The resulting film, produced by John Houseman and directed by Sydney Pollack, is Tennessee Williams turned out to order: There is the wistful, sleazy Southern girl; the decayed boarding house in which she resides with her slatternly mother and kid sister; the long, hot summer; the handsome stranger; and the drawling dialogue. Everyone talks in slow declarative questions, just as they do in genuine Tennessee Williams stories. The resemblance is astonishing.

Nevertheless, it's ersatz. For one thing, the shaping of the story is neater than genuine Williams; where he provided mystery, a few strands, and several haunting loose ends, there is now carpenter-like construction. The tragic tale that unfolds is less suspenseful than expected, and very close to triteness as it heads remorselessly for the kind of climax that Williams himself surely would have avoided.

Yet there is a good deal to be said for the movie. The part built for Natalie Wood is workable and, as Alva Starr, she shows herself not only to be fully professional but manages to extract several genuinely moving moments. Miss Wood deserves much credit, for she has had to surmount several moony speeches provided by the writers purporting to show her dreaming, wishing, and wanting that unrealistic world far down those railroad tracks. But she's altogether fine at suggesting Alva's flirtatiousness and easiness, her seduction by the stranger from New Orleans (Robert Redmond), and her pathetic end. Redmond is good, too, as the young man who comes to town as a railroad "spotter" with the mission of cutting down the work force, and, as a consequence, the patronage of the boarding house.

Sydney Pollack's direction is atmospheric and fluid, James Wong Howe's color photography is quite beautiful, and, all in all, Williams is not too badly served. Now the next step is for Hollywood to invent Tennessee Williams movies on its own—that is, if it can think of the titles.

DORIS DAY movies are also a staple Hollywood manufacture, and the latest model, *The Glass Bottom Boat*, is fully up to date in that it has Miss Day falsely suspected of spying for a foreign power while working as a guide in a space plant. But while this movie is as glossy and improbable as all the rest, it is easily the funniest. It was undoubtedly made so by that expert at farce, Frank Tashlin, who has taken a not entirely brilliant screenplay by Everett Freeman and generously larded it with slapstick.

Mr. Tashlin has done something else that is, perhaps, more remarkable. He has come close to unfreezing Doris Day. Instead of a slightly over-age virgin preserving her cinematic purity to the bitter premarital end, she is this time seen as a youngish widow, with quite normal sensual yearnings for Rod Taylor, who plays a genius very high up in the space program. She almost seduces him, too, and is prevented from doing so only by the zany plot antics.

If these sometimes grow broad and strained, the greater part of the movie is made up of more than ordinarily inventive slapstick, engaged in by some very funny people. Paul Lynde as an overly zealous security guard is as delightful as we have come to expect, and I enjoyed watching both Dom De Luise and Dick Martin, who are new to me. Arthur Godfrey makes a pleasant appearance as the skipper of a glass bottom boat—not that the boat has much to do with the story. In fact, so zephyr light is the story that it's hardly worth mentioning. With Tashlin moving things along in high gear, however, a traditional Hollywood farce, with a traditional pairing of stars, becomes better than average Hollywood comedy. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 2, 7, 6, 10, 1, 4, 8, 5, 3, 9.

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Theater of Resentment

ALMOST VITAL dramatic source is the increasingly apparent manifestation of radical resentment against the white man by Negroes. In the old days this resentment took the form of lamenting an especially severe case of racial injustice or of urging the white man to resist racial discrimination.

In the past few years we have had a number of plays that blast any racial injustice and warn the white man that there is nothing to do about it but to take the consequences. There was *The Blacks*, which, through use of white masks, permitted its Negro actors to give vent to reactions toward whites that otherwise might never have been brought to the surface. Indeed, the play pointed out that the real tragedy may be that no black man can be black enough to feel the unmixed hatred his white dominators deserve. While *The Blacks* is a fine work, it is possible that the vicarious satisfaction it gave Negro members of the audience had something to do with its becoming the longest-running play in off-Broadway history.

Since *The Blacks*, a number of other plays have achieved success partially because of this factor. Among them are James Baldwin's *Blues for Mister Charlie*, and LeRoi Jones's *Dutchman*, *The Toilet*, and *The Slave*. Both Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Jones seem to represent a new attitude toward their subject. First they warn the Negro to find a pride in his own identity, not as an imitation white man, but as a proud black man, superior in many important ways to his white exploiters. Then they warn the white man, and particularly the liberal, that his campaign for gradual elimination of racial intolerance is falsely motivated by guilt—and is a hindrance rather than a help to those who want an equal chance at the good things in life *now*. Oddly enough, one of Jones's plays, *The Slave*, predicts that the violence he sees as justified will probably lead to defeat. Yet he seems to feel that a proud loser may achieve a truer existence than a denatured winner.

The most recent example is Negro actor Douglas Turner Ward's double bill currently at the St. Marks Playhouse. In one of the pair, *Happy Ending*, Mr. Ward opens with the spectacle of two Negro domestics weeping because their white employer is breaking up his family. When their young nephew chides them for caring so much about the fate of an employer who has underpaid them for undignified labor the two domestics begin to reveal the fantastic extent to which they got even for their low pay and humiliation. Stolen choice cuts of meat, purloined latest-fashion clothes, and personal bills ingeniously charged to their employer's account lifted their standard of living beyond anything a Negro white-collar worker could have afforded. For a sophisticated playgoer this one joke goes on too long, but for Negroes who have long suffered in the employ of whites, the pleasure of watching the details of their revenge is virtually inexhaustible.

The second playlet, *Day of Absence*, acted by Negroes in whiteface, is more interesting. It begins by portraying two dull-witted Georgia crackers in much the same way that two white actors once did *Amos and Andy*. Slowly they recognize that the Negroes in their town have all mysteriously vanished. The whites now find themselves incapable of doing all the unpleasant jobs relegated to Negroes and miss feeling superior to and insulting "their" Negroes. Perhaps the most telling point of all comes when an inquiring reporter asks these Southerners why they aren't overjoyed that the Negroes they have always complained about have now so conveniently departed. The mayor, played by Mr. Ward himself, replies with amusing consternation that the whites want to be the ones to tell them *when* to depart. Again the play is an overextension of one basic incident, and again the playgoer's satisfaction depends upon his capacity to enjoy repeated mocking of the whites.

IN a way these anti-white plays, which whites may enjoy less than do Negroes, probably do more good by shaking up the white liberal than they do harm by encouraging the Negro to acts of racial violence. Indeed, the release Negroes may experience could purge them of feelings they might otherwise express more violently.

But the terrible conditions upon which subjective enjoyment of this sort of play depends continue only because of the willingness we have to accept racial injustice. The playwright did not invent these conditions, and he doesn't seem to hold out much hope that he or anybody else can eradicate them. Yet the very fact that he is so resentful about it all indicates that his plays are intended to do more than just to entertain. Since those whites whom he might most want to frighten are not likely to go to his plays, it could be that he hopes to convince other Negroes to do the frightening.

—HENRY HEWES.

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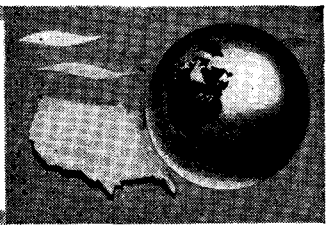

BOGOTA:

The Alliance Progresses

When President Kennedy began his administration, Latin America, with the exception of Mexico, was on the edge of disaster. The prospect of the Castro phenomenon capturing Central and South America was not an illusory but a genuine menace. . . . But Kennedy's political approach, based on the Alliance for Progress, began to change the picture.

During the past five years . . . the progress politically has been enormous, and economically it has been encouraging. . . . Latin America is beginning to emerge from a terrible nightmare. Democracy has been guaranteed and the specter of Castro-Communism has vanished. Assured of her political base, what Latin America needs now, as soon as possible, is to begin to integrate her economy. . . . Latin America must industrialize coherently and rapidly. . . .

Clearly, the industrialization of Latin America will not please certain U.S. industrial enterprises, who, in evaluating this possibility, are trying to avoid its realization. But the United States, as a nation, is in favor of this, as evidenced by the industrialization of Canada. A Latin America strongly integrated economically with the United States will make of America the historical axis of the second half of the twentieth century. It is a prospect that the United States cannot ignore.

—*Julio Antonio Roy in El Tiempo.*

MELBOURNE:

No Margin for Error

The United States has served notice that its Air Force may hit back at the bases of any planes that challenge it in the Vietnam war, even if those bases are across the border in Communist China. . . . If the Americans continue to bomb North Vietnam supply routes near the Vietnam-China border, war in the air could develop with little regard for land frontiers. The risk of a spreading war, involving the major powers, has always been part of the Vietnam crisis. Now it is starkly emphasized. The Chinese will probably not seek a head-on collision. But there can be no certainty on this. The safety margins in Vietnam are growing thinner. Accident, impulse, or misunderstanding could shatter them in one minute of jet-flight.

—*Melbourne Herald.*

WARSAW:

Playing for Time in Vietnam

The world press is unanimous today in its opinion that the Johnson-Cao Ky meeting in Honolulu, which was intended to strengthen the position of the Saigon puppet prime minister, will eventually bring about a downfall of the latter. . . .

Now, upon the order of his American protectors, General Ky has promised general elections in half-a-year's time. But both the Americans and the General made this concession under pressure, unwillingly and insincerely. They are perfectly aware that even undemocratic elections, which will exclude from voting representatives of the National Liberation Front and the Communists, will bring to power other forces only too ready to get rid of American intervention and to put an end to the civil war.

That is why the announcement "elections in five months" is only a trick on the part of the United States, which wants to bide its time. There is no knowing whether elections in South Vietnam will be held at that time, but it is certain that . . . elections will take place in the United States [next November], elections which will constitute a kind of plebiscite on President Johnson's Vietnam policy. Therefore Washington would like to solve the Vietnam war by that time by force of arms, and it needs time for that.

—*Zycie Warszawy.*

LONDON:

Their Pens Runneth Over

Which Kennedy do you most enjoy reading about? Life-enhancing, life-affirming, wry, funny, coolly committed, amazingly young, tough-minded Jack? Caustic, cutting, thrusting, restless, aggressive, astonishingly mature, tough-minded, fun-loving, loyal, compulsively hard-working, ruthless Bobby? Or quiet, wry, life-affirming, life-enhancing, amazingly young, loyal, coolly ambitious, funny, surprisingly tough-minded Teddy? There is much to be said for quiet, wry, astonishingly mature, seven-year-old John. He has not yet been gushed about by drivelling Madison Avenue hacks and adoring professors.

—*Richard West in the New Statesman.*

MOSCOW:

Selective Service for Dolphins?

American scientists have welcomed the Soviet Union's initiative in recently introducing a ban on catching and killing dolphins, and called upon other countries to follow its example in order to preserve these animals for science. The Pentagon, too, is interested in the studies of dolphins, but with the purely practical purpose of finding means of placing dolphins at their service.

U. S. naval specialists are training brown dolphins for antisubmarine warfare. They believe that a dolphin trailing an explosive charge can detect an enemy submarine, ram it, and blow it up. . . . Dolphins may also be used to detect minefields and underwater missile launching pads.

In a letter to the *New York Times,* Ashley Montagu, a distinguished . . . scientist . . . described these experiments by the U. S. Navy as the height of moral degradation. He said that people who try to use dolphins for war apparently have no scruples. In a telephone interview Montagu told [a correspondent] that he intended to protest against the U. S. Navy's experiments and expressed the hope that American scientists would support him.

—*Tass, over Radio Munich.*

Thailand's "Sell-Out"

From complicity to direct participation in American aggression—such is the

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disgraceful path followed by Thailand's ruling circle. Thailand's ungainly role in the American aggression in Indochina is well known. But Washington is no longer content with Thailand being a mere accomplice. Faced with serious military and political difficulties in South Vietnam, it is seeking persistently to drag its allies deeper into the gamble and thereby make them share the responsibility for aggression.

Early in May, Bangkok announced the decision to move Thai troops to South Vietnam. . . . Irrespective of the size of this "contribution," what matters most to the United States is the principle. It is not surprising that the State Department hastened to express its gratification at the decision of the government of Thailand. —*I. Alexeyev in Pravda.*

FRANKFURT:

On the Eastern Horizon

HERE IN GERMANY it is customary to look toward China defensively, indeed, with fear. Such feelings are strengthened the more the Soviet Union appears as the exponent of the more "humane" Communism and China as the standard-bearer of the alien Asiatic "hard" course. . . .

There is much to be said for the view that the Chinese leaders talk aggressively in order to side-track internal pressures. The danger, of course, is that they will become captives of their own words. Were the Chinese to respond to American desires for an understanding, perhaps the cause for Chinese belligerence would be reduced. . . .

Whether the transition from the outer courtyard of nuclear power into the circle of the really great powers will serve to make China more responsible, or whether it will serve to whet its appetite for power is difficult to tell. . . . The fact of American might, which China, despite its braggadocios, fully comprehends, is an asset for hope.

—*Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung.*

HAMBURG:

Keeping An Eye on Europe

HURT, IRRITATED AND DISQUIETED, the United States is beginning to turn its attention once again toward Europe after having been fastened for a long time on the scene of the war in Vietnam. Only now—and not in the least because Moscow is prepared to join the grand game of de Gaulle—is it becoming apparent to Washington that elemental shifts of power could carry with them unforeseen consequences for the United States.

In Washington . . . the old concerns arise that the Germans can be fired up by de Gaulle, and by themselves reach a settlement with Moscow. Our friends can be confident that we will uphold our alliance. But for their part they must be prepared to stand up for German interests. —*Hamburger Abendblatt.*

TORONTO:

Boning Up on China

AS MR. FULBRIGHT pointed out, while neither side desires war, there are those in both Peking and Washington who doubt whether war can be avoided, and this makes war more likely. It is therefore high time that the United States should be undertaking its first major reappraisal of China. . . .

There is no doubt that China proclaims the cause of world revolution and backs revolutions wherever they can be useful to her cause. But to state that this implies a policy of aggression and expansion is to confuse ideological and national goals—a confusion that lies at the heart of U.S. misconceptions. . . .

For many years, it may be necessary for the United States to deter Chinese-supported "wars of national liberation" and to maintain some military forces in Asia. At the same time, policies toward China must become more flexible and realistic. They must be based on a distinction between China's unreasonable and dangerous ideological objectives and its legitimate national interests. . . .

—*The Globe and Mail.*

WINNIPEG:

Canada's Dilemma

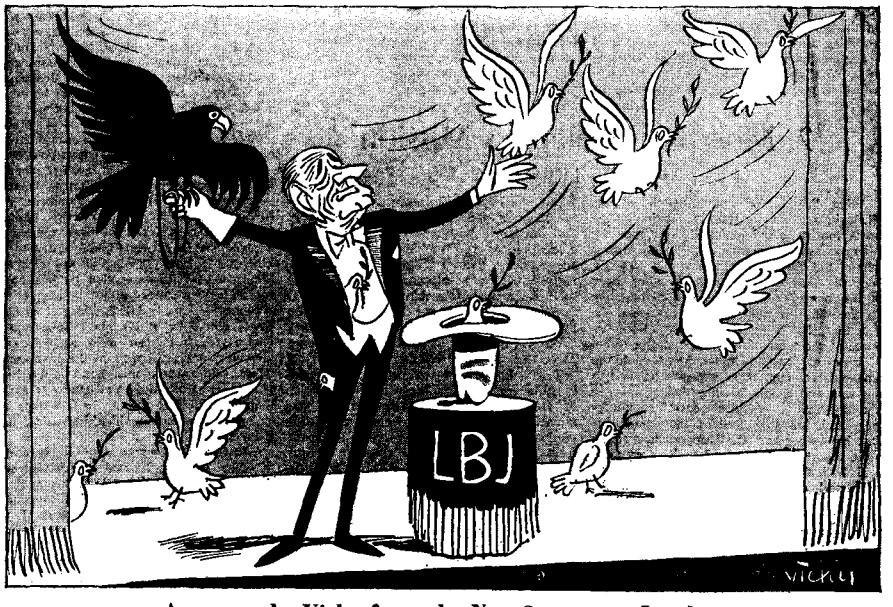
PRIME MINISTER PEARSON'S call for an international campaign to end China's isolation reflects the deep worry of the Canadian Government over developments both in Asia and in the United Nations. The government fears that at the next meeting of the U.N. General Assembly in the fall China may secure the required number of votes to become a member, and that this could constitute a grave moral defeat for the United States, a defeat that may have serious repercussions upon America's relations with the world organization.

Nearer at home, the government is on the horns of a dilemma over its own vote: Should Canada vote with the United States against the admittance of China; a futile gesture with the government on the losing side and acting in defiance of public opinion at home which, probably in its majority, favors China's entry into the U.N.? Or should Canada vote against the United States and thus offend this country's . . . best friend?

Fortunately, the choice need no longer be so stark. There are signs in Washington that the State Department and Congress have been giving earnest thought to relations with China in general, and to the future position of China in the United Nations in particular. It is conceivable that the United States may come up with a proposal which would make it possible for Canada and other nations to vote for the admission of China without expelling Formosa from the U.N. membership. . . .

There is no doubt about the correctness of Mr. Pearson's analysis of the Chinese problem: "The Chinese Government might well change its hostile attitudes if it were subjected to the influences that come from greater world involvement, to the contacts and exchanges of views that come from fuller participation in the international community. . . ." —*Winnipeg Free Press.*

—BARBARA BAIRD.



A cartoon by Vicky from the *New Statesman*, London.

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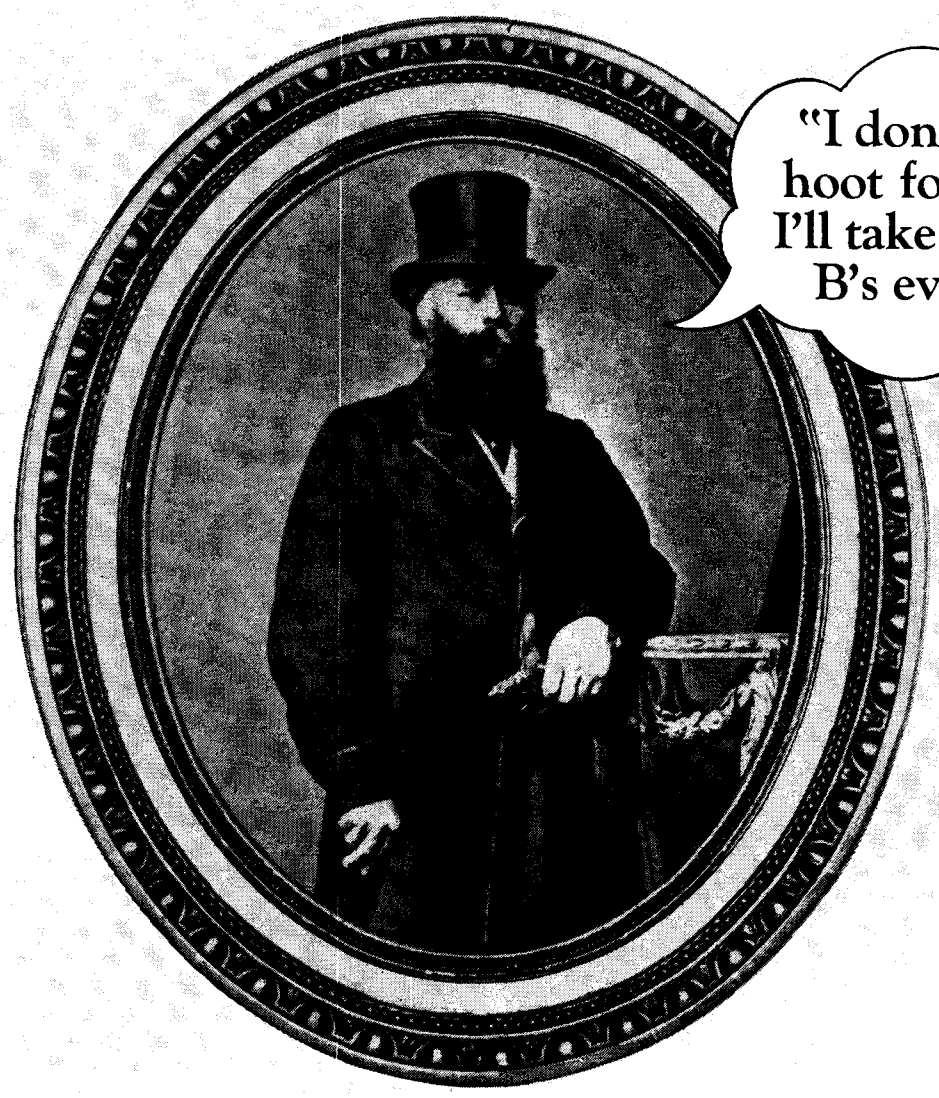

"I don't give a hoot for Mahler—I'll take the three B's every time!"

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THE CASE FOR A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM
By Renee B. Fisher **45**

PRO MUSICA IN RETROSPECT
By Philip L. Miller **48**

THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE
By Aaron Copland **49**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Recordings Editor **50**

RECORDINGS REPORTS I:
Orchestral LPs **52**

CHILD OF THE BAROQUE
By Robert Lawrence **53**

RECORDINGS REPORTS II:
Miscellaneous LPs **54**

CATCHING UP WITH A COLLEAGUE
By Martin Williams **55**

MUSIC, MOSCOW, AND TRANSISTORS
By Ivan Berger **56**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **58**

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Francis Scott Key observes the bombardment of Fort McHenry.

THE CASE FOR A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

By RENEE B. FISHER

With the most patriotic of patriotic holidays only a weekend away, bands around the country are rehearsing to perform, and voices are struggling to encompass, a national anthem of notorious difficulty and lack of musical distinction. Herewith are presented some little-known facts about one of the basic artifacts of our national culture.

IT TOOK 114 years, until 1931, for Congress to designate "The Star-Spangled Banner" our national anthem. At first, it was just another setting of a well-known tune; other words continued to be written for the same melody, including, for example, this Temperance version in 1843:

O who has not seen by the dawn's early light
Some poor bloated drunkard to his home weakly reeling,
With blear eyes and red nose most revolting to sight,
Yet still in his breast not a throb of shame feeling.
And the plight he was in,
Steeped in filth to his chin,
Gave proof through the night in the gutter he'd been, etc.

Similar examples from as late as 1888 make evident that even by that date there was no particular feeling of reverence toward Francis Scott Key's setting, no sense of destiny about its future. True, it appeared in most (but by no means all) of the popular patriotic song collections of the nineteenth century; but it received no more than equal billing with such songs as "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail, Columbia." Later it appeared with "America," and "The Red, White and Blue," among other favorites of the day.

Every new level of acceptance reached by "The Star-Spangled Banner" since 1890 can be traced directly to military circumstances. The first big boost came with the Spanish-American War of 1898, when Admiral Dewey designated it to be played on official occasions by the U.S. Navy. Again under the impetus of a war situation, President Wilson, in 1916—the year we entered World War I—decreed it by Executive Order to be our national anthem. Not until March 3, 1931, however, did Congress pass the bill which made it official. And this final action, as will be shown, also resulted from quasi-military pressures.

There is considerable evidence, however, that from the very beginning of the twentieth century, when "The Star-Spangled Banner" began its gradual path of military acceptance, it was not universally beloved by civilians. Editorials in such respected periodicals as *The Outlook* and *The North American Review* criticized it in strong terms, as did many individual citizens in letters to such newspapers as the *New York Times*. Typical of these sporadic but frequent outbursts was this caustic comment in *The North American Review*:

> Will not someone kindly compose a new anthem? . . . The American people have been trying in vain for nearly a century to sing it . . . the endeavor of an audience today to respond to the demand upon their patriotic spirit continues to be as pathetic as it has ever been desperate . . . after nearly a century of trying service "The Star-Spangled Banner" might well be laid upon the shelf.

Nor was the music immune to early criticism from the teaching profession. One can only guess at how much protest there must have been that led the National Education Association to direct a committee, in 1908, to try to find a more "singable" version. The committee, after a hopeless four-year deadlock, came up with a rather naïve attempt to simplify the melody by eliminating many of its most characteristic rhythmic elements. The range was untouched. The revision could hardly be deemed a success, since songbooks for both school and community use still contained various "unsingable" versions, just as they had before the attempted reform.

In 1915 and early 1916, with national

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awareness and patriotic feeling at a high pitch, more and more individuals, via letters to newspapers, began to express dissatisfaction with "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a musical representation of our country. Some expressed preference for "America the Beautiful," others for "America" ("My Country, 'tis of Thee"), and even for "Yankee Doodle." There were composers who urged adoption of their own new melodic settings of the words of "America" to make it an all-American product. But this resistance was too unorganized and scattered to match the urgency brought about by our entrance into World War I. Hence President Wilson's decision.

The Twenties were not notable for national introspection. Even so, there was an abortive contest during that decade for a new national anthem, and the composer Geoffrey O'Hara brought out a newly doctored, newly copyrighted version of the old one. The tone of a review of his effort is best summarized by its headline: "Still Unsingable."

Then, in 1929, with the backing of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Congressman Hamilton Fish introduced a bill in the 69th Congress to make "The Star-Spangled Banner" our official national anthem. It never reached the floor. In the next Congressional session, Representatives Emanuel Celler and J. Charles Linthicum of Baltimore introduced similar bills which came to naught.

In May, Representative Linthicum read into the *Congressional Record* a memorandum from the Maryland State Legislature urging the adoption of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the national anthem. It recalled that on September 12, 1928, Fort McHenry had become a national shrine, and acknowledged the leadership in support of "The Star-Spangled Banner" to have come from the Society of the War of 1812.

A few days later, Congressman Linthicum read into the *Record* excerpts from a speech he had delivered a few years earlier entitled (note the wording) "The part played by Fort McHenry and 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in our second war with Britain." He also read the names of 150 organizations, headed by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, who were in favor of his bill, and announced that he would present a petition to that effect when hearings were conducted.

Nothing daunted by Congressional obstinacy, the Veterans of Foreign Wars discounted the opposition with these words:

> considerable opposition from . . . societies of various kinds with pacifistic leanings. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was too militant and incited audiences which sang it to warlike attitudes and actions.

When hearings on the bill were begun in January 1930, the V.F.W. had its ammunition ready—more than 6,000,000 pieces of it. It was a dramatic scene, for when before had a song had to stand trial for its life? The production was quite elaborate. As a magazine described the scene under the heading "Wanted: an Anthem":

> The high-vaulted committee room resounded to a sample rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by the U.S. Navy Band. Two sopranos sang all its four verses to prove that its words were not too difficult, that its pitch was not too high . . .

Captain Joyce, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, conceded opposition in these words:

> The song does have a flavor of war, but its primary viewpoint, like that of our nation, is constructively peaceful.

He told this anecdote:

> I stood on San Juan Hill in '98 and heard four bands play that tune. All around me in pup tents men were lying sick with fever, but when they heard that glorious old tune, every last man somehow got to his feet.

From this he concluded that to these men "The Star-Spangled Banner" would always be the national anthem (whether legally so or not).

But all these remarks were mere preliminaries. The heart of the argument for approval lay in the presentation by Captain Joyce of a petition said to contain more than 6,200,000 signatures of Americans who asked that "The Star-Spangled Banner" be declared the national anthem. One New York newspaper described this as

> fifty miles of paper . . . collected largely through the efforts of Captain Joyce. Credit also is given to the American War Mothers . . .

How did the opposition express itself thereafter? Anti-climactically, one cannot help concluding. Kitty Cheatham, a music teacher and amateur musicologist, quoted from a pamphlet she had published privately some years before, denouncing (with strong Temperance overtones) the original words of the song on which the anthem is based; also, still quoting from her pamphlet, she denounced the quality of the music and the war-like flavor of Key's words. Miss Cheatham further quoted dissenting editorial opinions such as this from a Washington, D.C. newspaper.

> It is absurd to suppose that an act of Congress could preserve "The Star-Spangled Banner" if the people no longer recognized it as an inspiration to patriotism.

A New York editorial commented:

> Not only is the music inappropriate and the meter clumsy and halting, but the thought is pompous and childishly braggart.

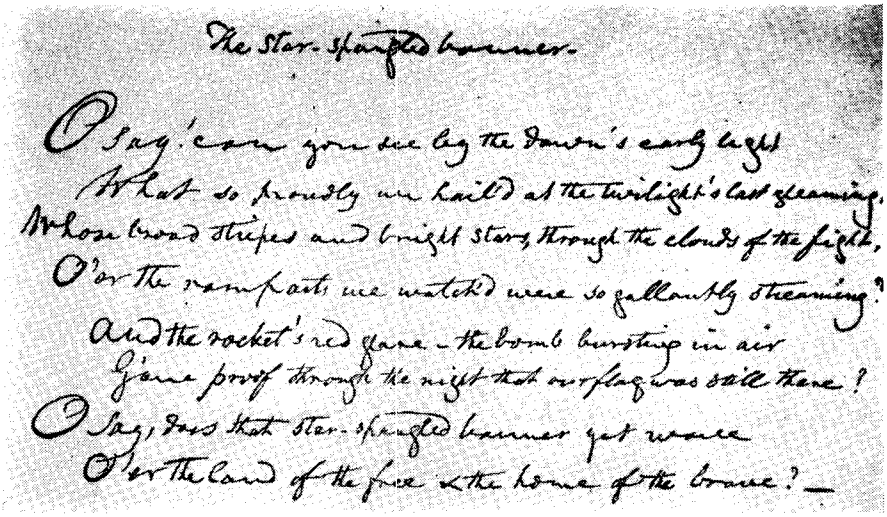
Her lone congressional support came from Congressman H. C. Johnson of North Dakota, who said:

> It is a war song born under the roaring of guns, and is therefore permeated with the spirit of war, rather than the higher and nobler ideals of Americanism. . . . The words apply to a particular event and are too descriptive to be remembered. Why should such words as "Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution" be incorporated in our national anthem? Americanism means love of home, love of country, love of all humanity.

On this eloquent but relatively ineffectual note did the opposition rest its case. A stroke of showmanship, such as asking the congressmen to sing one stanza, would have made the spectacle less one-sided. But none was forthcoming.

The hearing and its extensive press coverage stimulated at least some reaction from the admitted 10 per cent of

(*Continued on page 57*)


The Star-Spangled Banner.

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare - the bomb bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there?
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave? —

—*Bettmann Archive.*

The original Francis Scott Key draft of *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

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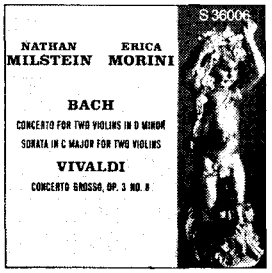
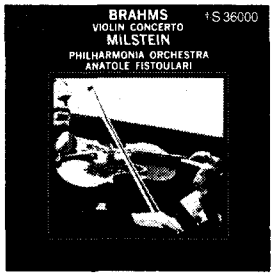
Tear out this page. With his two dazzling new Prokofiev concertos illustrated at the right—and with the eight albums below—Nathan Milstein has now recorded for Angel the major violin concerto literature—and some fascinating novelties besides. A more distinguished collection is difficult to imagine. Angel suggests you keep the advertisement until you are ready to assemble the albums in this collectors' series for your own library.





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Angel

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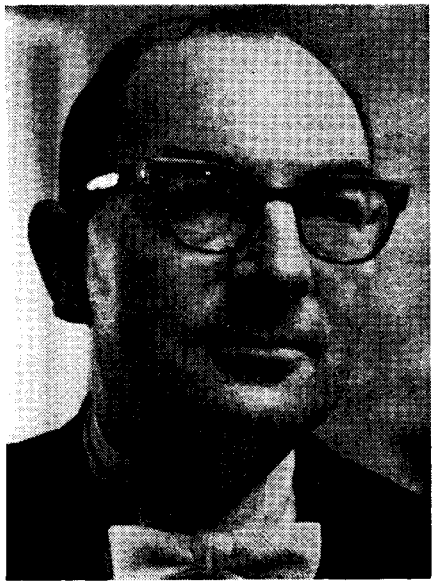
Pro Musica in Retrospect



Noah Greenberg—"The right man at the right time."

NOAH GREENBERG CONDUCTING THE NEW YORK PRO MUSICA: An anthology of their greatest works. HANDEL: *Music for Ancient Instruments and Soprano Voice.* MORLEY: *Elizabethan Madrigals, Canzonets and Ballads.* BANCHIERI: *Festino.* PURCELL: *Songs; English Medieval Carols; Songs of Shakespeare's Time.* BLOW: *An Ode on the Death of Henry Purcell.* Other works by Thomas Morley, William Byrd, Thomas Ravenscroft, Robert Jones, Henry Purcell and others. Everest 6145-7, $14.94; stereo 3145-7, $14.94.

AN APPROPRIATE epitaph for the late Noah Greenberg might very well be: The Right Man at the Right Time. He had the vision to see the job that was ready to be done and he had the ability to do it. And it may very well be, when the history of our times is written, musically we will be remembered as a period of rediscovery and reappraisal. It could even develop that our composers, many of whom have been feverishly striking out in any direction so long as it was new, will eventually find themselves on the paths of long forgotten traditions. Of course Noah Greenberg did not start it all—this return to the middle ages, the renaissance and the baroque is not something that suddenly happened in our time. A century ago scholars had begun exploring forgotten repertories and publishing collected editions of the old masters.

In my own generation, many eyes and ears were opened by the annual visits of The English Singers, a sextet seated informally around a table, who sang madrigals with a precision that was a revelation at the time and a spirit so infectious that houses were sold out wherever they sang. The work of a group in Brussels, called Pro Musica Antiqua, founded and directed by the American-born Safford Cape, became known in this country through the recordings of Curt Sachs's *Anthologie Sonore,* the first extensive scholarly historical series of discs. When Paul Hindemith came to Yale in 1940 he influenced a generation of students in his Collegium Musicum. Greenberg, who died on January 8 at the age of forty-six, could hardly have known The English Singers first hand (their records only partially account for their brilliant success), but he did know the work of Safford Cape (paying him a real compliment when he named his group), and some of the artists who have worked with him had come under Hindemith's spell.

Noah Greenberg never considered himself a musicologist. His musical education was informal. Born April 9, 1919, he grew up in New York, where he attended public schools. From 1944 to 1949 he served in the merchant marine, which experience at least gave him a chance to collect himself. "At sea you have a great deal of time to think," he once said, "and I thought." So on emerging in 1949 he took over the direction of the chorus of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. His work attracted the attention of a recording company, and he was invited to work up some programs of older music. Greenberg undertook the assignment, but he did not use his ILGWU chorus, feeling that more could be made of the music with professional solo voices. His timing was good, for in our day of proficient and musicianly singers he was able to assemble a sextet both capable of mastering the intricacies of the music and susceptible to his ideas of style. With the gradual addition of appropriate instruments (several of the singers doubling on some of them) and a larger choir available when needed, the entire repertoire of early music was open to him.

The New York Pro Musica Antiqua (the last word was later dropped) came into being in 1952. Part of its success was due to the fact that Greenberg knew from the beginning just what he wanted to do. He knew that the earliest music was intended to be performed as well as listened to; therefore the enjoyment of the performers was essential. Such performances must not be too formal. So the Pro Musica grew, and it found a public ready and waiting.

But Greenberg's ambitions did not stop with giving concerts. He wanted to learn everything there was to know about idiomatic performance, and he wanted to spread the gospel. From the beginning it was his dream to establish a research library and set up educational facilities. He would sponsor seminars in which performers in his group could teach their knowledge and skills to others. For his performances he must accumulate an impressive collection of instruments. Thus Pro Musica could also be a center of information on the care and maintenance of these. And so he sought foundation help. He was twice successful. First the Rockefeller Foundation enabled him to set up his group on a permanent basis as a performing organization and as a center of authority on performing practice. Later the Ford Foundation made it possible to establish the library and embark on some of the planned educational activities. The library has been developed along rather broad lines, with sets of many scholarly editions and most of the recent reprints of older music, with books centering around the medieval, renaissance and baroque periods but reaching in many side directions.

The performing career of the New York Pro Musica was successful from the start. The first recordings were a help in establishing the reputation of the group, for they appeared in the early years of LP, when any revival of early music was guaranteed a hearing. In this case not only did the music prove as delightful as it was novel, but the performances had a vitality too often lacking in those days of wholesale recording. The variety made possible by alternating vocal and instrumental music was a strong selling point. Soon the group was touring extensively. One of their greatest successes was the production in 1958 of the medieval sacred drama called *The Play of Daniel,* produced first at the Cloisters in uptown New York, later repeated in the Riverside Church and in St. George's. Every care was taken to enact the drama as it must have been done in its own day, even to utilizing a variety of obsolete instruments. In 1963 this success was matched with another such revival, *The Play of Herod.*

Since throughout its career the Pro Musica was continuously active in the recording studios, the growth and expansion of its repertoire can be studied along with the steady rise toward perfection in performance. The first recordings bore the Esoteric label. There were

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seven of them issued within about a year. Next to appear was an *Anthology of Renaissance Music* issued by Period, and a series of Columbia discs, including an interesting study of Elizabethan texts and music, made in collaboration with W. H. Auden, who reads the poetry. A disc of Monteverdi madrigals followed, and an important program of liturgical works by Solomone Rossi, now unfortunately no longer available. But the most mature work of the New York Pro Musica is to be found on the numerous programs recorded by Decca from 1959 on. These include not only the plays of *Daniel* and *Herod,* but a wide variety of music including works of Thomas Tallis, Josquin Des Pres, and Ludwig Senfl.

The memorial anthology issued by Everest is in effect a complete set of the original Esoteric issues. They represent, then, the early work of the group, and I understand had Mr. Greenberg lived he might have done some of them over. But they have a special value in that the personnel, which was to change many times over the years, is the original Pro Musica. Certainly there are a number of splendid performances here, especially in some of the solo works. Russell Oberlin, who was in fact the first singer engaged by Mr. Greenberg, and whose counter-tenor voice was such a novelty at the time, lends particular distinction to the Purcell songs; he and the excellent tenor Charles Bressler do a difficult but effective stint in John Blow's moving tribute written on the death of his pupil Henry Purcell. The Banchieri *Festino del Giovedi Grasso avanti Cena,* a madrigal comedy dating from 1608, came as a particularly delightful surprise when the recording was new. How far the group was to develop may be observed in a comparison with the early program of *English Medieval Christmas Carols* with a similar one recorded by Decca (DL 79418). A word of explanation is in order, too, in regard to the "stereo" recording. This should rightfully read "adapted for stereo," since of course the originals antedate the modern technique. Some "room" effect has been added.

With Noah Greenberg's untimely passing the question naturally arises what is to become of the great work he started. It is hoped that the means will be found to keep the performing group together and to continue the library and the instrument collection as an educational institution. He is survived by Mrs. Greenberg and two daughters aged seven and twelve. In his memory a group of friends, under the auspices of the American Musicological Society, is setting up a trust fund for the education and welfare of the children. Checks made to the order of "Noah Greenberg Children's Trust" may be mailed to Gustave Reese, 50 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. —PHILIP L. MILLER.

The Contemporary Scene

By AARON COPLAND

(From comments delivered at the Fiftieth Anniversary Pulitzer Prize Dinner in May at the Plaza Hotel, New York City)

I'VE BEEN ASKED to sort out trends in my field in 300 seconds flat. The first thing that strikes one about music nowadays is the extent to which it has become involved with the building trades. At the moment the whole country is suffering from what some wit has called the Edifice Complex. The buildings are brand new, but unfortunately no one has done anything about the audiences. No new trends there. On the contrary, nothing is more staunchly conservative than the music-loving public. They have but one notion: "let the art of music alone, it's *lovely* as it is."

For them I am the bearer of brutal tidings. The plain fact is that we are living in the midst of an unprecedented musical revolution. The art I practice is in the process of being dismantled, broken down into its component parts, and put together in ways we never dreamed of.

A brand new factor has now to be taken into account—the injection of science and scientific calculation into our musical thinking. A tone is no longer merely a tone, to be accepted as a fact of nature. It can be taken apart like a mechanism and measured in frequencies, in decibels, in duration, and in kinds of attack. It can be re-assembled by electronic means, recorded on magnetic tape, and tampered with so as to produce every possible sound combination from the most shattering noise to the most delicate tonal mixtures.

The resultant composition can then be sent through the mails, played over the radio, and heard everywhere. But what I've been describing is already at least ten years old. More recently, IBM has got into the act. Computer 7090, if fed the necessary information, can write out its own music *and* perform it. Isn't it astonishing how quickly all of us, even if we don't like it, have become accustomed to the idea that we are to have a new kind of music: music without instruments, without performers, and even without composers. In such circumstances, it is too much to expect that so-called normal music will remain just as it was in the past.

As usual, it's the younger generation that spearheads the new musical movement. The compositions they write are often problematical and very difficult to execute. They are composing less and less for large orchestral groups and more and more for small ensembles of dedicated musicians. I have nothing but admiration for this new species of young performer who grapples with these complexities—rhythmic, instrumental, and, I might add, notational—of the newer composers.

Avant-garde works are easy to identify—they just don't sound like the music we are accustomed to hear. Generally they fall into one of two opposed categories: a music of tightest control, where every element is worked out as the result of a pre-compositional plan, or a music that is wayward and unpredictable, relaxedly exploring the charm of chance operations. The curious thing is that when you listen to an avant-garde piece you can't always tell which category it belongs to. In either case, don't look for any tunes, any continuity, any graspable form, or any propulsive rhythms. This isn't a criticism, it's merely a description of what isn't there. What I am trying to say is that, in facing up to the new music, you're on your own. This is no different from being on your own before the new paintings, the new movies, the new theater, etc. It's just that people are quicker to get with it in relation to the visual and verbal arts and slower—much slower—to swim upstream with the aural art.

Whatever else may be said, there is definitely a sense of adventure in the new music. As a charter member myself of the adventurous generation of the Twenties, I can sense a similar excitement in the air nowadays. Good luck to them!

—*E. Fred Sher.*

Aaron Copland and Alberto Ginastera.

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Recordings in Review

Chabrier for Piano

CHABRIER: *"Pièces Pittoresques"*; *"Cinq Morceaux"*; *"Bourrée Fantasque"*; *"Capriccio"*; *"Impromptu"*; *Habanera*"; *"Air de Ballet"*; *"Suite de Valse"*; *"Marche des Cipayes"*; *"Trois Valses Romantiques"*; *"Cortège Burlesque"*; and *"Souvenirs de Munich". Rena Kyriakou, piano, with Walter Klien, piano.* Vox VBX 400, $9.95; stereo SVBX 5400, $9.95.

FOR all the popularity of such pieces as *España* and the *Bourrée Fantasque*, Emmanuel Chabrier must be described as a composer who is widely, rather than well known. And even to those who welcome this issue with the kind of glad cries that are reserved for those experiences one knows in advance are sure to be delightful, there remains the anomaly that the largest Chabrier, of *Gwendoline* and *Le roi malgré lui*, still remains unknown.

However, anomaly is the essence of Chabrier, a Frenchman who worked for eighteen years in the Ministry of the Interior until a journey to Munich and a hearing of *Tristan* confirmed him in the belief that the only real worthwhile vocation was music. In a time of such strivings in French music for the academically acceptable as concerti (Saint-Saëns and Lalo) and symphonies (Franck, D'Indy, and Chausson), Chabrier retained a Schumannesque fondness for the intimate and the spontaneous. With all his longing for achievement on a grand scale, he did not scruple to entertain, with the typical kind of results that course through these six sides, from the *Pièces Pittoresques* to the whimsical self-mockery of the *Souvenirs de Munich*, in which his affection for *Tristan* is dissembled with (among other things) a "Galop" based on the sailor's chant from act one.

Among the pleasures of this collection is the opportunity to discover, in their original form, several expressions that are better known in a later guise. Among these are sections 6, 9, 10, and 7 of the *Pièces Pittoresques*, which, in the orchestration by Vittorio Rieti, became the musical matter for Balanchine's well-remembered *Cotillon*, and with "Sous bois" substituted for the "Menuet-Pompeux" (No. 9) and was made by Chabrier himself into the *Suite pastorale*; the *Habanera*, also orchestrated by Chabrier; and the *Cortège Burlesque*, which contains the seeds of the later *Joyeuse Marche*. Even in the slightest of them there are latent the harmonic subtleties, the unexpected deviations from regularity to which Ravel paid affectionate tribute in his takeoff on the waltz from the *Faust* titled *A la manière d'Emmanuel Chabrier*.

A genuflection is owing to Vox not only for sponsoring this project, but also for following through on it by perfect casting of the performing personnel. I have no prior acquaintance with the artistry of Rena Kyriakou, a native of Crete trained in Athens, Vienna, and Paris, but she has in ideal proportions the qualities of spirit, musicality, and taste appropriate to the music. It is by no means accidental—or even volitional—that "spirit" comes first, for without the sensitive regard for what Chabrier was getting at in his highly personal art, the other qualifications would count for little. Two of the discs, recorded some time ago, are reissued in "remastered stereo"; the other, in which Walter Klien performs his usual deft service for the four-hand pieces, is of contemporary origin, and thus "original" stereo. The sound throughout is remarkably good.

Emmanuel Chabrier, at the piano, plays for a group of friends, including Vincent d'Indy (with mustache) at right, in a painting by Fantin-Latour (Luxembourg Museum).

The Lighter Caballé

CHAPI: *"Mi tío figura" (El Rey Que Rabió)*; *"Cuando está tan hondo!" (El Barquillero).* ARRIETA: *"Pensar en El" (Marina).* FERNANDEZ: *"Yo Quiero a un Hombre" (El Cabo Primero).* GUERRERA: *"No me duele que se vaya" (La Rosa del Azafrán).* LUNA: *"De España Vengo" (El Niño Judio).* PENELLA: *"Plegaria e Invocación: Bendita Cruz" (Don Gil de Alcalá).* SERRANO: *"Marinela, Marinela" (La Canción del Olvido).* VIVES: *"No quiero que sepa que acquí vengo yo" (Bohemios). Montserrat Caballé, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Eugenio Marco.* RCA Victor LM 2894, $4.79; stereo LSC 2894, $5.79.

There are at least two reasons why there is something special about having a vocalist of Spanish background among the leading singers of her time. One is the possibility that she may have an affection for the *zarzuela* literature of her native land, and thus delight the devotees of that engaging art form. The other is that the general popularity she enjoys may attract to the *zarzuela* literature persons who would not otherwise be exposed to it, thus adding to the number of devotees at large and the production of more material to appease their hunger.

Both possibilities promise to be happily realized by Caballé, whose known achievements as a singer of the most exacting music of Donizetti and Bellini hardly prepared one for her idiomatic delivery of this collection of excerpts ranging from Arrieta's *Marina* to Penella's *Don Gil de Alcalá*. There are some moments on side one when there seems an imminent danger that Mme. Caballé might overexpose her flair for *coloratura*, but the worst possibility is skirted. On the whole, the best music as well as the most affecting performance are contained on side two, which begins with the beguiling "Cuando está tan hondo", continues with the warmly emotional "De España Vengo," well known to admirers of Conchita Supervia, and, indeed, included in her Angel "Great Recordings of the Century" issue (COLH 113), and reaches a climax with the eloquent excerpt from Penella's *Don Gil de Alcalá*. Here the "popular" expression

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rises almost to the magnitude of "Mi chiamano Mimi" and suggests what Caballé might do in Puccini.

Inasmuch as the *zarzuela* is a form of music I am better equipped to enjoy than to analyze, I will leave it to others, better informed, to rate Caballé in the hierarchy of its practitioners. In a direct comparison of the *Niño Judio* excerpt it is clear that Supervia has a degree of charm and insinuation that Caballé has not yet developed; also that the latter's vocal qualifications are superior to her predecessor's. Certainly she shows every aptitude to flourish in this field as in others. The record label bears the attribution "Manufactured from a master recording owned by Almapres, S.A." attesting to its Spanish origin. The orchestral performance under the direction of Marco is reasonably good, the recording highly satisfactory. There are, happily, texts and translations to supplement Walter Starkie's excellent little essay.

The Greater Gigli

GIORDANO: *"Un dì all'azzurro spazio," "Sì, fui soldato," "Come un bel dì di maggio," "Vicino a te . . . La nostra morte" with Maria Caniglia, soprano, and Gino Conti, bass (Andrea Chénier); "Amor ti vieta" (Fedora); "Non conosciuto" (Marcella).* LEONCAVALLO: *"Pagliaccio mio marito . . . O Colombina" with Iva Pacetti, soprano, "No! Pagliaccio non son" (Pagliacci).* MASCAGNI: *"Tu qui Santuzza . . . No, no, Turridu" with Dusolina Giannini, soprano, "Mamma, quel vino è generoso" (Cavalleria Rusticana); "Ed anche Beppe amò" (L'Amico Fritz); "Se Franz dicesse il vero" (Lodoletta); "Non colombelle!" "E passerà la viva creatura" (Isabeau). Beniamino Gigli, tenor, with orchestras conducted by Oliverio de Fabritiis, Carlo Sabajno, Umberto Berrettoni, Vito Carnevali, Franco Ghione, John Barbirolli and Rinaldo Zamboni.* Angel, mono only, COLH 144, $5.79.

There is always a certain risk in declaring any given recording of any given piece of music as "the best ever"—the same risk, it may be added, that accompanies going off the deep end into what turns out to be very shallow water. But if the version of "Un dì all 'azzurro spazio" from *Chénier* included in this series of reissues is not the best on record, it must be a record that never attained any wide general circulation.

For one thing, like the excerpts from *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria*, it derives (mostly) from a complete recording, with its attendant atmosphere and sense of a whole. But, for another, it dates from the recording of 1941 (in which, so commentator Rodolfo Celletti says, Gigli was "accompanied by Maria

Gigli—"abundance of stirring tone."

Caniglia, Gino Bechi and Giulietta Simionato). Gigli was then past fifty, and had been singing professionally for more than half of his years: yet the voice has a fine ring still, and a degree of a coloration he did not possess when it was fresher and he was younger.

Lest this be put aside as mere speculation, it may be mentioned that there is another Gigli version of the same aria, dating from twenty years before (shortly after he had participated in the Metropolitan première of *Chénier* in 1921). The vocal sound is ravishing, and there is compelling fervor in the use of it. But it is not until one hears the full-blown version of 1941 that one realizes what about this aria causes it to be called an *improvviso*. It relates to its restless ebb and flow, its "generally rhetorical, quasi-public tone" (as Celletti well describes it), its mixture of subjects and emotions—ardent, impassioned, hostile—and the opportunity is thus provided for the sardonic, denunciatory tone that Gigli commands to be employed. There are at least six different colorations of sound (dark, light, medium light, *mezza voce*, covered and open) mustered by Gigli for these phrases, and he has still one more left for the final phrase.

What is considered the more typical Gigli manner—a lyric sound so confiding it almost can be described as crooned—is beautifully present in "Come un bel dì di maggio," and the seldom heard "Non conosciuto" from the same composer's *Marcella*. And there is an abundance of stirring tone and artful use of it in the *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* excerpts (the Giannini contribution to the former is especially notable); but the shock of a completely illuminating experience is restricted to the "Improvviso." A good deal of the noise that disfigured the sound of the *Chénier* on 78 rpm has been suppressed.

Again, the "Chants d'Auvergne"

CANTELOUBE: *"Songs of the Auvergne."* RAVEL: *"Trois Chants Hébraïques" and "Chansons Madécasses."* Madeleine Grey, soprano, *the Canteloube conducted by Elie Cohen, the Ravel with the composer as pianist and as conductor.* Angel, mono only, COLC 152, $5.79.

CANTELOUBE: (arranged by Gershon Kingsley) *New Songs of the Auvergne; Chants des Pays Basques; Chants Paysans. Netania Davrath, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Kingsley.* Vanguard VRS 9209, $4.79; stereo VSD 79209, $5.79.

Almost anything associated with the *Chants d'Auvergne* and Madeleine Grey arouses a sympathetic chord in this organ of expression, for it was as a result of a letter-writing campaign that began almost as soon as RECORDINGS did (in 1947) that Columbia re-issued them on set MM 758, after they had been out of print for years. And it was from the astonishing response to this reissue—10,000 sets were sold during the year 1948—that there flowed an LP issue a year or two later (ML 4459). (There also flowed an impassioned letter from Grey wanting to know what had happened to her royalties, but that is another story.)

It is thus a special pleasure to have them admitted to the honorary company of "Great Recordings of the Century," particularly for the upgrading that has been practiced on the sound, which is vastly better than on either of the three prior Columbia issues in this country (the original blue, the later green, and the LP). The voice has much more presence, and even the accompaniment so affectingly conducted by Cohen stands out much more clearly in its instrumental detail. Needless to say, the pleasure is doubled by the addition of the Ravel delicacies, which were, in their original form, all but inaudible under the grind of surface sound. Now they sound nearly as good as the *Chants*, which is further cause for admiring the unerring aim of Grey's artistry, the keen thrust of her vocal sensitivity, the invariable justice not merely of the timbre she selects for a given song, but the shading of that timbre to the need of an individual word.

As for the "new" *Chants*, they are, alas, too much like such other things called "new" after some old admired model—rather further away than one would prefer. Much of the material echoes the charm of the better known examples, but somewhat distantly. With all her advantages of contemporary recording techniques, Miss Davrath does not achieve the coloristic content as convincingly as she did in her prior records devoted to the first collections (perhaps for lack of so good a model as the Grey recording long provided). However, for those to whom Canteloube is an unremitting appetite, to be indulged as long as the supply lasts, these and the overside songs from the Basque country will satisfy as nothing else can. Kingsley has done his work well, and conducts his arrangements persuasively.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G Major (Opus 58). Ivan Moravec, piano, with orchestra conducted by Martin Turnovsky. Connoisseur Society, CM 163 (33 1/3 rpm only), $4.79; stereo CS 163 (33 1/3 rpm) and CSS 163 (45 rpm), $5.79.	There are some undeniable excellences in this performance, but as many offsetting liabilities, including the cadenza for the first movement. According to the jacket copy, it is "generally accepted as composed by Beethoven." By whom, and why? In any case, as is true of one cadenza for the Third Piano Concerto, the possibility exists that Beethoven could extemporize a cadenza as inappropriate as anyone else's, and the question therefore is not "Who wrote it?" but "How good is it?". On his own, Moravec manages to offset some good evidences of adroit phrasing and sensitivity with oddly contrasting changes of pace and dynamics. Turnovsky's direction of the orchestra is sober and well considered rather than either profound or illuminating. The use of the 45 rpm speed does nothing, in my hearing, to improve the quality of the reproduced sound of the stereo (the mono is cut as 33 1/3).
Ives: Symphony No. 1; Variations on "America" (orchestrated by Schuman); *The Unanswered Question*. Morton Gould conducting the Chicago Symphony orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2893, $4.79; stereo LSC 2893, $5.79.	Gould brings a remarkable balance of enthusiasm and understanding to these performances, of which the Symphony No. 1 is a first recording and the Variations are so superior to the prior effort (by the Louisville Orchestra) that they might as well be. The Symphony offers an illuminating insight into what the composer was before he became what he is, a devoted respondent to the examples of those who were in ascension during his time at Yale (where it was written): Brahms, Dvořák, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner. But the persuasive fact about it is that it has vastly more charge (in the electrical sense) and animation than the works of other Americans who followed a similar course at the time. This, if nothing else, is immediately apparent in Gould's forward-moving performance. In the Variations, where he has the advantage of Schumann's brilliant highlighting of the composer's typically irreverent thoughts on a reverent subject, Gould achieves a result of high musical merit as well as much entertainment value. But it strikes me that Bernstein's recent *Unanswered Question* captured somewhat better the introspection of this piece. The Chicago Symphony has rarely sounded so well or been better reproduced.
Mozart: Symphony in G minor, No. 40 (K.550); Symphony in C, No. 41 (K.551). Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. London CM 9479, $4.79; stereo CS 6479, $5.79.	Both of these performances are very much to Giulini's credit; in the instance of the G minor, it is difficult to think of another contemporary (which, is to say, not Beecham, Walter, or Toscanini) who has so well savored its impassioned intellectuality. Giulini follows through on every restless, probing gambit, and is as seldom guilty of exaggeration as he is of understatement. He has a strong conviction about what he wants to do, which conforms very closely to what Mozart has indicated as his preference. The C major does not sustain quite so high a standard, in part because it is a work of another character, to which Giulini is not quite so partial. Also, what Szell has done with it lately embodies some insights not easily excelled. Excellent reproduction of fine orchestral playing.
Offenbach-Rosenthal: *Gaité Parisienne*. Charles Munch conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. London, stereo only, SPC 21011, $5.79.	The riotous score of Massine's most famous ballet is custom-made for any system of reproduction that prides itself on quality results, whether Lab Series, Dynagroove, or the present Phase 4. Unlike most predecessors in this series, the results are remarkable not so much for mass impact as for delicacy and nuance. Whether this is a product of calculated purpose or the outcome of Munch's mode of conducting, the results are all to the benefit of Manuel Rosenthal's scoring. There have been, among the dozens of prior *Gaités*, performances of greater impact, but few which treat the music with so much respect or endow it with as much distinction. A total Phase 4 triumph.
Prokofiev: *Peter and the Wolf*. Britten: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*. Sean Connery, narrator, with orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati. London, stereo only, SPC 21007, $5.79.	Connery has mostly suppressed his 007 personality in this enterprise, though there is a suspicion, when the guns of the hunters are rattled around in *Peter*, that he might reply from force of habit. What he provides, rather, is verbally agile, humoristic, and always intelligible, with the command of the language that seems to come more naturally to British actors than to any others. Whether by intent or not, Dorati delivers a somewhat oversized version of both scores, which the Phase 4 technicians proceeded further to overproduce. Perhaps it would be well to separate Connery's track from the rest and join it with something less demonstrative—perhaps Phase 3, or Phase 3 1/4?
Stravinsky: *Agon*. Schuller: *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee*. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2879, $4.79; stereo LSC 2879, $5.79.	One of the unresolved quandaries of our century is the extent to which a composer's recording really conveys the content of a piece he has written, especially if it marks a digression from his prior style. That is, does he hear it in a special way that deprives the ordinary, receptive listener of something he needs to understand it? In the case of *Agon*, it strikes me that Leinsdorf has put together a more intelligible sequence of sounds than Stravinsky did in his own recording for Columbia, placed the air spaces at points which define more clearly the dimensions of the surrounding sound. What this adds to, however, is understanding rather than affection. This second recording of Schuller's *Klee Studies* is an appreciable advance on its predecessor (by Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony, no longer available), both in formulation and reproduction. Something a little more dynamic would be desirable in the jazz-oriented "Kleiner blauer Teufel," but on the whole Leinsdorf has realized sharply and well the values in Schuller's attractive likenesses of Klee's models. In addition to providing a commentary for his own pieces, Schuller has annotated *Agon* with some expressions of admiration which are, to borrow one of his own words, "awesome."
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 2 (*Little Russian*). Laidov: Eight Folk Songs. André Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2884, $4.79; stereo LSC 2884, $5.79.	This is the kind of enterprise that should be issued anonymously so that the performance could be judged objectively without influence by the name attached to it. However, as it hasn't, it can only be reported that it communicates what is conveyed by the Previn name in this context: a facile kind of superficial slickness that doesn't probe much below the surface. He may have the qualifications of a consequential conductor—musicality, certainly, and a sophisticated sense of tonal values—but he has skipped too many rungs on the ladder to function on equal terms with those who have advanced more methodically. Thus, one never hears much evidence that Previn knows just what the special charm of Tchaikovsky's work is, or how to deliver it to the listener. The Liadov pieces make somewhat better listening, in part because they are more compact and pose no problems of structure. The orchestra plays well for him, and the recorded sound is excellent.
Tchaikovsky: *Hamlet*, Fantasy-Overture; *Romeo and Juliet*, Fantasy-Overture. Lorin Maazel conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 6463, $4.79; stereo CS 6463, $5.79.	The probability (to judge from his previously issued recordings of all the symphonies) that Maazel will record the whole canon of orchestral Tchaikovsky gives rise to the possibility that he may soon rank as the most satisfactory all-around interpreter of that composer's works. How this relates to intellectual affinity or emotional chemistry might be an interesting subject to probe, for he is, on the whole, more considerate of shape and texture in these works—where they tend, universally, to be manhandled—than in some others. A particular benefit accrues, in this instance, to *Hamlet*, a work which is rarely played at all, thus even more rarely with the kind of controlled fury which Maazel imparts to it. It is somewhat harder to energize *Romeo and Juliet* into something arresting, but it may be said for Maazel that he doesn't go out of Tchaikovsky's way in an effort to find one of his own. Very good reproduction. —Irving Kolodin.

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Child of the Baroque

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

AFTER A LONG PERIOD of obscurity in the theater, Jean-Philippe Rameau has recently climbed back onto the rostrum of the performing arts. The famous postwar revival of *Les Indes Galantes* at the Paris Opéra (in a beefed-up orchestral edition to match the size of the house) sounded the advance. Festival performances of *Platée* followed elsewhere in France, and one was preserved on LP (available on import only). Two seasons ago *Castor et Pollux* was given to New York in a semi-staged revival by Thomas Scherman; and just this year *Hippolyte et Aricie* reached Boston in a full-scale mounting under the direction of Sarah Caldwell.

And now Rameau—a true child of the Baroque, born only two years after Bach and Handel—is available domestically on discs as an opera composer. His instrumental works have been recorded for years; his *Treatise on Harmony* still makes the rounds of the scholastic library circuit. But his operas, except for *Platée* and those in score, have remained inaccessible to those who cannot attend the burgeoning, yet still limited, revivals in the theater. And now L'Oiseau-Lyre has brought out a well documented edition of *Hippolyte et Aricie* (stereo SOL 286-7-8) that should answer several modern questions about the work's degree of musical interest.

Rameau, who turned fifty before he completed his first opera (this same *Hippolyte et Aricie*) had won fame previously by composing instrumental suites, writing church cantatas, and making a big noise in Paris as a musical polemicist. Imbued with a passion for the theater, he seems to have found in opera the natural goal of all his prior longings. And opera in the early and mid-1700s meant both more and less than musical expressivity alone. Equal emphasis, in the Parisian scene, was placed upon dance and theatrical décor. Great machines representing the sea in tempest, spectacular cloud effects, the impressive descent of gods from celestial heights were a necessary part of the artistic mechanism of the time. Opera was designed to appeal as much to the eye as to the ear. And in a holdover of this baroque feeling, newspaper accounts of the recent Caldwell *Hippolyte* in Boston gave special play—and justifiably—to the appearance of a sea-serpent rearing its head above the waves, as well as to other striking scenic effects. There can be no doubt that much of the revival's success (at that of *Les Indes Galantes* at the Paris Opéra) came on the basis of a video evaluation.

Since we cannot, at least not yet, be in tune with an opera visually through hearing it on records, one must note that *Hippolyte et Aricie* in the new L'Oiseau-Lyre album for the ear alone is pretty heavy going. Perhaps this stiff, brocaded music might have come fully alive in a more convincing performance. As it is, there are moments of radiant satisfaction, especially in the enchanting chorus and ballet that mark the return of Thésée—himself agitated, his people amiably insensitive to the trouble that goads him—at the end of act three.

Such unexpected, small delights as the use of a Provençal tambour to punctuate the dance rhythms make Rameau's score more endearing than its long, studied, formal airs. The splendid hunting chorus of Act Four, the ravishing nightingale music of the final scene also bring enormous color and charm. The English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Anthony Lewis, is richly textured and rhythmically strong, while the St. Anthony Singers are equally good as a choral group. Thurston Dart's realization of the harpsichord continuo is on the same high level. The sound comes off splendidly; surfaces are exemplary. L'Oiseau-Lyre has maintained its previous standards of scholarship and technical command.

Where the new album falls short is in the singing—bleak and unresonant, more British than French in texture, sounding at its best like Julie Andrews and at its worst like a finishing-school performance of *Princess Ida*. After the excellently sung *Béatrice et Bénédict* released by this same company, one would have expected better. The Berlioz opera, however, can carry itself musically without too great a need for top-class voices. Rameau, if the interest is to be sustained, needs virtuoso artists. Joan Sutherland and a superb supporting cast in the London recording of Handel's *Alcina*, and an ensemble of similar excellence in Angel's revival of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*, have shown how old operatic scores take on new life when projected with vocal mastery.

If Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie* is to be renewed at all, crack orchestral playing and choral ensemble are not enough. The secret lies in eloquent singing—otherwise, and especially without the designated visual splendor, this opera can be a bore. It would seem that the producers of the new album have tried to forestall a potential monotony: for whenever—as in long patches of recitative accompanied by harpsichord and cello continuo—the musical interest appears to be waning, stereo blocking jumps into the breach and, through a simulation of stage movement, brings some little help to an otherwise sterile situation. In the big concerted numbers, there is no blocking—with a resulting inconsistency.

Among the principals, Rae Woodland as the goddess Diana comes off best, singing with good style and fair vocal prowess. Janet Baker, in the voluptuous rôle of Phèdre, follows a sexless oratorio pattern; John Shirley-Quirk is conscientious as Thésée; Robert Tear adequate as Hippolyte; and Angela Hickey suffers from a persistent waver as Aricie.

Rameau—Illustration from the libretto of L'Oiseau-Lyre's *Hippolyte et Aricie*.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Dvořák: Quartet in A flat (Opus 105). Smetana: Quartet in E minor. Mozart: Quartets in B flat (K.589) and F (K.590). Guarneri Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2887, $4.79; stereo LSC 2887, $5.79.	Quartets that play Smetana as well as they do Dvořák are by no means uncommon, for these are composers related by a familial strain of national background and temperamental roots. However, when the same quartet plays Mozart comparably well, the implication is clear that it is among the uncommon ones. That is the first impression of these initial releases from RCA Victor of a group that was born in the favorable surroundings of Marlboro, Vermont, with twin godparents named Serkin and Schneider. But the most influential "S" in makeup is unquestionably Arnold Steinhardt, a violinist of broadly beautiful sound, and what is more, a cultivated sense of how to utilize it. In the turbulent flow of Smetana and Dvořák, where a strong rudder is needed to keep the craft headed on course, he is a resourceful helmsman, assuming the responsibilities appropriate to his position. In Mozart (the two final quartets, in the "King of Prussia" sequence, rather than the more frequently played earlier ones), where the current is less intense, he functions as a first among equals. And one of the most hopeful signs for this ensemble's future is that all of its members *are* equals, technically, and communal spirits, musically. For formal identification, they are John Dalley, violin; Michael Tree, viola; and David Soyer, cello. Whether they have among them even one Guarnerius is not clearly defined. But they should not long remain on such an austerity diet. I would prefer a little less close-up milking of the sound, in favor of a little more of the total resonance.
Grofé: *Atlantic Crossing*. The composer conducting, with Anton Dolin and Ethel LeVane, narrators. Everest 3139, stereo only, $4.98.	Admirers of Grofé's *Mississippi* and *Grand Canyon* Suites may think they will know what to expect from his talents in the context of the title, but that would reckon without the participation of Dolin and LeVane. For, unfortunately, the discourse incidental to what the sleeve copy describes as "a love story, related by a man who has lost his love" is much the most persistent part of the total sound. Indeed, Grofé's music is barely more than what, in the days of radio, used to be called "under scoring," with very little character, or even any pretention to character. So, in the end, what is involved is a product rather mysteriously labeled for what it contains. Unintentionally, perhaps, the artist who drew the cover sketch of a four-stack steamer discharging smoke dated the issue as a whole, for it is all about that vintage.
Mozart: *Don Giovanni* (excerpts). Hermann Prey (Don Giovanni), Fritz Wunderlich (Don Ottavio), Ernst Wiemann (Commendatore), Elisabeth Grümmer (Donna Anna), Karl Kohn (Leporello), Thomas Stewart (Masetto) Erika Köth (Zerlina), Hildegard Hillebrecht (Donna Elvira), with Hans Zanotelli conducting. Turnabout 4030, $2.50; stereo 34030, $2.50.	Those who missed this disc on Electrola will find about an equal balance of affection and disaffection in the musical qualities of what is offered. I am not particularly partisan to *Don Giovanni* in German in any case, and Prey is hardly the forceful kind of artist who exercises sufficient persuasion to rate as a mind changer. Wunderlich is excellent in what he does ("Dalla sua pace" in the guise of "Nur ihrem Frieden, weich' ich mein Leben") as is Grümmer (the opening scene and Finale of act one), but the voice that attracts my ear belongs to Karl Kohn, the Leporello. He is heard both in his first solo and the Catalogue Aria, and musters a richness as well as a flexibility of sound which are uncommon among Leporellos generally, let alone a German one.
Schoenberg: *Verklärte Nacht*; Quartet No. 2. Ramor Quartet, with Edith Lerincz (viola), Zsolt Deaky (cello) and Maria Theresia Escribano, soprano. Turnabout 4032, $2.50; stereo 34032, $2.50.	Both of these performances have been available previously, though neither together nor on the Turnabout label. They are, by all visible and audible evidence, the same performances hitherto on Vox (paired with works of Alban Berg). A rehearing qualifies them as still the preferable way of hearing the sextet version of the *Verklärte Nacht* and the Quartet. (In the latter instance, the difference is in the stereo issue, there being no other.) Bringing them together in this wise may contribute to a greater dissemination of the Quartet: but it would serve understanding more to have included the text and translation of Stefan George's *Litanei*, which Schoenberg used as the basis for his vocal finale.
Verdi: "Ecco l'orrido campo" (*Un ballo in maschera*); "Una macchia" (*Macbeth*); "O don fatale," "Tu che le vanità" (*Don Carlo*); and "Ritorna vincitor" (*Aida*). Régine Crespin, with orchestra conducted by Georges Prêtre. Angel 36311, $4.79; stereo S 36311, $5.79.	There is no doubt that Crespin is a sizeable performer, with a potential for quality results that has not yet been either evaluated or fully exploited. At the same time, she seems willing to risk the esteem that goes with solid artistry to derive some temporary *réclame* with a fling at things mostly out of her reach. A sample, in this collection, is the 'Sleepwalking" scene from *Macbeth*, for which she possesses more voluptuousness of voice than is either necessary or desirable, an unsteady focus of her big sound on some difficult flatted intervals, and a rather placid attitude about the whole mood she is required to convey. But it *is* a surprise, on the first time around, to discover that she doesn't even attempt the high D flat which Verdi wrote with the admonishment "un fil de voce." It would be like entering a horse in the Derby when you knew in advance that he was going to refuse the final water jump. What's the point? In the *Don Carlo* excerpts, Mme. Crespin is much more at home with "Tu che le vanità" than with "O don fatale," which is simply to say that she should concentrate on the character of Elisabetta and forget about singing Eboli's music. The *Ballo* excerpt is quite good, "Ritorna vincitor" creditable, save for the stodgy tempo preferred by Prêtre. On balance, what Crespin needs is not more voice or a bigger sound, but a better idea of what is advantageous for her to do with the quite adequate means she does not know how to handle.
Weber: Concerto in F (Opus 75); Andante and Rondo (Opus 35). Mozart: Concerto in B flat (K. 191). George Zukerman, bassoon, with the Württemberg Chamber Orchestra conducted by Jörg Färber. Turnabout TV 4039, $2.50; stereo TV 34039, $2.50.	That there is another bassoon concerto of quality beside the cherished one of Mozart has been one of the best kept of musical secrets, but it is a secret no more. As bassoonist Zukerman makes clear, it is just as *fagott mässig* as its famous predecessor, with an extension of range that came with the passing of thirty-odd years in the instrument's development. The first impression that Zukerman's tone was not according to Germanic training is confirmed by the annotation that describes him as a New Yorker by training. He is, indeed, a pupil of Leonard Sharrow, who made the famous Toscanini recording of the Mozart concerto. Now a resident of Vancouver, B.C., Zukerman is in every way qualified to carry on his mentor's lead. He also shows an unexpected strain of humor in weaving into his second-movement cadenza a less-than-thinly-veiled reference to "Dürch die Wälder" (sung by Max in Weber's *Der Freischütz*). The Rondo, originally written for viola (according to the informative notes of Hope Sheridan), makes a welcome addendum. Conductor Färber is a stimulating associate in Mozart no less than in Weber. —I.K.

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Catching up with a Colleague

THERE IS an unwritten law among reviewers which says: Thou shalt not review a record for which thou hast written the liner notes. I do not entirely accept the implications of that law; it seems to be saying that one cannot have esthetic perspective on music he has annotated—or if I can have, he shouldn't. Still, I think it is probably a good law.

The foregoing is a somewhat roundabout preamble to comments on recent recordings, some of which have notes by Stanley Dance. The first is by Earl Hines and Johnny Hodges as co-leaders of a quintet; it is called *Stride Right*, and it appears on Verve V/V6-8647. The recital begins with a reading of Hines's "Caution Blues," or to give its alternate title, "Blues in Thirds." Hines recorded the piece on his first solo date in December 1928, and recorded it again two days later for another label. He recorded it in a version with Sidney Bechet in 1940. And here is a new version.

Each of these readings, is lovely, charming—but with a charm and a loveliness that are more than surface qualities. "Blues in Thirds" showed an important player taking the blues form, a form that had previously been used for a kind of impersonal, communal lament, and using it as a vehicle for a kind of subjective and introspective lyricism. When Bechet played with Hines on the piece, he interposed his own earthy, fundamental manner and the juxtaposition was highly effective. The urbane Hodges plays the blues with a combination of traditional lamentation and personal lyricism, as does guitarist Kenny Burrel. So the current version of "Blues in Thirds," with opening and closing statements from Hines and solos by Hodges and Burrel is a unique and enlightening reading of an exceptional piece.

I do not think the rest of the Hodges-Hines collaboration is quite on the level of its opening, however, nor on the most imaginative level of either man.

(Since Stanley Dance has annotated, or otherwise been involved with, several of Hines's recent LPs, and since several of them have been very good, I will give my own selection of the best of them: the solo concert, *Spontaneous Explorations* on Contact CM/CS-2 and *Grand Reunion*, Vol. 2, with Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins, on Limelight L/LS 86028).

Mr. Dance is also a frequent annotator of Duke Ellington LPs, the most recent of which is called *Concert in the Virgin Islands* (Reprise R-6185)—not, apparently, because it was recorded there but because the first four pieces make up a suite that was written there.

One should always approach Ellington with expectation, even the most apparently unlikely Ellington. On an LP devoted to ditties from Walt Disney's *Mary Poppins*, for example, Duke Ellington comes up with an arrangement of "Let's Go Fly a Kite" which is one of the best orchestrations American popular music has offered in a decade.

I will single out only four things on the Virgin Islands LP. The attractively scored "Jungle Kitty," featuring trumpeter Cat Anderson, is a delight and a revelation. A revelation because Anderson usually plays what is called the "screech book" in the ensemble, and is assigned the sometimes banal role of ending piece after piece with a few of the highest notes he can muster (which are usually very high indeed!). Here his horn offers a shifting variety of sounds and textures, and these are revealed in a solo of melodic and emotional compactness. There is a slow blues feature for Johnny Hodges called "Big Fat Alice's Blues." (Anyone who thinks that Duke Ellington is given to pretentiousness should take a look at his titles from any period of his career.) And there is another good score called "Mysterious Chick."

Finally, there is a new version of "Chelsea Bridge." Ellington's music, the truism holds, is worked out in collaboration with the members of his orchestra. Therefore, it must sometimes be a burden to return to the older repertory with newer players, and one cannot say that the effort always succeeds. "Chelsea Bridge" originally featured Ben Webster, trombonist Juan Tizol, and the composer, pianist Billy Strayhorn. But this extended, rococo version by Paul Gonzalves's tenor saxophone is beautiful.

Jazz Dialogue on Atlantic 1449 is by the Modern Jazz Quartet with, according to billing, "the All-Star Jazz Band." (Here the notes are not Mr. Dance's.) It is a disappointing record, and one's disappointment is compounded by the fact that, for the occasion, John Lewis provided arrangements of some of the Quartet's best pieces including "The Golden Striker," "Ralph's New Blues," and "Django" (yes, still another "Django"). He also constructed a new blues piece called "Home" by perceptively reassessing some of the clichés of rock-'n'-roll and "soul jazz." It is possible for brilliant jazz players to give performances that imply their brilliance but that are emotionally almost pedestrian—these performances, for example.

As long as we are speaking of bands, I will note that Columbia has a series of big band reissue albums "electronically reprocessed for stereo." The first of these is called *Woody Herman's Greatest Hits* (CL 2491; CS 9291). The title is accurate, I think; the selections come from 1945 through 1948 and include "Caldonia," "Apple Honey," "Wild Root," "Four Brothers," and so forth. To my ear, the reprocessing more or less pipes highs through one speaker, lows through the other. So, let it be said that anyone who wants such an album can now get it.

Benny Goodman's Greatest Hits (Columbia CL 2483; CS 9283) is another kettle of fish—and I use the cliché deliberately. "Six Flats Unfurnished," for example, was a "hit" only by virtue of being on the back of one—"Why Don't You Do Right," which is not included here. "Jersey Bounce" was a hit. But was "Benny Rides Again" (however much one might wish it had been, for it is an interesting piece)? For some of the other numbers we encounter alternate "takes" and out-of-the-way versions, but the notes aren't much help in these matters (this "Sing Sing Sing" not only is not the Carnegie Hall version, as claimed, it isn't even by the full band). But if anybody wants such an album as this, he can get it too.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

Asking About the Beggars

By Anthony Ostroff

WHEN you ask about the beggars
Those who do not beg
Shrug.
They say: *Los pobres.*

When you ask about the *beggars*
They say, *Por que?*
Why do you ask?

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MUSIC, MOSCOW, AND TRANSISTORS

A PORTABLE RADIO was once a bulky, balky thing, suitable only for keeping abreast of the baseball season without leaving the beach. Then came transistors, FM – and the deluge. In the three years since *SR*'s last report on the subject, the number and variety of battery-operated FM portable radios have grown to staggering proportions. There are over a hundred brands –some established, some transient–and perhaps a thousand models on today's market. They range in price from about $20 to $250, and in weight from a few ounces to nearly twenty pounds.

The FM portables bring the advantages of FM's superior interference rejection, greater tonal range, and generally higher programing standard to previously remote areas at a moderate price. Virtually all (an exception will be discussed next month) receive the AM broadcast band as well. And an increasing number of these portables not only pick up the standard FM and AM broadcast bands, but tune in the world as well, receiving the Voice of America, Radio Moscow, the BBC, Radio Havana, and other short-wave broadcasts, a great many of them in English. An evening of short-wave listening can bring official Eastern, Western, and neutral views of the same event, news of a Cuban process to manufacture paper plates from sugar cane, new music by British composers, a play-by-play description of a U.S. team's appearance on the soccer fields of Russia, or a tugboat and a liner discussing a narrowly averted collision.

Perhaps half the FM portables above the $50 range have some sort of "short-wave" facilities, and most of these will pick up the major foreign broadcasts; but on the majority of portables, the stations are so jammed together that it takes a sharp ear and a slow, steady hand to find them.

The frequencies of the short-wave spectrum may be spread out for easier tuning through the use of "band-spread" fine-tuning controls, or by extending this spectrum over several dial scales. Radios designed for more than just casual international reception almost invariably do one or both.

Many of the larger, more expensive FM portables have just such extensive short-wave facilities, often warranting comparison with specialized short-wave receivers. The larger sets—whether they receive short-wave or not—also tend to reproduce FM broadcasts with higher fidelity than do the smaller ones, thanks to larger speakers, more powerful audio amplifiers with lower distortion, and (often) more elaborate tone controls. The seven FM portable radios examined this month are singled out primarily for their short-wave reception facilities: each has its short-wave band divided among at least three dial scales (save the Telefunken, with two short-wave scales and a clever, fine-tuning control that takes the place of further scale divisions). FM portables with less extensive short-wave provisions will be covered next month.

SR readers will be most concerned with the radios' performance on FM—it ranges from good to excellent, all seven being roughly comparable to a high-fidelity component tuner with a rabbit-ear antenna in their selectivity (ability to distinguish between stations), and in their sensitivity. Since none of the portables has the high frequency response of a high fidelity system, noise is slightly less noticeable than it would have been with a component high fidelity tuner and speaker system. The FM sections of the Heathkit GR-43 are, in fact, taken from some of Heath's transistor high fidelity components, and the Norelco L-638 and Heath GR-43 incorporate inputs for standard FM antennas, the use of which should greatly improve their already excellent reception.

Tone quality on FM ranges from fair to excellent, and on three of the radios checked (the Nordmende, Norelco and Telefunken) separate bass and treble controls allow precise adjustment to the listener's tastes. All have speakers at least 4″ x 6″ in size, and audio amplifier outputs of at least one-half, and in some cases up to two and one-half watts; the Telefunken's output climbs to five watts when the radio is installed in its automobile bracket—the better to be heard against the noises of the highway.

Automatic frequency control (AFC), lighted dials, and tuning meters were among the "less common" features in *SR*'s 1963 report. Of the seven FM radios covered here, five have AFC that can be switched off for better reception of weak stations, all but the Sonolor (the least expensive of the lot) have dial lights, and the Nordmende and Norelco have tuning meters (which also indicate battery condition).

Since "portables" as large as these tend to draw more current than the smaller ones, AC power-line adapters are desirable to save both the nuisance and expense of frequent battery replacement; and since the larger radios are moved less often, connections to the power lines are more practical than they would be for radios that are constantly moved

Portable FM/International Radios

Make:	Hallicrafters	Heathkit (kit only)		Nordmende	Norelco	Sonolor	Telefunken	Zenith
Model	WR-4000	GC-1A Mohican	GR-43	Globetraveller	L-638		Bajazzo DeLuxe	Trans-Oceanic R3000-1
Price:	$139.95	$89.50	$159.95	$169.95	$249.95	$89.95	$169.95	$199.95
Weight:	10½ lbs.	.....	17 lbs.	10 lbs	11 lbs.	5 lbs.	6¾ lbs.	13½ lbs.
Number of SW dial Scales:	3	4	7	12	4	3	2	6
SW frequency range (mHz.)	2-18.2	1.6-32	2-22.4	1.51-22.18	1.6-27.7	1.6-22	2.2-15.6	2-18.5
Fine tuning:	yes	yes	no	no	yes	no	yes	no
FM tone quality:	fair	(no FM)	good	good	excellent	fair	good	good
SW tone quality:	good	excellent	fair/good	good	excellent	fair	good	good
SW tuning ease:	good	excellent	good	good	excellent	fair	good	good

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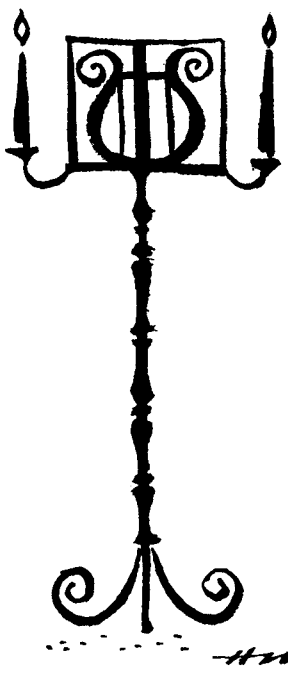
from room to room. Only for the Sonolor—lightest of the seven—is there no AC adapter available (Hallicrafters does not claim one, either, but their battery connector plug is interchangeable with the standard plug for European AC adapters).

The short-wave performance of these radios compares surprisingly well with that of the Heath GC-1A Mohican (a short-wave portable having no FM band, but offering fuller short-wave coverage and many features of great use to primarily short-wave listeners). Virtually any station the Mohican can pick up can be received (albeit not as clearly) by the seven FM portables, so long as it lies within their frequency coverage.

Only four radios—the Heath Mohican, the Norelco, the Telefunken, and the Sonolor—have no gaps in their coverage of the short-wave bands, though all receive at least portions of the 13-, 16-, 19/20-, 25-, 40- and 49/50-meter bands, where most international speech broadcasts seem to be concentrated.

While reception is good using the whip antennas built into the radios, all provide also for the use of external short-wave antennas, which improve performance still further; and the Norelco and Sonolor have standard automobile antenna jacks for mobile operation. All have earphone jacks, a useful feature both for quiet FM listening and for reception of weak signals. The Hallicrafters, and Heath Mohican feature "best frequency oscillators" for clearer reception of Morse code and "single-sideband" communications, while the Zenith Trans-Oceanic offers a BFO as an accessory. The Trans-Oceanic, by the way, was included in *SR*'s last report on portable radios; since then, its price has dropped from $275 to $200. —IVAN BERGER.



National Anthem

Continued from page 46

dissidents among the 120,000,000 who had *not* signed the "Star-Spangled Banner" petition. But the bill's proponents, no doubt well aware that such sentiments had great potential if given time to consolidate, stepped up their efforts to bring the bill brought to a vote. Finally, after turning it down three times earlier in the session, the House passed the bill on the last day. The bill was passed by the Senate in December, and was signed by President Hoover on March 3, 1931.

Looking over this history, I cannot help concluding that we, the people of this country, never really chose our anthem; rather, it was foisted upon us. An insistent, vocal group acted, as all clever lobbies do, to make its point of view appear to have wide, mass support; this simply wasn't true.

The real question is—can we do better, and should we be satisfied with less than the best we can do? I think we can do much better, and here is a suggestion as to how.

Let's begin with the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities Act which became law in September 1965. This, it will be remembered, was created in belated recognition of the importance of all the arts to the national well-being and in the enhancing of our image to ourselves as well as to others. Among its avowed purposes, as stated in Section 2, Paragraph 5, is:

> . . . The world leadership which has come to the United States cannot rest solely upon superior power, wealth, and technology, but must be solidly founded upon world-wide respect and admiration for the Nation's high qualities as a leader in the realm of ideas and of the spirit. . . .

And more specifically, in Section 3, Paragraph d:

> . . . programs to foster American artistic creativity, to commission works of art, to create opportunities for individuals to develop artistic talents when carried out as part of a program . . .

We need no stronger mandate than this to strive for a better national anthem; surely no project was ever more clearly within the province and in the spirit of a law of our nation.

I therefore propose a contest for a new anthem which would be supervised by the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities but decided by the people as a whole. The National Foundation would appoint a screening committee to nominate poems for consideration. This committee, besides a statesman and a historian, should consist of representa-

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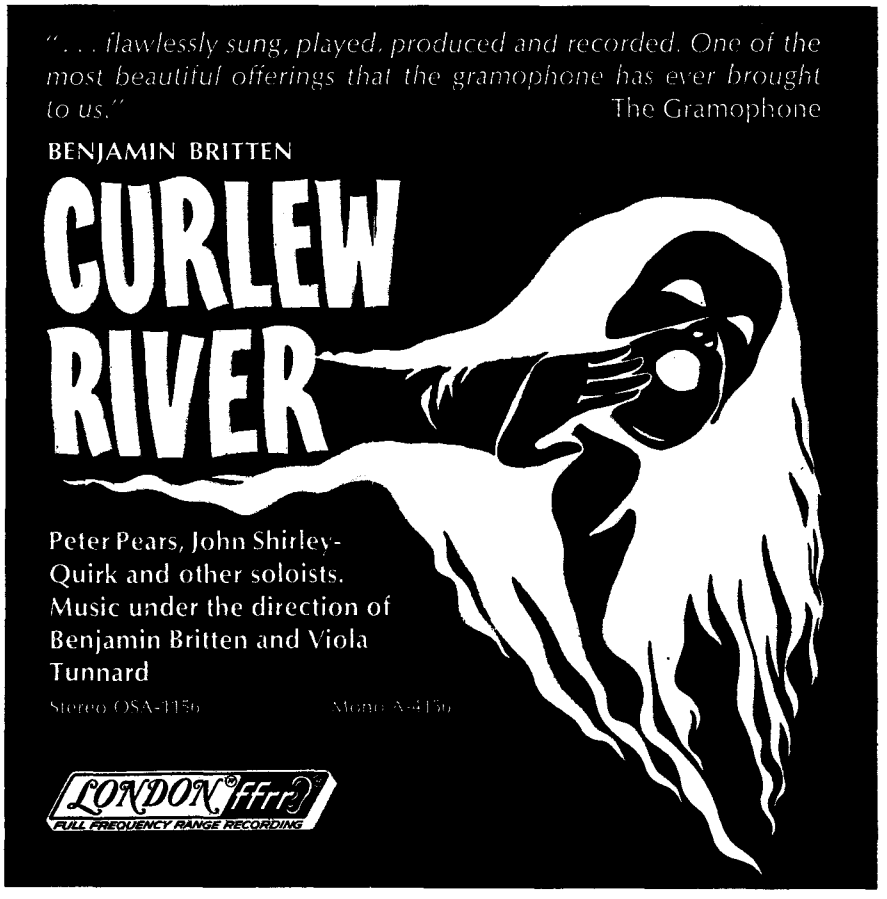
tives of the nation's outstanding serious poets as well as popular versifiers. And because so many poems that read well don't sing well—a separate consideration—there should be an equal number of lyricists who write for the opera and the musical comedy stage. Machinery then would be prepared for the final voting procedure in such a way that citizens could vote for first and second choices, so that a run-off could be held if there were a close vote.

Let's assume that eventually the American people have chosen by democratic consensus the poem they would best like to see used as the words of a new national anthem. The call would now go out for a musical setting of that poem. A different screening committee would now be appointed—this time to consist of composers who write for singing, whether for stage or screen musicals, the concert stage, or the pop tune market. It should include also school music teachers from both the elementary and secondary school levels.

Now professional composers of all kinds, music conservatories and college music departments, and the hitherto unpublished would-be amateur song writers would be encouraged to submit entries, from which a top ten would be winnowed. Leading singers would be prevailed upon to record the various musical settings and to perform them "live" as well whenever possible. These should be "plugged" on disc jockey shows and classical-music FM stations alike, in the concert hall, on television, and in the juke box. With this kind of saturation it should not take many months for the public to recognize and to know the various versions, and to be ready to choose one above the others. A voting process similar to that outlined above for the choice of the poem would determine the winning song. Congress could then vote the change of national anthem into law.

It is not my intention to ignore those people who, when the final ballot is prepared, still feel that "The Star Spangled Banner" (or perhaps "America the Beautiful") is better than the new choices they are offered. By all means, let a write-in addition of those or any other existing songs be possible. If one of those should win, I will accept the will of the expressed majority, however benighted I may consider it, just as any good citizen in a democracy abides by its laws, however palatable he finds them.

Whatever the outcome, the effort at replacement of our national anthem will not have been wasted. The very act of weighing the possibilities will have afforded unique opportunity for citizen education and enlightened self-examination. And the arts will have been stimulated beyond measure. Either of these results would make the project worthwhile; together, I believe they make it invaluable. And only then will we have a truly national anthem.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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Three Cheers for Coon-Sanders

HERB SHULTZ'S fine article "The Dancing World of Coon-Sanders" [*SR*, May 14] is a tribute which is long overdue. An ardent fan of theirs when I was younger (and guileless?), I have been continually frustrated over the years to find reference to this fine orchestra omitted by the encyclopedias of jazz compiled by devotees of world-weary music. The news that there is a revival of interest in Coon-Sanders is refreshing indeed.

Several decades later it is interesting to recall that Coon-Sanders, while authentically Midwestern, also reflected the zest for life found in a down south camp meeting. With the band singing a choral background, Joe or Coonie popularized such titles as "Bless You, Sister!," "On Revival Day," and "I'm One Of God's Children Who Hasn't Got Wings." Sometimes Joe Sanders felt it necessary to clarify the band's characteristics for radio listeners by remarking: "Coon-Sanders—two men, both white (more or less around the edges)!"

ROBERT P. HOPKINS.
West Hartford, Conn.

Service for Components

I READ WITH INTEREST the article by Ivan Berger "Testing, Testing" [*SR*, Mar. 26] concerning faulty components and their repair by authorized service stations. My experience has been somewhat different from that described. I bought my system from a mail order dealer (Allied) in December. It worked for about 30 seconds, then the right channel stopped completely. I took the amplifier to my authorized repair station thinking that it would be a simple matter to repair. Not so. From December to April I took it there no less than three times for a total of two months' time. Every time I brought it home the same thing was wrong. After two letters to the company (and finally getting some action from the president) they allowed me to return the unit to them for repair. I thought, "finally it will be repaired properly." Again not so, at least not yet. It has been three weeks and I haven't heard a word from them. So for the six months that I have had my $400 stereo system it has been working about half-way for all the time and not working at all for half the time, while the amplifier was missing. So much for factory service. The best advice I can give anyone buying a new system is to buy it in person, then you can return it if (when) it turns out to be defective.

WAYNE D. KRYSZAK.
Cottage City, Md.

The Case for Korjus

I WOULD LIKE to re-herald Hilary Fish's request [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR*, Mar. 26] concerning a classical re-issue of the recordings of Miliza Korjus.

Accompanying Hilary Fish's requests should be the long-sought-after recording of "The Maiden's Wish" (Chopin) and Chopin's E-flat Nocturne (EH 887 and EH 948 respectively). I have heard these re-

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cordings and can still remember the truly superb musicality and excitement she generated. Is it possible to get a re-issue of her works? What can one do?

WILLIAM L. THOMAS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Hope and wait are about all that can be done.*

Heliodor Reissues

I HAVE NOTED with great interest that the new, low-priced Heliodor label is re-releasing some of MGM Records' deleted classical issues [RECORDINGS REPORTS II, *SR*, Mar. 26]. From Heliodor's first advertised release, I purchased with delight D'Indy's "Suite in Olden Style," performed very stylishly by the Guilet String Quartet and soloists, and a well played collection of Mozart organ pieces by Richard Ellsasser.

Unfortunately, in my opinion, Heliodor's first release did not include any of the recordings of modern music and "off-beat" classical and romantic music which made the issues of the old MGM classical catalogue so stimulating.

I have heard that many unreleased recordings of both modern and older music exist in MGM's libraries. It would be interesting to know whether Heliodor will make these available.

PAUL LAVALLEE.

Bogota, N.J.

Credits for Webern

WE ARE DELIGHTED with the presentation of the Webern articles [*SR*, May 28]. However, it is unfortunate that neither the compiler of the book, Hans Moldenhauer (first president of the International Webern Society) nor its editor, Demar Irvine (professor of music at the University of Washington) was mentioned. Also, the photograph of the bust of Webern should have been credited to the Webern Archive.

HERMINE BASNIGHT.

Seattle, Wash.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 20

and the tourist personnel of the state of Puebla have made their share of effort to attract them—might find an additional interest in some intermingling of unfamiliar, local goods with the more familiar, imported articles.

MISSING the Metropolitan National Company's *Susannah* in Puebla (the date of appearance was misstated months ago in the official bulletin and no correction was ever circulated) did not, fortunately, mean missing the National Company's *Susannah* altogether in Mexico. It was included in a repertory of *Butterfly* and *Carmen* which the company presented in the local Palacio de Bellas Artes on the way to its final roundup of the season in Guadalajara—a far cry from Indianapolis, where it all began last September.

Hearing Floyd's freshly felt, deeply motivated work for the first time in a foreign country, one could not suppress a warm feeling of appreciation for the surge of life that coursed through the music, in a strange kinship to such a work of international *verismo* as *Cavalleria*. But if the Spanish-speaking audience was baffled by the sound of the English text, it may take heart in the disclosure that I was, too. Perhaps what was needed was Manolo Fabergas, Mexico's great 'Enry 'Iggins, to intone the locally intelligible version of "Why Do the English," from *Mi Bella Doña*, with an appropriate alteration. It was another affirmation of the all too shocking fact that whatever tongue an American-born singer specializes in, English is always his "second language."

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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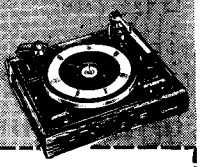

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Books and Experience

By ALICE DALGLIESH

A FEW weeks ago my interest was caught by a description in *The New Milford Times* of a visitor to an elementary school. The visitor was a live lamb, and the children were delighted "to see their picture books come to life."

New Milford is not a city. It is a pleasant Connecticut town that has what was once a lovely village green. Now much of the green's identity is lost because stores were allowed to encroach. The once-flourishing supermarket, however, turns blind, empty-windowed eyes to the green; its spirit, if a supermarket has one, is across the river, where there is space for a larger store and a much more extensive parking lot.

And the lamb? The children can walk across the street from one of the elementary schools and see a full-sized dairy farm. But there are no lambs, so this one had to be imported. Perhaps city children are more fortunate in having children's zoos, where farm animals may be seen.

Connecticut children can still see horses, and so, evidently, can many Swedish children. *The Long Pony Race*, by Rolf L. Lengstrand and Pierre L. Rodin (Knopf, $3.50), has beautiful photographs that will satisfy all who think that "the warm heavy odor of horses and hay" is heaven itself. The Ponies' Day Race has become a family holiday in Sweden, and Fia, who had helped to raise Tiny from a foal, is shown racing him in a fine series of pictures. The most charming photographs, however, are at the beginning of the book, when Tiny is born and we see him as he grows. There is all the sentiment that seems to be essential to animal books—a good supply of it. The story will make warm feeling between the young pony-lovers of Sweden and the U.S.

Among the spring books animal stories are numerous; one would suppose that almost every American child either lives in the country or can go there in the spring. I wonder how many children can, like the heroine of *Elisabeth and the Marsh Mystery*, go to a wild marsh. In any case, Elisabeth's experiences make interesting reading. This book, by Felice Holman (Macmillan, $2.95), is dedicated to two children "who believe in birds and people and know that marshes, woods, and greensward must be preserved for living things."

In her brief preface the author deplores the fact that "marshes are being destroyed all around us to create land for building or filled just to get rid of refuse." *Elisabeth and the Marsh Mystery* follows *Elisabeth the Treasure Hunter* and *Elisabeth the Bird Watcher*. Eric Blegvad's drawings have done much for these books, which are a mixture of story and science, liked by some, condemned by others.

Nowadays experiences for children tend to be bounded by the covers of a book, the screen of television, and by educational films. All of these are secondhand experience, and perhaps one actual encounter with a lamb means more than a dozen lambs in books. Some teachers work hard to plan experiences for their students; yet I read recently that there were children in New York, living in that limited space between the rivers, who had never seen a river. Marjorie Flack's *Boats Sail on the River* is a fine book, but no substitute for a real river. To see an actual boat on a river, on a lake, on the sea is of inestimable value to a child. Instead of spending a good deal of time discussing "sociological implications" (a necessary part of today's life) in children's books, isn't it important to be more energetic about planning whatever experiences are vital for children? Do teachers think enough about this? Do parents? In our haste to get a mirror of every kind of experience into books, do we sometimes forget reality? And—still worse—are there school boards today who think the small child's learning experience should be bounded by a desk and a reader? I'm afraid so.

—From "Elisabeth and the Marsh Mystery."

The Little Red Train. *By Guy Weelen. Illustrated by Mamoru Funai. Lothrop.* 24 *pp.* $2.95. Written by a Frenchman, illustrated by a Japanese artist living in New Jersey, and printed in the U.S., this book is truly international. The little train, which carries French children through the countryside to school, is ignorant: it does not know the days of the week, the seasons, or the months of the year. It learns, however, and so do the children who look at the book—painlessly. Ages 4-8.

John John Twilliger. *Written and illustrated by William Wondriska. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 36 *pp.* $3.50. William Wondriska's stories and pictures are outside of the ordinary and this book is no exception. It is printed in umber with touches of red, and a light tint of the umber to simulate the color of paper, creating an unusual general effect. The story, which tells how John John found out the secret of the terrifying machine-gun man, and so reformed him, will please small boys. It is all part of the steadily growing trend towards vanquished monsters, though the machine-gun man is a mild creature who has puffed himself up into a dictator. Ages 4-8.

Alonzo and the Army of Ants. *By Murray Goodwin. Pictures by Kiyo Komoda. Harper*

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& *Row.* 106 *pp.* $3.50. Here we go into the very middle of the South American jungle, to a forest village where many animals, strange to us, live. An exciting moment is approaching, for an army of ants is on its way to the village. How all the animals rally to outwit the invaders makes a good story, with Alonzo and his cousin the central heroes. While it is not a nature book, some facts will be absorbed in the reading. Ages 8-12.

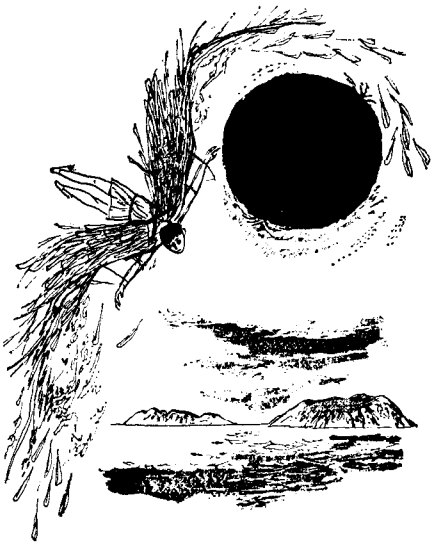
This Is Greece. *By M. Sasek. Macmillan.* 60 *pp.* $3.50. With his usual and popular guidebook technique, M. Sasek shows us Greece through his eyes and through many large, colorful pages. He succeeds in subordinating present-day commercialism and presents the Parthenon in detail, as well as many other temples and public buildings, including some modern ones. Then he takes us to the islands, notably Mykonos with its "patron pelican, Petra." No age level given.

A Fall from the Sky: The Story of Daedalus. *By Ian Serraillier. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Walck.* 64 *pp.* $2.95. For those of us who realize that the time for Greek myths is the all-too-brief period from perhaps seven to ten—or even six to nine—Ian Serraillier has planned his brief, tragic story of the attempted flight of Daedalus wisely. The book has no elaborate ornamentation, just a few telling phrases; but these and the action add up to a satisfactory presentation that today's children will find interesting. Ages 8-12.

Andy Buckram's Tin Men. *By Carol Ryrie Brink. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Viking.* 192 *pp.* $3.50. Not science fiction but fantasy with a robot twist, this is an amusing book. It was when Andy was baby-sitting with his tiresome little cousin Dot that his mind wandered to the possibilities of building robots from tin cans, and he turned his daydream into reality. Each robot is talented, each has a personality, and they all help Andy through a series of hair-raising experiences. Not for literal-minded boys, with a robot teacher possibly looming in the not-so-far-off future, but for imaginative boys and girls who will see the fun of it. Ages 9-12. (8-11?)

Pappa Pellerin's Daughter. *By Maria Gripe. John Day.* 156 *pp.* $3.50. This book is described as a "novel." It is really a Cinderella story and at times calls on the reader, as do many European books, to suspend disbelief. Take the ingredients: a twelve-year-old girl living "in a little cottage in a forest in Sweden" is caring for her small twin brothers while her mother, a ship's cook, is off somewhere; she writes that she "will not be home for months." Loella has never seen her father, but she has fashioned a scarecrow, dressed in her father's old clothes, and calls it "Pappa Pellerin."

Go on from there to the orphanage to which "Welfare" sends Loella, take a large dose of belief, and admire Loella's creation of a father who writes her letters in invisible ink, with real stamps from all over the world. While many girls will accept the happy ending, to an adult it is not truly happy. However, the story, a New York *Herald Tribune* honor book, has charm. Ages 12-14. (9-12?)



—*From "A Fall from the Sky."*

Words Words Words. *By Mary O'Neill. Decorated by Judy Piussi-Campbell. Doubleday.* 64 *pp.* $3.25. This book contains verses, some imaginative, some endearing, about words and the development of language. Attempts to define sentences are not so good, and neither is punctuation. Even the definition of a noun would not please present-day linguists, but it's the one I learned and many still use. The decorations are sprightly, colorful, modern. Ages to 10.

The Snark *Was* a Boojum: A Life of Lewis Carroll. *By James Playsted Wood. Illustrated by David Levine. Pantheon.* 192 *pp.* $3.95. Fortunately there is a subtitle, for the title might not carry any meaning to those who have not read *The Hunting of the Snark* (also republished this year, a fact which personally leaves me cold).

James Playsted Wood usually has a fresh approach in his biographies, and this is no exception. It is also a truthful book, because it does not minimize Carroll's eccentricities and it presents the facts of his weakness for little girls clearly and honestly, though with a certain innocence. At age twelve, the *Alice* readers are probably ready for this, and perhaps for more than lies on the surface.

I like Chapter Five, which begins with a sentence that demolishes the statements of those authors who like to make us feel their books grew like a flash from almost nothing. Mr. Wood prefaces his description of the first telling of *Alice's Adventures Underground*: "Nothing comes out of a vacuum but the airlessness that is in it. A book does not come out of nowhere. Even as rare and wonderful a book as *Alice in Wonderland* has beginnings. To Lewis Carroll the story seemed to come of itself." Ages 12 up.

The Ocean World. *By Vladimir and Nada Kovalik. Jacket illustration by Eva Cellini. Holiday House.* 192 *pp.* $4.50. While this book retains its jacket many young people should be attracted to it. Throughout, it is one of the most handsome of our many undersea books. In it Mr. Kovalik, who was born in Czechoslovakia, discusses both American and Soviet oceanography. (He and his wife now live in Pacific Grove, California.) Young adults.

Forgotten by Time: A Book of Living Fossils. *By Robert Silverberg. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Crowell.* 215 *pp.* $3.95. It was the subtitle that drew me to this book, and so will it be with young readers. Both author and artist have done a good job of presenting these strange animals. Sometimes we forget that there *are* "living fossils": the cockroach, for example, and the gingko tree, so oblivious of city grime and dust. Only a few tuataras have been allowed to leave New Zealand for zoos; one is in San Diego. "At best, when excited, it breathes only once in every seven seconds." Among the non-flying birds is the kiwi, also protected by New Zealand. "Once a kiwi was caught in a rat trap, and its leg was broken. New Zealand bird-lovers designed an artificial leg for it and taught it how to walk with it." Our horseshoe crab is another living fossil. Ages 12 up.

The Armor Within Us: The Story of Bone. *By Joseph Samachson. Illustrated with photographs. Rand McNally.* 192 *pp.* $3.95 Not only does this attractive book discuss the skeletons of animals and people, but the effect of radiation on bones, and the chemistry of diet. The author is a biochemist, his specialty the study of bone, and he takes a long look into the possibilities of the future. He believes we shall be able to control the growth of bone, "and while there is life, there is hope for the cure of bone disease." Ages 12 up.

Roman Roads. *By Victor W. von Hagen. Photographs by Adolfo Tomeucci, Roman Road Expedition. Maps and drawings by Dino Rigolo. World.* 192 *pp.* $4.95. This large and fully illustrated book presents the Romans and their 53,000 miles of roads —"one of the finest monuments man has ever left of himself." The Romans expected their roads to carry much traffic, including ox-carts, so they prepared the foundations carefully; some are still visible today, under the tar of modern highways or beside them.

"A road becomes a road not because someone has trampled down the wayward earth. It becomes a road when it it maintained. 'If you cannot go back over it,' said a Roman, 'it is not a road.'" Fascinating reading, this excellent reference book has a chronology, bibliography, and index. Ages 12 up.

Leaders of the New Africa. *By Edna Mason Kaula. Illustrated by the author. World.* 160 *pp.* $3.75. It takes courage to produce as elaborate a book as this, for African leaders change with considerable rapidity, and events march swiftly. The author has traveled widely in Africa, and her careful sketches and portraits add greatly to the interest of the volume. Each book on Africa should be preserved in libraries, for each is a step in the history of new countries. This has an appendix, pronunciation key (much needed), and index. Ages 12 up.

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Communist China

Continued from page 27

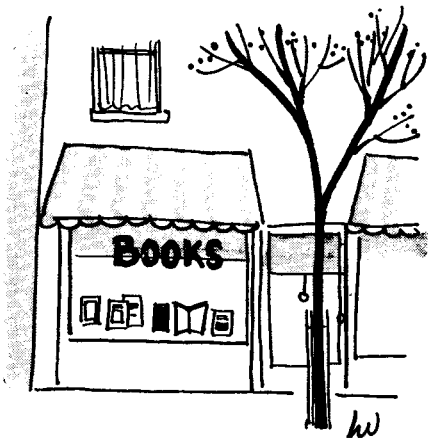
no comprehensive figures for any year later than 1959. Mr. Eckstein's more reliable totals end in 1957—nine years ago.

Nothing in Eckstein's presentation suggests that China has found a new, superior key to the economic development of poor countries. Reconstruction from the civil war was complete in 1952 or 1953. In 1952-56 mainland output rose very satisfactorily—by about one-third. (This was roughly the same rate as France, Italy, Germany, and the USSR were achieving during those years.) But then came agricultural catastrophe, both man-made and climate-made. Eckstein estimates that, even after the partial recovery in 1961-63, food production per capita was about 11 per cent to 16 per cent lower than it had been in 1957. By concentrating on those things given highest priority, China's industry was able to achieve a few successes: in petroleum, in nuclear bombs, in fertilizers and farm implements. But Eckstein estimates that in 1962 total Chinese output was only 10 per cent higher than in 1956, a lesser advance than the probable increase in population. Those of us who bear the Chinese people no ill will may hope that a faster growth has been achieved in 1962-66. But we do not know.

Eckstein concludes that Communist China's economic development may be an influential "model" to other poor countries:

> The spirit of frugality and sacrifice coupled with high rates of saving and investment, the large allocations of investment to heavy industry, and the emphasis on catching up rapidly with the West are all elements of the strategy which have a strong potential appeal in newly emerging nation-states.

I believe this judgment is mistaken. The "frugality and sacrifice" of China are not sources of attraction. Large allocations of investment to achieve a self-sufficient "heavy industry"—providing its own basic materials, armaments, and machines for the making of machines—do not lend themselves to the size and resources of most "emerging nation-states." Only régimes governed by men who are already doctrinaire Communists have chosen this path. China might have been a more attractive model, to others than convinced Party comrades, if she had gone the way of extensive international trade, like Japan, Hong Kong, or Israel.



I suspect that Eckstein's analysis of the formation during 1958-60 of huge agricultural communes, averaging between 4,000 and 5,000 households, is over-rationalized. I question whether these communes had the capacity to direct large construction projects which he attributes to them. And the formation of a big commune does not, by some mysterious alchemy, increase the labor supply. Here, as generally in his discussion of Chinese collectivization, Eckstein's book suffers from his apparent lack of acquaintance with the one rational, free-membership system of collectivization which exists in the contemporary world: that of the kibbutz-sector of Israel.

My outlook on the economic prospect of Communist China is generally rather more somber than Mr. Eckstein's. He takes more comfort from physical resources than I would. For instance, he says, "Mainland China's energy resources . . . apparently present no obstacle to the country's industrial development." And he also concludes: "Generally, mineral sources too are adequate for industrial expansion on the mainland." But he—like the rest of us—has no information whatsoever on the costs at which China's coal and petroleum and minerals are won. Japan has been able to develop a steel industry twice as large as that of Great Britain by importing cheap materials. China, which is committed to internal self-sufficiency, may find a burden rather than a benefit in the physical presence of minerals, coal, and oil in her soil. Costs of production are decisive. And of these we know nearly nothing.

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DOUBLEDAY

Book Review Letters

Continued from page 22

tion ethics will evolve into a new religion, a sort of ritualized humanism, based on the accumulated wisdom of Christianity and other religions—but prescribing moral autonomy and courage and a true concern for the dignity of each human being.

MARY E. BATES.

Jenkintown, Pa.

SOPHISTICATED PEOPLE no longer discuss "God" seriously. Not "his" (His?) existence, form, nature, dwelling place or will. They do, however, discuss how the various beliefs in "him" (Him?) affect the lives and actions of individuals and, directly and indirectly, our culture as a whole. . . .

The Devil (devil?) can quote scripture and serve as a name dropper, but he (He?) is dead. And Poling is an antiquarian.

FAIN BUCKNER.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

TIM ANNA SAYS [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, June 4]: "[If] one believes in God . . . he's a Christian." Are Jews Christians? Are Moslems Christians? Are Mahayana Buddhists Christians?

"There is no such thing as a Christian atheist"? Well, here I am. . . . I readily accept Christ, and subscribe to his moral teaching, but this does not necessitate a belief in the God Christ believed in. I can be a Christian, that is, a Christ-ian, and yet refuse to believe in the God my respected mentor believed in. I can just as easily by the same token be a Lutheran, or a Lutherite, and accept Luther as my moral mentor in some areas, and yet not believe in the literal devil he believed in.

And then, finally, Mr. Anna concluded there could be no religion without God. Well, where does this leave Buddha, who was an admitted atheist?. . . . "Pure" Buddhism is atheistic—does that invalidate it as a religion?

DAVE HILL.

Stillwater, Minn.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT Tim Anna describes as "trite" his remark that if one believes in God he is a Christian; if he doesn't he's an atheist. He made a slight error. The word is "tripe."

LEE H. SELCOE.

New York, N.Y.

Surely or Sure?

IN "THE WRONG WORD FOR IT" [*SR*, May 7] Granville Hicks is seemingly guilty of using the wrong word. He writes "sure enough" when he should have written "surely enough."

WILLIAM SUNNERS.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In "A Dictionary of Contemporary English Usage" Bergen and Cornelia Evans state:* "Sure *may still be used as an adverb in the phrase* sure enough . . ." *And, to quote "Current American Usage," by Margaret M. Bryant:* "Sure *is always used in such expressions as* sure enough *and* as sure as fate. . . ."

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Standards

Continued from page 29

snowflakes on his sleeve, or to watch Mark Twain in the act of burlesquing Bret Harte, or to carry Melville's theme of sinister whiteness over into Jack London or Robert Frost. Naturalism is still basic to the American novel today, and even an undisciplined cluster of insights into its origins and function is useful.

Of the lot, however, Richard Bridgman's *The Colloquial Style in America* helps most in understanding what the American novel is today and how it operates. A highly specialized linguistic, grammatical, and rhetorical study, this work picks up the problem of an American style with Benjamin Franklin and Noah Webster, sketches the dialect experiments of nineteenth-century fiction and humor as background, and then plunges into a thorough and convincing case for the emergence of a colloquial style, from the deliberate efforts of Mark Twain and Henry James, through George Ade, Ring Lardner, Sherwood Anderson, Gertrude Stein, and Ernest Hemingway.

Mr. Bridgman's theory, which he ably defends by the analytical study of selected novels, short stories, and sketches, is that the vernacular was unavailable to such early writers as Cooper because they did not know how to write down the colloquial speech they heard. Although the dialect-writers made a partial break-through, it was not until the quite opposite experiments of Mark Twain and Henry James with fact and word respectively that the American writer of fiction could develop an indigenous style. Gertrude Stein, by exaggerating the characteristics of the vernacular, "produced abstract patterns of words meant to cohere independently of rational meaning"; while Hemingway, guided by her revelation of the underlying structure of the vernacular, developed "a subtle, intricate, and balanced narrative prose independent of a specific narrator," useful until it became so stylized that it contracted and "dwindled down to silence, the other side of speech."

This is an important insight into the history of American fiction and should stimulate further similar studies into American literature in general—a statement that can be made of none of the other three books here under review. Mr. Bridgman would have done well to limit his title, as he has his analysis, to prose fiction, rather than implying that he is dealing with all literary forms. Other students can pick up where he leaves off and carry his hypothesis and his method over to the influence of the lecture, sermon, and political tract on American nonfiction prose style, or to the efforts of poets from Whitman and Dickinson to Pound, Eliot, and Frost similarly to reduce the American vernacular by "tone of voice" or other device to a colloquial poetic style. The possibilities seem endless.

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OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions. English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended. Only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

FOOT COMFORT—Double deerskin moccasins, slippers, casuals, 50 styles. Free catalogue SR. Cottage Crafts, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

WANTED: 19th CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTINGS. Reputable gallery seeks fine landscape and subject paintings for discriminating collectors. Hudson River, Western, Southern, etc. schools, single works or collections of suitable material purchased. Bernard Black Gallery, 1062 Madison Avenue, NYC 10028.

SPECIALIZING IN BROWNSTONES—general contractor, builder. Complete renovations and alterations private homes, apartments, commercial. Daji Associates. 212-LO 4-7928.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

BUDDHA LOVED THEM. Now shipping fresh Florida Mangoes. Exotic tropical fruit. Send for free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Coolsma, Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 6-6-D, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

"MEADOWLARK" retreat center in beautiful valley. Individualized program of counseling and creative activity for renewal. Write: Evarts G. Loomis, M.D., Friendly Hills Fellowship, Hemet, California 92343.

MOREY AMSTERDAM SAYS: "I discovered a great writing course for people with comedy talent." This noted comedian and writer refers to Ron Carver's university-tested course, approved by the California Superintendent of Public Instruction. Comedy and humor writing is a lucrative, wide-open market for new talent in TV, books, magazines, newspapers, advertising, etc. Carver's course teaches you all the professional secrets and techniques necessary to earn top pay in this rewarding field. Send for free brochure. Hollywood School of Comedy Writing, Dept. R-662, 922 North Vine, Hollywood, California 90038.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

CAN'T SLEEP? DISTURBED by noise or light? New Mack's Pillow Soft Earplugs, created for comfort and *effectiveness, mold to snug soft covering without being* inserted. Send $1 postpaid for travel pack with spares. For Shut Eye Sleep Shade in black sateen, $2.98. Satisfaction guaranteed! McKeon Products Company, Dept. R, 23220 Ithaca Street, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

MENDOCINO ROBIN: Unique monthly of literature and art. Trial subscription 3 months, $1. 126 Clara Avenue, Ukiah, California 95482.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver saltcellars and condiment holders. Glass inserts replaced. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

$10 DAILY writing short articles at home! Begin immediately! Copyrighted Report reveals how and where. Send $1.00. PanAm, Box 11796, Atlanta 5, Georgia.

MINIMALLY HANDICAPPED YOUNG ADULTS—live with professional family on farm. Training for independent living. Highland Community, Elizabethtown, N.Y.

PERSONALS

PUBLIC RELATIONS EXECUTIVE AVAILABLE—a 50-year-old PR expert with diversified worldwide experience. Press relations, editing, writing, special events, promotional tie-ins, community relations, corporate know-how, financial talents, counseling, management skills. Courage, imagination and ingenuity, tempered by the practical judgment of mature experience. Interviews arranged. NYC. Box P-860.

CAROL BROWN SHOWING at Antiques Bazaar, Franconia College, Franconia, N.H., July 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 10-6. Her very special fabrics and clothes. Or come to her shop in Putney, Vermont.

HARPSICHORD—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly. $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 10014.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free home study course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 21 East Van Buren, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

MERITORIOUS RESTORATION. Antique, Modern China, Ivory, etc. Sano Studio, 767 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10021.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

REWRITING, SPEECH WRITING. Male writer-editor, Phi Beta Kappa, nationally published. Experienced in social science, psychology, religious writing, political speeches, and promotion. Box P-22.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

MAKE $12 PROFIT each dozen sewing aprons. Details free. Redikuts, Loganville 44, Wisconsin.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in England," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE, Brattleboro, Vermont, interested in eager, creative, emotionally mature students for entrance to unique new school. Innate intelligence, yearning for learning, not Board scores, basis for consideration.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $12.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, New Jersey 07041.

OPERATE LUCRATIVE Information Service (Research). It's terrific! Free literature. Career Aids, 119 11th Avenue, San Francisco, California 94118.

VERNON COURT WRITERS' CONFERENCE, July 5th-19th, announces addition of two guest lecturers—Charles Ferguson, senior editor, Reader's Digest, and Craig Wylie, managing editor, Houghton Mifflin. They join Padraic Colum, Glenway Wescott, Maurice Dolbier. Media includes novel, short story, poetry, juvenile, biography, article writing, criticism. Apply: Director, Summer Writers' Conference, Vernon Court Junior College, Newport, Rhode Island.

HUMANISTIC, SCIENTIFIC, polytheistic world conception helps to renew art, science, religion and to perceive spiritual worlds. School, August 19th-27th. See Rudolf Steiner, Encyclopedia Britannica, 1962. Details: 419 Vliet, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212.

TAKE THE BIKES ALONG. Ingenious carrier mounts bicycles to car. Information, Franklyn, 106 West 81st, New York 10024.

RENT FREE: Our large home in rural Princeton, N.J., area for one year. Must be responsible type. Box T-521.

PERSONALS

STALKING THE HEALTHFUL HERBS, the new book by Euell Gibbons, tells you how to find and prepare wild herbs for all sorts of tasty dishes and drinks, home remedies, cosmetics. Illustrated. $6.95. David McKay Company, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

RESEARCH ASSIGNMENTS, free lance, all subjects. 212-TR 7-9914 or Box T-482.

WANTED—Buyer for entire excellent library of Europe-bound Ph.D. candidate in philosophy, Jim Williamsen, 514 West Parkway, Appleton, Wisconsin 54911.

COOPERATIVE LIVING aimed at a permanent community patterned after B.F. Skinner's Walden Two. Write: Walden House, Box 53, Mt. Rainier, Maryland.

WISH TO BUY—4 Japanese weeping hemlock trees, no younger than 8 years old; roots must be no wider than 18" in diameter. Contact by telephone, Robert C. Hall, 797-5493 NYC or write to same at 130 East 67th, NYC or 36 Wall Street.

TRANSLATIONS—scientific, literary, Italian, French, Spanish. Poetry a specialty. Box T-490.

"EAST SIDE DIRECTIONS." Personalized roommate placement; career, social guidance. Exclusively for college women desiring East Side living. Contact: 239 East 79th Street, NYC 10021. 212-737-3665.

COLLEGE MALE, 21, desires interesting, unusual. Experienced children, outdoors. Box T-423.

RESOURCEFUL ADVERTISING MANAGER with chemical background can put spark into your industrial marketing efforts. Age 30, require $10-12M. Northeast or Middle Atlantic. Box T-522.

LADY, fortyish, well versed languages, traveled, seeks high caliber individuals to drive through Europe. Itinerary flexible. Dutch. Box T-484.

FREE LABOR. Husband-wife, extraordinary administrative, creative, professional talents, will donate selves to worthy project maximum one year. Required: tremendous challenge, responsibility, ingenuity, dynamism, diplomacy. Box T-496.

PROFESSIONAL RESTORER OIL PAINTINGS, museum experience, highest recommendations, desires summer position restoring private collection or museum or selling antiques. Educated, responsible woman. Box T-473.

MALE ART STUDENT, 25, seeks an interesting summer. Box T-471.

REVERSE SABBATICAL (from Hollywood rat race). Well established writer-director with extensive credits in television, radio and films (both entertainment and educational) will consider appointment as writer-in-residence or instructor at college or university. Have A.B. and previous teaching experience. Box T-512.

SPEECH TEACHER, M.A., 54, female, seeks California position. Box T-498.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels—department heads, administrators, housemothers, nurses, etc., private schools, all states, beginners, experienced. Initial details without obligation. Confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

COLLEGE GRADUATES—Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background, Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel, with N. Y. City base. Reply promptly. Interviews, New York area. Box S-1000 Saturday Review.

LIBRARIAN—small residential school needs person to organize and operate library-cultural center. Contact Richard J. Lewis, Principal, George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York.

MICHIGAN STATE LIBRARY needs Technical Coordinator ($10,878-$13,780), Law Librarian ($8,310-$10,440), Public Library Consultants ($9,020-$11,484), Reference Librarians (beginning $7,057) and Graphic Arts Assistant ($7,000- ?). Write Mrs. Ruth Frame, Michigan State Library, 735 East Michigan Avenue, Lansing, Michigan, or come to the Michigan State Library booth at ALA Conference in New York (July 11th-15th) for personal interview.

(Continued on page 66)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 65)

ADVERTISING COPYWRITER—Major publisher of textbooks and standardized tests looking for man to develop advertising copy, particularly in testing area. Desirable background: elementary/high school teaching or textbook sales with some experience in testing. Work in Boston. Up to $7,500, depending on qualifications. An Equal Opportunity Employer. Send resume to Box T-483.

LEADING BALTIMORE AREA COEDUCATIONAL independent school has 3 openings for experienced teachers: kindergarten, third grade, and Spanish; ideal location; excellent facilities and working conditions on large suburban campus. Opportunity for creative and flexible persons to innovate; optimal conditions for professional growth; salaries open. Reply to Box T-517.

CLINICAL CHILD-CARE COUNSELOR—Opportunity for creative, resourceful, single man, age 22-37, to work with, live with, and learn about emotionally disturbed children in unique residential treatment program. College background necessary. Write to Sol Winer, Jewish Children's Bureau, 1 South Franklin Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

RESEARCH DIRECTOR—A Federal Research Grant has been awarded to the Brevard County schools to be conducted at the nationally known Melbourne High School, Melbourne, Florida. The county is in need of a Director for this project who possesses a doctorate and has had considerable experience in educational research. The salary ranges from $12,000 to $14,000. Qualified applicants may send resume to: James Vencill, Assistant Director of Personnel, P.O. Box 5, Titusville, Florida 32780. Telephone 305-267-3311.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

OFF-WHITE ELEPHANT—Brewster, N.Y. 30 acre estate, 10 room Colonial, barn, pool, cottages. Possibilities galore. Reasonable offers? 212-FL 3-5465.

LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. 3 bedroom cottage, porch, view, 2¾ acres. Near Tanglewood, skiing. $16,000. SR Box T-487.

VALLEY COTTAGE, N.Y. Ideal for horse lover. 45 minutes to NYC. Old country fieldstone house. 3 secluded acres. 40' living room, fireplace, dining room, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern electric kitchen, dishwasher. Glassed-in porch. 2 car garage. 2 box stalls, 2 fenced corrals. Extras. $49,000. 914-CO 8-3916.

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT—1773 Colonial. 9 rooms, barn. 10 acres, pond. Lovely condition. $45,000. Edward Pease, RFD #1.

GENEROUS VILLAGE HOME. 1840s. Center entrance. 13 rooms, 3 baths. Good condition. Town water, sewer. Wide lawn. Beside pre-Revolutionary church. Boston 1½ hours. Sunapee ski area. $15,000. Lelia Emerson, Warner, New Hampshire.

CONNECTICUT RETREAT/second or retirement home. Blacksmith shop recently evolved into architect-designed 2 bedroom saltbox. Modest but choice perennial garden, paths lined with fraises des bois. Quality, charm, 1½ rural acres sixty miles NYC. Oil heat, garage, fireplace. Mid-twenties. Box T-469.

SMALL CASTLE ON HILLTOP In Spanish southwest near colorful, cultural Santa Fe. 2,500 square feet, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Excellent condition. $33,000. Packard, Route 3, Box 30, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87502.

For Rent—Furnished

TAOS—New year-round vacation house studio, 5 acres, $150, year lease. References exchanged. Paul Sears, NCAR, Boulder, Colorado.

For Summer Rental

VERMONT CABIN on private pond. $75 weekly. Box 72, Jamaica, Vermont. 802-874-5871.

NANTUCKET—4 bedroom house, living room 30 feet for outdoor living, in town surrounded by gardens. August $900. SR Box T-504.

MAINE COAST—Privacy, superb view. Box 156, Camden, Maine 04843.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

BERKSHIRES. On private estate. 4 room furnished cottage. Also rooms. Box 83, New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

PUTNEY, VERMONT. Artist's farm home. Hi-Fi, private swimming, horses. SR Box T-529.

4 BEDROOM HOUSE on 3 acres near Setauket harbor. Complete privacy, beautiful landscaping. July and August, $1,000. Clinton Trowbridge, East Setauket, L.I. 516-751-3204.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS. Charming oceanside studio cottage. Secluded. July $750. SR Box T-525.

AVALON, N.J. On the water, boat slip, 3 bedrooms, modern kitchen, large deck. Season $1,500. SR Box T-472.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y.—3 room cottage, carport, oil furnace. Good neighborhood, view. Option to buy. Phone: 914-724-5130.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS. Artist's home on ocean. July, $1,250. SR Box T-530.

VERMONT, BELMONT. Old farmhouse, all conveniences. To September 1st. 212-OR 7-1265.

BUCK HILL FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA—Unusual opportunity. 5 bedroom cottage, opposite new Inn. Secluded porches, large living room. August $1,000. SR Box T-510.

FOR RENT: Waterfront house, 5 bedrooms, 3½ baths, fully equipped. Bass River, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. $2,000 season. David Acheson, Washington, D.C. FE 3-7988 (evenings), WO 4-8011 (days).

HOUSE TO SHARE

CHARMING, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Retired professional woman seeks same. Box T-167.

HOUSE WANTED

WRITER-TEACHER seeks unfurnished family house vicinity Sonoma, California. Box T-520.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

AUGUST SUBLET. 2½ rooms. West 90th off Central Park, NYC. Garden with dining terrace. Two cats. Reasonable. Call 873-1409 evenings.

APARTMENT WANTED

NONJET VET NEEDS small furnished apartment East Side Manhattan between Thirties and Nineties, affluence absent. Box T-513.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Breathtaking views of ponds and ocean from secluded 2-6 acre settings. Beautiful beach nearby. NORTH SHORE ESTATE, Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

1,500 WILDLIFE ACRES, valuable timber, pond, etc. 1783 authentic Colonial. Request brochure. Trachy Agency, Franklin, N.H.

VERMONT LAND LOVERS: Tree farming is out, speculation in. If you want part of what remains, write Box S-399.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10, $15, $25 an acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

ADIRONDACK HOMESITES. 100' lakefront by 400' deep. Boating, fishing, hunting. Clean air and water. Established community. Box N-391.

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FREE BOOKLET, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 928-L, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

BOYS-GIRLS to 16 years. Swimming, crafts, horseback riding, Bible study. 2 week periods $35 week. Jubilee Ranch, Box 1, Port Jervis, N.Y.

VACATIONS

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

IN THE HEART of historic and scenic Vermont. An exceptionally fine country inn overlooking village green of picturesque Brandon. Near library. Well-appointed, immaculate. Elevator, sprinkler, golf, heated pool, shuffleboard, garden, stream. Fine food, wines, liquors. Scenic mountain lake drives, trails. Antiques, country auctions, cookouts. Memorable. Folder. Brandon Inn, Brandon 3, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small. Secluded. Informal. Brochure.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Jewel box 52 room inn and motor lodge overlooking the sea. Private ocean beach, orchestra Saturday nights, superb food. E.P. Write for Brochure S.

ASPEN, COLORADO—If you're looking for horses, fishing, pool and sauna; good beds, cool nights, campfires—come to Heatherbed Lodge, in the high country. Box 537S.

BLUE HILL INN—Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

TANGLEWOOD THIS SUMMER? Enjoy swimming in a sparkling clear lake. Excellent tennis. Holiday Inn on Laurel Lake, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

TROLLHAUGEN FARM—Family Vacations—rooms, meals. Housekeeping apartment. Newfane, Vermont. 802-365-7635.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

FOR DELIGHTFUL, TALENTED, creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Day Camp. Tennis. Swimming. CHAITS, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

IF IT'S A TRULY LOVELY LAKE you like, enchanting woods, sports, good food, fine music, cottages or cabins, then try our mountaintop "haven." Tennis, shuffleboard, barbecues, library, loafing patio, chip-in cocktail parties. Tanglewood nearby. Rustic, unpretentious, relaxing. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

THE YODLER—Marvelous fun, quiet relaxation. Heated pool. Stowe, Vermont.

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

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VACATIONS

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Sylvan pleasures: mountains, trout streams; plus creature comforts: private baths, delectable food, filtered pool. 914-688-7761.

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet, informal. No hay fever. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated pool. Golf. Ocean fishing. May 27th to October 9th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut — Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

A MOUNTAIN RESORT—Only 90 miles from New York City, Lake Mohonk Mountain House combines the best of two eras—the dignity and serenity of the past, the conveniences and comforts of the present. Fun and relaxation for the entire family, with planned activities, entertainment and all sports. Balconied rooms commanding picturesque views of the Rondout Valley or Mohonk Lake. We serve ice and mixes only. American Plan begins at $21.00. *Reduced rates for children. (Smiley Brothers, Proprietors.)* For descriptive folder and literature regarding our Mohonk Holidays, kindly write to Dept. "S", Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Mohonk Lake, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561. Telephone: Area Code 914-256-2211.

VACATION PLUS . . . Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk-dancing, excursions. Generous family-style meals. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire.

MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. American Plan. Weekly. $65.50 to $75. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

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PEACE—REST—REJUVENATION. Intimate, charming old-world "pension." Only five guests. Beautiful hill country. No TV. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

SAND BEACH FARM, Stonington, Maine. John Marin scenery. Beach private. Food, heavenly. Cool, quiet, comfortable.

THE CLEARING. Beautiful, secluded Berkshire estate offers a limited number of adults a unique vacation environment. Excellent accommodations, garden food, swimming, magnificent natural wilderness. $20 daily, $125 weekly. Write West Chesterfield, Massachusetts. Telephone 413-634-8803.

CAMPING. guitar, folk singing on covered wagon in Adirondacks. Dallas Cline, Ridgefield, Connecticut 06877.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century *New England inn in one of Vermont's* loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

CELEBRITIES AND PUBLIC FIGURES seeking privacy enjoy "deluxe roughing" in Provincetown's unique waterfront INN at the MEWS. Phone Nicky, 487-1500.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

VACATIONS

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Pool and lake swimming, tennis, riding, golf, archery, summer theater, Marlboro Music Festival. And—a restful, rustic view from a cool and quiet terrace. From $70 weekly, American. Family Plans. Rental chalet. Illustrated brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

THERE'S A PLACE you'll like—white sand beaches—uncrowded Island—nice. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

PEACEFUL PEOPLE with pampered palates who like woodland seclusion, brook, lake, shady lawns, charming hospitality, educated wines, civilized plumbing in rustic surroundings see Hide-Away Lodge, New London, N.H. 603-526-7861.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

WALKER'S WRINKLE—Brooklin, Maine 04616. Unusual cuisine. comfortable accommodations, roam 73 acres.

BOARD, BOTTLE AND BED since 1789. John Hancock Inn, Hancock, N.H.

HERITAGE HILL, Holland—Colonial Country Inn. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, *Mexico.*

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE—concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

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THIS SUMMER Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. *Excellent food. Top instruction* drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

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FALL AND/OR SPRING SEMESTER in England at historic Wroxton Abbey modernized as Wroxton College. Accredited courses in English Institutions, Literature and History. Distinguished British faculty. Stratford plays. Trips to historic sites. Tuition, room and board $1,150 per semester. Write Dean Haberly, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Rutherford, N.J.

TRAVEL

SPECIAL INTEREST TOURS. Archaeology, Art, Bird-watching, Bible Study, Castles, Fishing, Gardens, Golf, Music, Photography, Safari, Study and 40 other subjects. Catalogue from Spectours, 48 East 43rd Street, New York 10017.

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SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1681

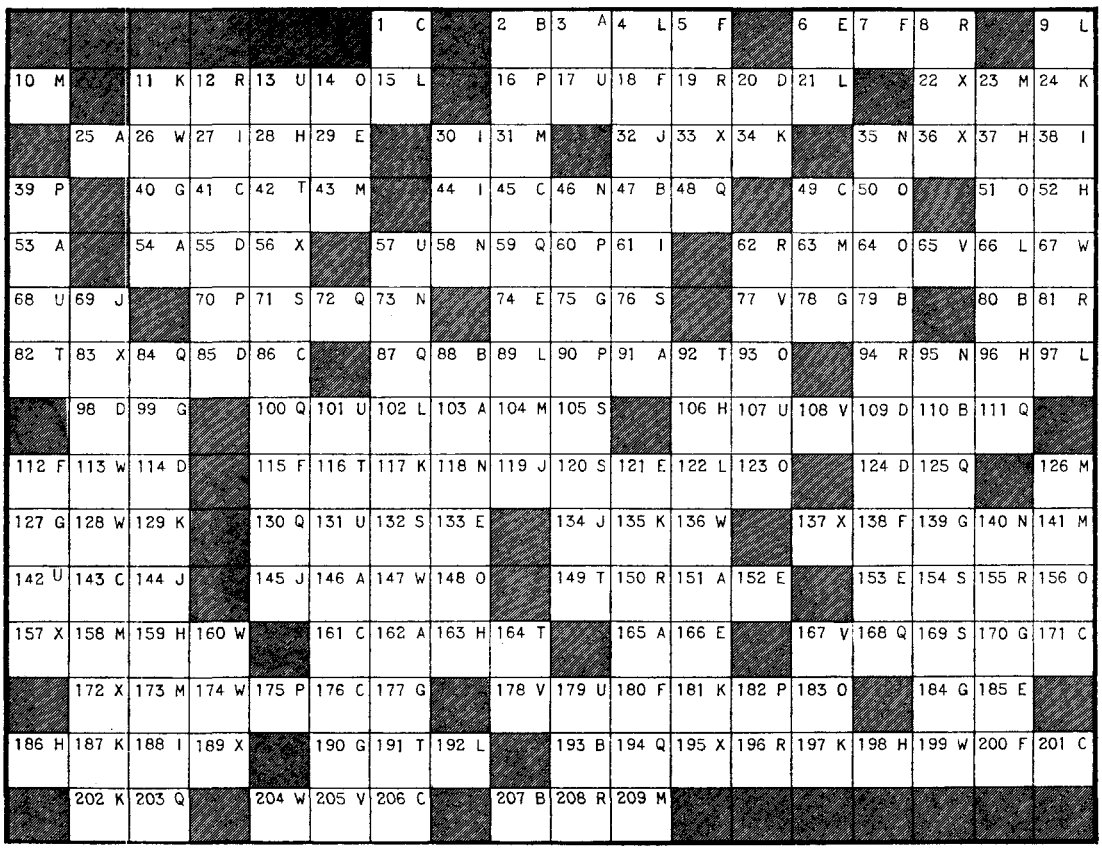
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One who thumbs one's way.	165 146 103 151 54 162 91 25 53 3
B. Describing the *sound* of Thomas Hardy's *Darkling Thrush*, 1900.	110 193 80 2 207 79 88 47
C. Doubly descriptive of a frivolous blonde.	201 41 176 49 161 45 206 1 86 143 171
D. One of the several daily printings of a newspaper.	85 114 55 109 98 124 20
E. Pleasant residential part of Chicago (2 wds.)	29 185 133 74 152 6 121 153 166
F. Consecrated.	138 112 18 200 7 180 5 115
G. Everything considered (3 wds.)	139 99 184 75 78 40 127 190 170 177
H. The tree *Populus alba*.	28 198 37 52 96 106 163 159 186
I. What many a shabby person is said to be out at.	188 38 30 27 44 61
J. Development.	69 144 119 145 32 134
K. Agents, usually secret, even sinister on occasion.	34 129 202 117 197 181 11 135 187 24
L. Pseudonym (3 wds.)	122 9 97 21 15 89 102 4 66 192
M. A well-known *Act* of Congress, 1947, passed over presidential veto (comp.)	158 173 10 63 43 23 209 126 141 104 31
N. Sluggish, dull, shapeless.	58 140 73 118 46 35 95
O. Ovoid (comp.)	50 123 93 183 148 51 156 64 14
P. Enlarge, expand, exaggerate.	175 60 90 39 16 70 182
Q. Decoration awarded each of our Unknown Soldiers (3 wds.)	100 84 87 59 194 130 125 48 72 203 168 111
R. Verve; ardent interest and fervor.	81 8 94 12 150 155 208 19 62 196
S. Remainder; what's left over from a process, either chemical or mathematical.	71 132 120 154 105 169 76
T. Urgent.	116 191 149 42 82 92 164
U. Affected as if with irregular spasms.	57 13 68 131 107 179 17 101 142
V. Vigilant.	178 77 65 108 167 205
W. Ninety per cent (of anything; comp.)	26 67 174 199 147 128 113 204 160 136
X. Harriers of E Australia and Celebes (2 wds.; *Circus assimilis*).	56 22 195 172 189 33 157 83 36 137

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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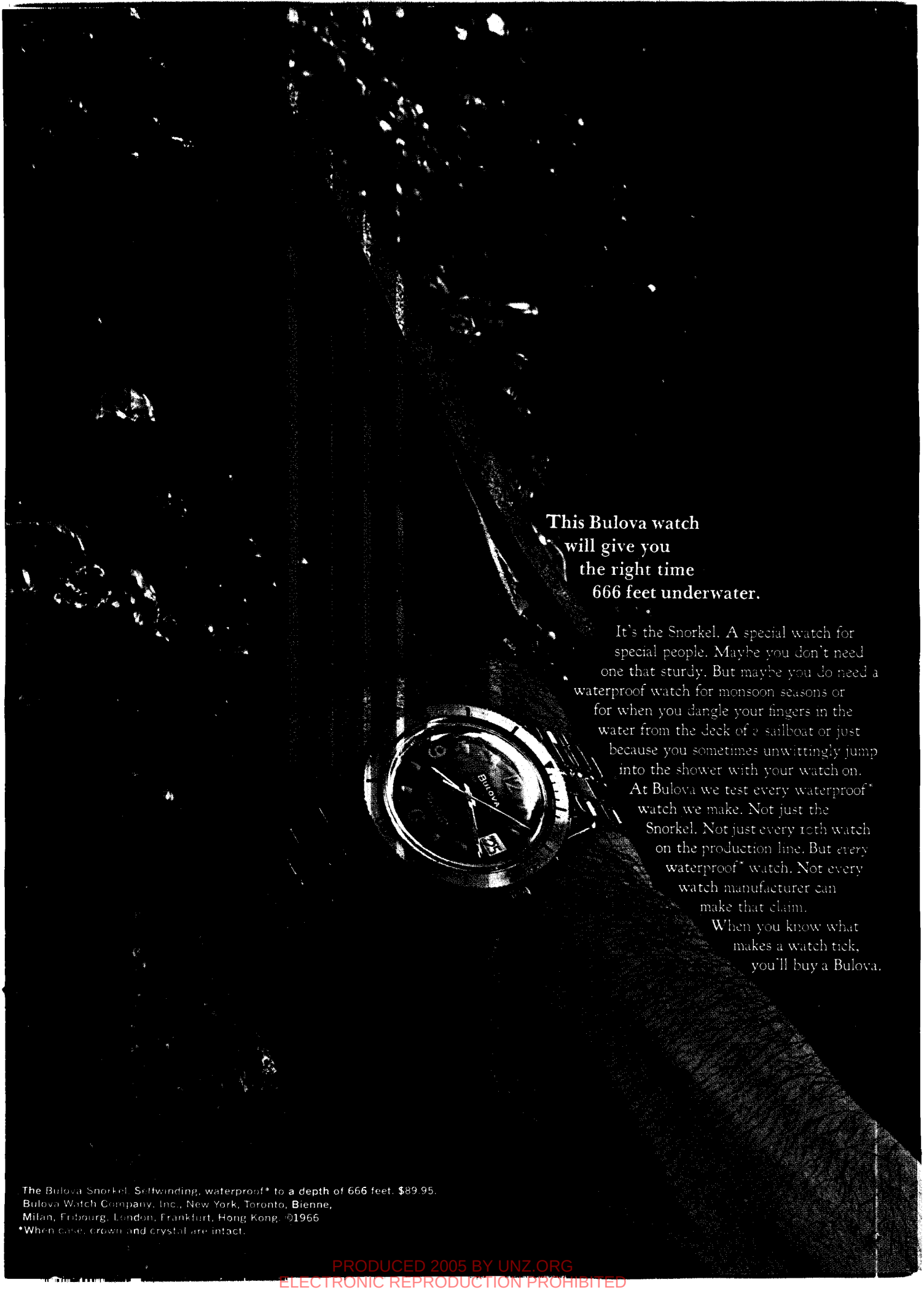

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For *these* 40-day Orient cruises, plan on 46 days. This fall, four great President Liner sailings will be Bonus Cruises. You'll enjoy 6 *extra* days, 3 *extra* ports and a daylight passage through Japan's scenic Inland Sea.

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Two of these Bonus Cruises offer programs of special interest. The October 29 sailing of the PRESIDENT WILSON will feature Fall Shopping and Fashion. A noted fashion authority will conduct fashion shows, seminars and lectures.

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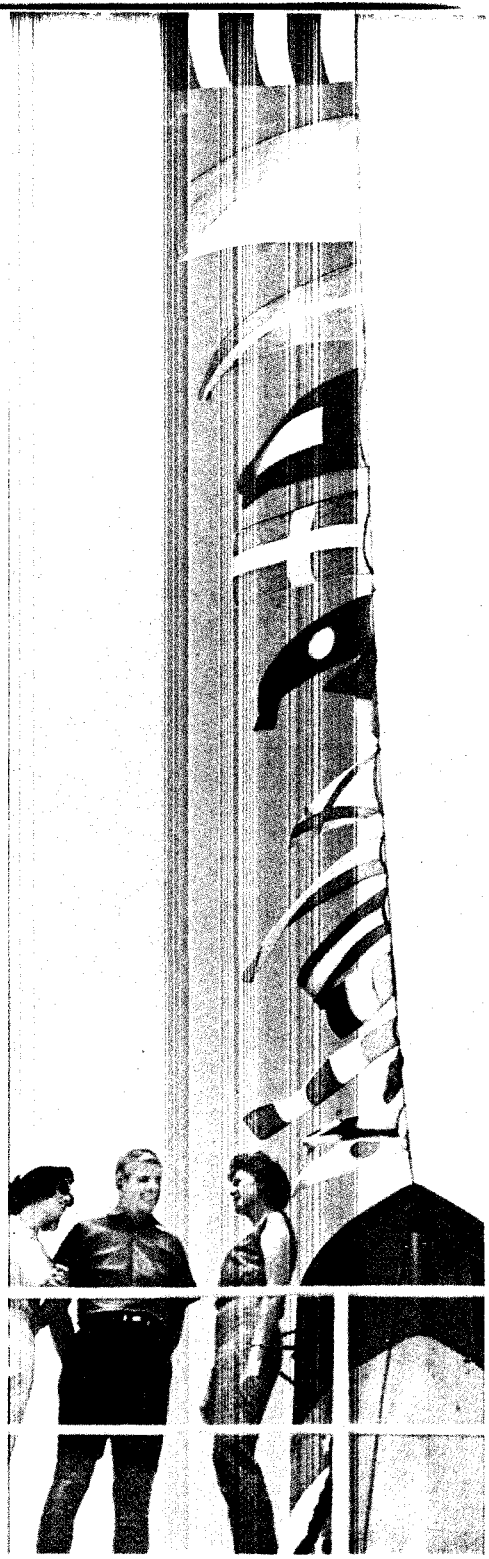

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